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## LIFE AND WORKS OF WILLIAM COWPER.\*

THERE is probably no English poet whose works are so frequently reprinted as those of Cowper. His literary excellence has won him thousands of readers who cared little for his piety, and his piety has recommended him to a large class of persons who would not have been attracted by his literary excellence alone.

*The Works of William Cowper; his Life, Letters, and Poems.* Edited by the Rev. T. GRIMSHAW. 1 vol. 8vo. London, 1854.

*The Works of William Cowper, comprising his Poems, Correspondence, and Translations; with a Life of the Author by the Editor, ROBERT SOUTHBY.* 8 vols. London, 1853-54.

*Poetical Works of William Cowper.* Edited by ROBERT BELL. 3 vols. London, 1854.

*The Poetical Works of William Cowper.* Edited by the Rev. R. A. WILLMOTT. 1 vol. London, 1855.

VOL. L.—NO. 1

The perfect knowledge we have of the man, of his amiable disposition, and his pathetic story, have added to the charm of his writings. His poetry and his life have reacted upon each other. If it is his verse which gives importance to his biography, his biography has increased the interest which attaches to his verse.

The grandfather of Cowper was the brother of the celebrated Lord Chancellor, and was himself one of the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas. The most memorable incident of his life was his trial for the murder of Miss Stout, a young Quaker lady who had conceived for him an ardent attachment. She lived at Hertford with her mother, who was the widow of a rich maltster, and Spencer Cowper supped at their house when going the cir-

cuit as a barrister in March, 1699. A bed had been prepared for him, and after Mrs. Stout had retired, her daughter ordered the maid to go and warm it. When the servant returned to the parlor the room was empty. Nothing more was seen of Miss Stout till she was found dead next morning in the river that runs through the town. The explanation given by Spencer Cowper was, that while the maid was absent, he refused to sleep in the house, and proceeded straight to his lodgings. The young lady, it must be inferred, immediately went and drowned herself in a paroxysm of vexation. The summing up of the judge at the trial was strangely ambiguous, and the jury did not agree to a verdict of acquittal without considerable deliberation. Though there was no evidence to show that Spencer Cowper was guilty, it seemed to be thought a sufficient ground for hesitation that it was impossible to demonstrate his innocence.

The second son of Spencer was the father of the poet. His mother was Anne Donne. The Cowpers were descended from a baronet of the time of James I.; but Miss Donne could trace her descent by four distinct lines from King Henry III. The poet alluded to this circumstance in the famous piece which he wrote upon receiving her picture:

"My boast is not that I deduce my birth  
From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth;  
But higher far my proud pretensions rise—  
The son of parents passed into the skies."

These parents lived at Great Berkhamstead, of which parish Dr. Cowper was rector, and there William was born on the fifteenth of November, (old style,) 1731. The death of his mother in 1737, when he was six years old, brought him worse sorrow than the tears which he describes himself as shedding on the occasion, for it was the cause of his immediate removal to a school at Market street, in Hertfordshire. The premature transition from her fostering care to the rude discipline of a crowd of boys would in any case have wounded his gentle spirit, but the trial was enormously aggravated by the barbarities of a ruffian whose delight was to torture him. "I well remember," writes the poet, "being afraid to lift my eyes upon him higher than his knees, and I knew him better by his shoe-buckles than any other part of his dress." The

cruelty was not detected till it had been continued for a couple of years; the culprit was then expelled, and his victim was taken from the school. The ill-usage he had received was not the only reason for the step. Specks had appeared upon his eyes, and threatened to spread. He was in consequence domiciled for another year with an eminent oculist. The spots did not yield to treatment, and when he was thirteen years of age he owed his recovery to a severe attack of small-pox. It is singular that this disease, which so frequently destroyed the sight, should have restored his to its pristine clearness.

In his tenth year he was sent to Westminster School. In his "Personal Narrative" of the incidents which bore upon the formation of his religious character, he said that if he "never tasted true happiness there, he was at least equally unacquainted with its contrary." By "true" he then meant spiritual happiness. In any other sense of the term it was a cheerful period, for he excelled in games, especially cricket and foot-ball, as well as in his studies; and whether he was in the playground or the class, he had all the enjoyment which attends upon success. When he denounced public schools in his *Tirocinium* for their want of moral discipline, he yet paid an emphatic tribute to the pleasure enjoyed at them. His athletic prowess beguiled him into a strange idea. He conceived the fancy that, as he was strong and active, and had an even pulse, he perhaps might never die. He entertained the notion, "with no small complacency," till some consumptive symptoms convinced him that he was mortal. These symptoms he concealed, for he thought that any bodily infirmity was a disgrace, and especially a consumption. His pride was to be manly.

While he was passing through the fifth form, Vincent Bourne, celebrated for his Latin poetry, was the usher. He was slovenly to the point of being disgusting, and as good-natured as he was dirty. The Duke of Richmond once set fire to his greasy locks, and boxed his ears to put it out again. His indolence rendered his accomplishments useless to his pupils. "I lost," says Cowper, "more than I got by him, for he made me as idle as himself. He was so inattentive to his boys, and so indifferent whether they brought him good or bad exercises, or none at all, that he seemed determined, as he was the best,



so to be the last Latin poet of the Westminster line." The pupil certainly acquired none of the master's skill in classic composition. The Latin verses of Cowper are not harmonious in numbers, pure in expression, or even forcible in sentiment. He gained, however, as much learning as is usually possessed by the most forward schoolboy, and imbued with the doctrines of the place, valued all persons according to their proficiency in his own pursuits. A little experience of the world taught him, he says, that there were other attainments which would carry a man more handsomely through life than perpetually revolving and expounding what Homer and Virgil had left behind them.

With the benefits of Westminster he did not escape a vice which is always common in societies where the detection of a fault is followed by punishment. He became, according to his own account, an adept in falsehood, and was seldom guilty of a misdemeanor that he could not invent an apology capable of deceiving the wisest. The power of deception depends much on the amount of confidence reposed in the deceiver, and the gentle manners, ingenuous countenance, and general good behavior of the boy had probably a larger share in procuring a ready belief to his tales than any extraordinary proficiency to which he had attained in the arts of imposition. "As universal a practice," says Swift, "as lying is, and easy as it seems, I do not remember to have heard three good lies in all my conversation, even from those who were most celebrated in that faculty." This remark of an acute observer of human nature, that lies are generally as weak as they are wicked, is worthy to be treasured by men who fear no other consequences than discovery, though Swift fell into the fallacy of assuming that he had always detected the falsehoods, whereas, those which were most ingenious may have been mistaken by him for truths.

At the age of eighteen the classical enthusiast was removed from school, and after passing nine months at home was in 1749 sent, full of his Greek and Latin authors, to the office of a London solicitor. He turned with disgust from the dull and plodding business of the law, and the master to whom he was articled allowed him to be as idle as he desired. "I did actually," he wrote, "live three years with Mr. Chapman, that is to say, I slept

three years in his house; but I lived, that is to say, I spent my days, in Southampton Row." Here resided an indulgent uncle, Ashley Cowper. He was so diminutive a person that when, late in life, he wore a white hat lined with yellow, the poet said that if it had been lined with pink he might have been gathered by mistake for a mushroom, and sent off in a basket. His kindness, worth, and sprightliness endeared him to his nephew; and dearer still were two daughters, one of whom married Sir Thomas Hesketh, and the other gave her affections to the truant law-clerk. He had for his fellow-pupil the future Lord Chancellor Thurlow, who was equally beguiled by the attractions of the young ladies. He commonly accompanied his friend to Southampton Row, where they were "constantly employed from morning to night in giggling and making giggle." A quick mind and a strong constitution enabled Thurlow, who studied late and early, to repair the loss of his wasted hours, while the life of his companion was an unbroken holiday. "I am nobody," Cowper said to him several years later, as they were drinking tea at the house of two sisters, "and shall always be nobody, and you will be Chancellor. You shall provide for me when you are." Thurlow smiled, and replied: "I surely will." "These ladies," said Cowper, "are witnesses;" and his friend rejoined: "Let them be so, for I will certainly do it." Such prognostications are too common to make their occasional fulfillment remarkable; and if the poet's prediction of the elevation of the future Chancellor turned out true, his presentiment of his own insignificance proved just as false. His is now a far more celebrated name than that of Thurlow.

Cowper engaged in the law to gratify a most indulgent father, and not from any hope of success. The three years misspent in the attorney's office were followed, he says, by several more misspent in the Temple. He took chambers there in 1752, when he was twenty-one, and was shortly afterwards visited by the first attack of the distemper which embittered his life. While paying court to his fair cousin in Southampton Row, he was mortified at being disfigured by an obstinate eruption which broke out upon his face. After he had tried many remedies to no purpose, he had recourse to a quack, who cleared his skin of the humor, but drove

the disease inwards. Horace Walpole mentions that George III. was suspected, not long before his marriage, of applying cosmetics for the same purpose, and with the same unhappy result. The predominant symptom with Cowper was a fearful dejection of mind. "Day and night," he says, "I was upon the rack, lying down in horror, and rising up in despair." He lost all relish for the classics, which had continued to be the reading of his choice when they ceased to be his task, and he pored the whole day over Herbert's Poems, which he met with by accident. He was somewhat soothed by these pious strains, but they could not remove a melancholy which had its source in disease. In this condition he passed a twelvemonth. He was then recommended change of air, and went to Southampton. He had not been there long when he walked one bright sunny morning to a beautiful spot about a mile from the town, and while he sat upon an eminence by the sea-side his heart became suddenly light. "Had I been alone," he says, "I could have wept with transport." He subsequently ascribed the relief he received to "the fiat of the Almighty." At the time he imputed it to change of scene and the amusing variety of the place, and inferred that nothing except a round of diversion could save him from a relapse. Before his visit to Southampton he had composed a set of prayers, and, feeling them to be inconsistent with his new resolution, he burnt them as soon as he got back to London. In his careless days it never occurred to him that the restorative effects of climate, like all the ordinary operations of nature, are the work of the Creator. In his better period he acknowledged the truth, but he appears to have forgotten it when, tracing his recovery to his Maker, he assumed that he must have been the subject of a supernatural interposition. It is a contracted piety which chiefly sees the hand of Providence in occasional acts, and overlooks the efficacy of pervading laws which at every instant, and in every particular, do His bidding.

The method which Cowper adopted to prevent his person appearing unattractive in the eyes of his mistress, proved in its consequences fatal to the engagement. Her father refused his consent to a marriage between such near relations. His real objection was doubtless, as Southey conjectures, the morbid melancholy which

indicated that the mind of his nephew was diseased. The lovers continued for a time to meet and to hope; but in 1755 they parted to meet no more. In that year Cowper addressed some lines to his cousin Theodora, under her poetic name of Delia, expressing his belief that she would never allow a rival to displace him. She fulfilled an expectation which he uttered in the transient belief that she would always remain the cherished object of his heart. Though she survived till 1824, she died single, and retained a proud affection for him to the last. It may be inferred from his amatory poems, written when his passion was at its height, that the attachment on his part was not excessive, especially for a man of his ardent disposition, who could not, as he said, "love much without loving too much." They have the coldness of an exercise, and would not be supposed to have been prompted by a real occasion. In a few verses entitled "Disappointment," and which exhibit more true feeling than any of his other pieces of the same date, he mourns his "lost mistress" and an old school friend, Sir William Russell, who had been recently drowned; but his anguish does not appear very poignant and left no scar. His lament was composed in 1757, and in the following year he was lavishing his admiration upon a young lady at Greenwich, without any hope, it is true, that she could become Mrs. Cowper, but with too much fervor to be consistent with the notion that he cared any longer for Delia. A letter to her sister, Lady Hesketh, which bears the date of August, 1763, shows that it was then understood in the family that his affection was extinct, and that it was supposed he would miss no opportunity which occurred of bestowing it elsewhere. He informs her that he is bound for Margate, and that he knows what she expects to ensue; but the shipwreck of his fortunes was at hand, and, clearly desecrating what as yet was visible to no eye except his own, he warns her that a character such as his was not likely to be guilty of much fascination.

The time which Cowper snatched from indolence and pleasure was devoted to composition and the classics. So early had he acquired a keen relish for English literature, that when he was only fourteen he read Milton, never an easy author, with rapturous delight:

"New to my taste, his Paradise surpassed  
 The struggling efforts of my boyish tongue  
 To speak its excellence; I danced for joy.  
 I marvel'd much that, at so ripe an age  
 As twice seven years, his beauties had then  
     first  
 Engaged my wonder, and admiring still,  
 And still admiring, with regret supposed  
 The joy half-lost because not sooner found."\*

He "prized and studied" Cowley, though in his manhood he was "reclaimed from the erroneous taste;" but both in childhood and in mature years he was charmed with the *Pilgrim's Progress*, in which

"Sweet fiction and sweet truth alike prevail."†

He commenced versifying at fourteen by translating an elegy of Tibullus. Nothing, however, has been preserved of an earlier date than a short piece in blank verse, which he wrote in his seventeenth year at Bath, "on finding the heel of a shoe." It is chiefly remarkable for displaying the precise style and turn of thought which he afterwards adopted in the mock-heroic portions of *The Task*. Love, Dryden said, made every man, if not a poet, at least a rhymers. It only made Cowper the last. The political events of the time inspired him with a few half-penny ballads, "two or three of which had the honor to become popular." He adds that his father before him excelled in this department of verse, and pointed out the best models to him.

The productions of Cowper's pen were too brief and fitful to break in much upon his indolence. He had never seriously applied to the law, and the death of his father in 1756 removed the motive which induced him to adopt the profession. Well read in ancient and modern literature, endowed with a delightful vein of humor, and with an exquisite appreciation of it in others, he divided his time between his books, his associates, and the pleasures of the town. He indulged in the half-intellectual, half-dissipated existence which might be expected of an unmarried and accomplished young man who had no other object than to amuse himself. "I lead," he wrote in 1758, "an idle and therefore a most delightful life." The little patrimony which enabled him to pass his days in this easy fashion was

well-nigh spent, and he began to be apprehensive of approaching want, when in 1763 three clerkships of the House of Lords fell vacant, which were the patent right of his cousin and intimate friend, Major Cowper. The Major offered him the two most lucrative of these offices. He accepted the "splendid proposal;" and in his own language, "seemed at the same instant to receive a dagger into his heart." The stab came from no more momentous cause than the recollection that the duties, though almost mechanical, were discharged in public. However much he was at home with his facetious and jovial companions, they had not helped to banish his native shyness. Many years afterwards, on warning a young acquaintance against the "vicious fear" which had "proved his own ruin," he told him that the mingling with men of pleasure would not cure it, but would rather increase it in more sober society. The bashfulness inherent in Cowper's disposition had been aggravated by the disease which shook his understanding ten years before. The notion of doing any thing, however easy, where there were ears to hear and eyes to behold him, was quite intolerable, and after spending a week in torment, he prevailed on his kinsman to allow him to relinquish his two appointments for the worst of the three posts, which, if less profitable, was more private. His satisfaction at the change was of short duration. A party among the Peers questioned the Major's right of nomination, and determined at any rate to harass his candidates by a searching examination into their qualifications at the bar of the House. "I knew," said Cowper, "to demonstration that upon these terms the clerkship of the journals was no place for me. They whose spirits are formed like mine, to whom a public exhibition of themselves on any occasion is mortal poison, may have some idea of the horrors of my situation; others can have none." While feeling it impossible to face the ordeal, it seemed equally impossible to give up competence for poverty, and brave the censure and contempt of his friends. The conflicting emotions brought on a fever. With an enfeebled body and a mind upon the rack, he attended daily for upwards of six months at the clerk's office to acquire the necessary information, and all this time he turned over the leaves of the

\* *The Task*, book iv.

† *Tirocinium*.

journals without any comprehension of what he read. That he should have submitted to a torture as useless as it was protracted was the necessary consequence of his being just as impotent to fly as to combat.

The vacation arrived, and amid the pleasures of Margate, he managed to shut out the alarming prospect from his view. But when October saw him again in London, with the day of trial drawing near, his misery returned with redoubled violence. Lifting up his eyes to heaven, in a spirit of rancorous reproach against his Maker, he cursed aloud the hour of his birth. He had a forboding that insanity was impending, and ardently desired it, that it might relieve him from his dilemma. His apprehension that it would not seize him in time seemed likely to be verified. The dreadful ordeal approached, and he was still in his senses. He therefore turned his thoughts to self-destruction as his sole remaining resource. In his happier hours the idea of death had made him shudder. He now welcomed it as a deliverance from a more agonizing fear. He easily persuaded himself that what he desired was lawful, or, allowing it to be criminal, that the torments of hell would be more endurable than his present distress. On two occasions at taverns he got into a conversation with a total stranger upon suicide. Each of these persons agreed that it was one of the rights of man to live on or to die at his own discretion. Cowper had doubtless introduced the topic and given the tone to the argument. What with him had a real and frightful meaning was nothing more with his chance companions than idle babble. He considered it nevertheless decisive of the question that he should have met with an independent concurrence of sentiment in a couple of lax talkers, who, unprincipled as they were, would have shrunk from the responsibility of advising him to destroy himself if they had known that he was about to act upon their opinions. His scruples removed, he determined to be in readiness, and one evening in November purchased half an ounce of laudanum.

He was now within a week of the period when he was to appear at the bar of the House of Lords. That he might not lose the chance of any turn of events in his favor, he resolved to put off drinking the poison till the very last moment. In proportion as the thoughts of a man are fixed

upon himself, he is apt to imagine that others are thinking of him likewise. In insanity there is often an intensity of personal consciousness which makes its victim fancy that he is the object of illusions which have not the remotest connection with him. The morning before the day which was to decide his fate, Cowper read in a newspaper a letter which he was convinced was a satire upon himself, and designed by the writer to goad him on to self-destruction. "Your cruelty," he inwardly exclaimed, "shall be gratified; you shall have your revenge!" Flinging down the journal in a passion, he rushed out of the coffee-room and made his way to the fields with the intention of committing suicide in some retired ditch. When the moment arrived to die, his purpose wavered, and the idea struck him that he might hide his head abroad, and thus get rid of the whole of his perplexities. He would sell what he had in the funds, and when his money was spent, he could change his religion, and obtain an asylum in a monastery. He hastened to his chambers, and commenced packing up his portmanteau. Action in his infirm and tumultuous state of mind at once produced vacillation. Again suicide appeared the preferable plan, and this time he resolved to perish by drowning. He got into a coach and drove to a frequented part of the river. The water was low, and a porter was sitting upon some goods on the bank. The least check sufficed to turn him from a design which he feared to execute. He went back to the coach, drew up the shutters, and made an attempt to drink off his laudanum. The mere effort filled him with terror, and his whole body shook with a convulsive agitation. "Distracted," he says, "between the desire of death and the dread of it, twenty times I had the vial to my mouth, and as often received an irresistible check; it seemed to me that an invisible hand swayed the bottle downwards as I set it against my lips." Unable to conquer the fear which was the cause of the phenomenon, he alighted at the Temple and repeated the experiment in his own apartment. Filled with disdain at his "pitiful timidity," he put forth his hand towards the laudanum with "the most confirmed resolution." His fingers suddenly contracted in the effort, and this, which was the effect of the terror always renewed at the critical moment, appeared to him to have "the



air of a divine interposition." He stopped to muse upon the incident. He ended by being convinced that suicide was a crime, and in a fury of indignation, threw his laudanum out of the window.

His mind oscillated from death to life, and from life back to death. His scruples of conscience had no sooner served the purpose of staying execution than the opposite evils were again in the ascendant, and he returned to the conclusion that self-destruction was his only means of deliverance. He sat brooding in his chamber the remainder of the day without making any fresh attempt to destroy himself, but when he went to bed it was with the resolution not to see the morning light. He fell asleep, woke at three o'clock, immediately got his penknife, and for two or three hours kept it directed to his heart. The point was broken off, and when he occasionally pressed upon it, as he thought with all his might, but evidently with nerveless indecision, it did not enter the flesh. Day dawned, and the hour was at hand when a friend was to call and accompany him to Westminster. The approach of the dreaded minute infused into him an energy that he had not known before. He fastened his garter to an iron pin at the top of the bedpost and attempted to hang himself. The pin bent with his weight, and his halter slipped off. He tied it next to the frame of the tester, which instantly snapped short. He then formed a loop at the opposite end of his garter, threw it over the top corner of his half-open door, and pushing away the chair upon which he stood, hung till he was unconscious. The garter broke before life was extinct, and he fell upon the floor. Hearing his own dreadful groans as sensibility began to return, he thought himself in hell. In a few seconds he realized his situation, and staggered back to bed. Presently his landress came to light the fire. He sent for his patron, pointed to the garter, and related to him what had occurred. The Major replied: "You terrify me; to be sure you can not hold the office at this rate." He carried away with him the form of appointment, and Cowper was relieved of the horrible phantom which day and night had affrighted him for months, and driven him to these mournful attempts at suicide.

The trial at an end which had induced him to seek a refuge in the grave, his mind instantly reverted to the guilt of the pro-

ceeding. From the sin of self-destruction he was led to reflect upon the other transgressions of his life. His time, since his illness in 1752, had been passed, by his own account, in that "uninterrupted course of sinful indulgence" which he concluded would be for his mind's health when he burnt his prayers. His conscience sometimes pricked him, but his usual remedy was to banish thought. Averse as he was to the practice of Christianity, he retained a hesitating, theoretical belief. His latent principles were roused if he "heard the Gospel blasphemed;" and when half-intoxicated at convivial meetings, he would argue vehemently in its favor with his infidel companions. A deistical friend once cut short the disputation by alleging that, if what he said was true, he would by his own showing be certainly damned. He had the conviction that this presage was about to be fulfilled. The terrors which assailed him were as great as when the examination was impending; they had merely changed their direction, and the belief that he had incurred the wrath of the Almighty overwhelmed him with misery. He conceived the idea that when the Saviour pronounced a curse upon the barren fig-tree, he had him in his mind. He took up a volume of Beaumont and Fletcher, and immediately caught his eye upon the words: "The justice of the gods is in it." He inwardly exclaimed: "It is of a truth." He could hardly open a book without the first sentence upon which he lighted appearing to be some express condemnation of himself. He bought a ballad that a man was singing in the street because he believed that he was the subject of it. He imagined the people stared and laughed at him, and that his acquaintances either avoided him or spoke to him in scorn. If any thing diverted his attention for an instant from his despairing ideas, a flash, he says, from hell was darted into his heart, and the question was forced upon him: "What is this to me who am damned?" He soon inferred that he had been guilty of the unpardonable sin "by his neglect to improve the mercies of God at Southampton." Two circumstances confirmed the impression. In a reverie between waking and sleeping, he fancied that the iron gate of the choir of Westminster Abbey was flung violently in his face as he was about to enter to attend the prayers. "A sentence," he says, "of

excommunication from all the churches upon the earth could not have been so dreadful to me as the interpretation which I could not avoid putting upon this dream." The other evil prognostication grew out of an effort to repeat the Creed for the purpose of testing his faith. Such an experiment to a man with his mind overthrown, and in the depths of religious despondency, was sure to agitate him to the center. When he reached the second sentence, the first was obliterated from his memory. He endeavored to recover it, and just as he was about to succeed, a tremulous sensation in the fibers of his brain defeated the attempt. He was thrown into agony by the omen. He made another trial, and the effect was precisely the same. He no longer doubted that it was a supernatural interposition to inform him that he had no part whatever in the truths expressed in the Creed. His desperation was complete. His knees knocked against each other, "and he howled with horror." He had a sensation like that of real fire in his heart, and he concluded that it was meant to be a token and a foretaste of the eternal flames. He composed some Sapphics, in which he describes himself as "more abhorred than Judas;" and while exclaiming that hatred and vengeance are waiting with impatience to seize his soul, he deems it an aggravation of his lot that hell is bolted against him lest it should afford him some shelter from his miseries.\*

In this deplorable condition he remembered his cousin Martin Madan,† an evan-

gelical clergyman, whom he had hitherto thought an enthusiast, and to whom he now turned as his best hope of relief. Madan proved to him from the Bible that Jesus Christ was a sacrifice for sin, and Cowper gathered a gleam of comfort from a doctrine which he instantly saw was adapted to his case, though he questioned whether the pardon purchased for others would be extended to him. Up to this time, he says: "I was as much unacquainted with the Redeemer in all his saving offices as if his name had never reached me." He was revolving the subject with comparative calmness when a fresh attack supervened. The anxieties of his mind had begun by disordering his brain. The process was now reversed, and the increase of the physical malady brought back his mental alarms. He was in that state in which

"Nature breeds

Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things,  
Abominable, inutterable, and worse  
Than fables yet have feigned or fear conceived."\*

The character which these chimeras assumed was determined by the predominant direction of his thoughts. He awoke one morning with the sound of torments ringing in his ears. "Satan," he says, "plac'd me close with horrible visions and more horrible voices." As he walked up and down his room in dismay, expecting the earth to open and swallow him up, a horrible darkness came over him, and with it a sensation of a heavy blow within his head. He cried out with the pain, his expressions grew confused, and it became evident to his friends that he was too far gone to be at large. He had a slight acquaintance with an amiable physician, who kept a private asylum at St. Alban's, and to whom he paid in later years the graceful compliment of designating him as

"Cotton, whose humanity sheds rays  
That make superior skill his second praise."†

The unhappy patient was placed under his care on the seventh of December, and afterwards reckoned it a special instance of the Providence which attended him throughout, that he should have fallen into such beneficent hands instead of being consigned to some London practitioner.

Martin's sister married her cousin Major Cowper, whose kindly patronage had produced the present catastrophe.

\* Milton, *Paradise Lost*. Book II. † Hops.

\* The fourth stanza concludes with the lines,  
"I'm called, if vanquished, to receive a sentence  
Worse than Abiram's;"

and the expression, "if vanquished," was pronounced by Southey to be evidently a mistake. "He did not," Mr. Willmott justly remarks, "remember the history in the sixteenth chapter of Numbers, where Dathan and Abiram, the leaders of a rebellion against Moses, are resolved to abide the consequences of it. Accordingly they were vanquished, and the opening of the earth was the result of the defeat." Cowper thought their fate preferable to his own, because they were engulfed at once; while of himself he says:

"I, fed with judgment, in a fleshly tomb am  
Buried above ground."

Southey supposed that "fed with judgment" was another corruption, from his not being aware of the phraseology of the Bible: "I will feed them with judgment." (Ex. 24: 16.)

† There was a double connection between him and the poet. Cowper's aunt, Judith Cowper, married Colonel Madan, the father of Martin, and

Cowper dated his madness from the moment when he felt as if he had received a blow upon his brain. As long as his thoughts remained coherent, he seems to have considered himself sane. In the midst of the wild disarray of his ideas, his conviction of the terrible nature of his sins, and his expectation of instant judgment, continued clear and uninterrupted. Five months were spent in this awful delusion. By long familiarity with the prospect, he began to grow indifferent to it. He determined that, pending the execution of the sentence, he would endeavor to enjoy himself. He laughed at the stories of Dr. Cotton, and told him some of his own to match them. He even regretted that he had not indulged his appetites more freely, and envied those miserable spirits who had run the round of sensuality before they met the just retribution of their deeds. Notwithstanding that these notions savored of insanity, and that he retained his belief in his dreadful doom, his inclination towards cheerfulness was the turning-point in his malady. This second and milder stage of the disorder had lasted nearly three months, when he was visited (July 25, 1764) by his only and much loved brother, who was a Fellow of Benet College, Cambridge. Cowper gave vent to the fixed idea of his mind—his expectation of sudden judgment. His brother protested that the whole was a delusion. The vehemence with which he spoke arrested the attention of the poor patient, who, bursting into tears, exclaimed: "If it be a delusion I am the happiest of beings!" Hour by hour his hope increased. His visions that night were pleasing instead of gloomy, and at breakfast next morning he had a growing conviction that the decree of condemnation was not irrevocable. For weeks he had never opened the Bible. His reviving spirits induced him to take it up, and the first verse which met his eye was the twenty-fifth of the third of Romans: "Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God." In the crisis of his disorder he would have thought that he was specially excepted from the blessing. His reason having returned, he did not hesitate to take the doctrine to himself. "Unless," he says, "the Almighty arm had been under me, I think I should have

died with gratitude and joy. My eyes filled with tears, and my voice was choked with transport. I could only look up to heaven in silent fear, overwhelmed with love and wonder." It might be inferred, both from Cowper's letters and poetry, that, apart from his insanity, his temperament was tranquil, and that a composed cheerfulness was more congenial to him than the ebullitions of enthusiasm. It was entirely otherwise. "My feelings," he wrote to Mr. Unwin, "are all of the intense kind. I never received a *little* pleasure from any thing in my life; if I am delighted, it is in the extreme." The sudden rebound from months of agonizing despair to unclouded happiness produced the utmost violence of transport. Dr. Cotton was alarmed lest it should terminate in a fatal frenzy. But the ecstasies of joy are more transient than the visitations of pain, and the danger from this source was not of long duration. Yet an unusual exultation animated him for weeks. If he did but mention the name of the Redeemer, tears of thanksgiving were ready to run down his cheeks. He was too elated to sleep much, and grudged every hour spent in slumber. "To rejoice," he says, "day and night was all my employment." He celebrated the mercy which had visited him in a hymn entitled "The Happy Change." It was not in the pride of authorship that he wrote. He tells us that when his passions were roused he had always recourse to verse as the only adequate vehicle for his impetuous thoughts. To keep silence was impossible, and no prose which was not inflated could, in his own opinion, have done justice to his conceptions.

The "Personal Narrative" of Cowper is a complete refutation of the popular notion that religion made him mad. Both his attacks arose from causes that had no connection with it, and when the subject engaged no part of his attention. In the first visitation, it was only after the disease had taken root that he sought relief from prayer, which he abandoned the moment his health was restored. In the second and more terrible concussion of his mind, it was not till his frenzy had driven him to attempt suicide that his conscience took alarm, and diverted his attention from what would equally have fed the disease—the ruin of his prospects, his personal disgrace, the censure, or worse, the compassion of his friends.

Being already insane when he commenced the review of his past life, he saw it of necessity through the distorting medium of a disordered imagination. Rational for the most part as were his conceptions of Christianity, he may even, when he was convalescent, have overrated the enormity of some of his actions. But his testimony to facts must not be confounded with the interpretation he put upon them. Although his judgments in one or two particulars may have been erroneous, his statements of what he really did and thought bear the stamp of scrupulous fidelity, and if their accuracy is admitted, he did not err in concluding that his general conduct called for bitter repentance. He had not, indeed, lived a life of open profligacy—for those, he says, who knew him best esteemed him “a good sort of man;” but he had passed his days in self-indulgence, and in the total neglect of religion. He had entirely abandoned the practice of devotion, and seems not to have believed in its efficacy. When, subsequent to his conversion, he told his friend Hill that he could only return his kindness by prayers, he added: “If you should laugh at my conclusion, I should not be angry, though I should be grieved. It is not long since that I should have laughed at such a recompense myself.” In a word, while professing a belief in Christianity, he held it folly to pay in practice any allegiance to the Creator. “I thought,” he says, “the services of my Maker and Redeemer an unnecessary labor; I despised those who thought otherwise; and if they spoke of the love of God, I pronounced them madmen.” Unquestionably many of his former acquaintances now pronounced the same verdict upon him, with the specious addition that they would urge the fact that he had been insane for a triumphant proof that his religion was insanity. He anticipated this result, and “was concerned to reflect that a convert made in Bedlam was more likely to be a stumbling-block to others than to advance their faith.” The manner, however, in which he had acquired a knowledge of himself and the Gospel could not affect the truth of his conclusions, and he might well be thankful for any dispensation which enabled him, after living without God in the world,

“To see by no fallacious light or dim  
Earth made for man, and man himself for Him.”

Cowper remained nearly a year at St. Alban's after his disorder had abated. In Dr. Cotton he had a friend who loved Christianity, and who was as well qualified to afford assistance in this department “as in that which was more immediately his province.” Every morning the physician conversed with his patient upon what was now the absorbing topic of his thoughts. He was consequently happy in his retreat, and a nature less sensitive than his might have shrunk from reappearing in the world. The expense alone induced him to quit what he called “the place of his second nativity,” and which he ever after associated with his joyful recovery, and not with its wretched antecedents. He wished, on removing, to fix his residence near Cambridge, that he might share the society of his brother, and he was, at any rate, resolved that he would appear no more in London, “the scene of his former abominations.” The painful recollections connected with it, the awkwardness of meeting his old companions, his determination to shake off the greater part of them, and the impossibility of pursuing his profession, all combined to turn him from his previous haunts. He resigned a small office—that of Commissioner of Bankrupts—worth 60*l.* a year, for the double reason that it required his presence in town, and that his ignorance of law would not permit him, now he weighed the words which he swore, to take the customary oath. The scanty income which remained would have been insufficient for his maintenance if his relations had not clubbed together a little later to make him an allowance. The frightful proofs he had given of the desperate nature of his malady left them no room to blame him.

His brother could find him no convenient lodgings nearer than Huntingdon. Thither Cowper set out on the 17th June, 1765, his heart aching at the thought of returning to a world in the pollutions of which he had had so “sad a share,” and dreading lest his ears, as he journeyed, should be offended by oaths, which were the common language of the time. He took Cambridge by the way. He arrived at his new abode on the 22d, and his spirits sank when he found himself alone in a strange place without a friend to comfort him. He walked a mile from the town, and kneeling down in a screened nook of a field, prayed that he might be cheered and supported. He returned to



his lodgings light in heart. The next day was Sunday. Entering the church with feelings different from what he had ever entered a church before, he could with difficulty restrain his emotions. His heart warmed to all the congregation; and observing that a man who sat in the pew with him was singing with much devotion, he inwardly exclaimed: "Bless you for praising Him whom my soul loveth!" A vivid and beautiful picture which almost reproduces the impressions he describes.

He had very uncomfortable expectations of the accommodation he should meet with at Huntingdon, and found to his surprise that he liked his lodgings, the locality, and the people. He thought the town among the neatest in England.

Among the friends which Cowper made at Huntingdon was the family of the Unwins, consisting of husband and wife, and a son and daughter. The father, an elderly clergyman, who held a college living upon which he did not reside, had once been master of the free school, and had now a large house in the town where he took private pupils. He is described by Cowper "as a man of learning and good sense, and as simple as Parson Adams." His wife, who was much younger than himself, was the daughter of a draper in Ely of the name of Cawthorne. "She has," writes Cowper, "a very uncommon understanding, has read much to excellent purpose, and is more polite than a duchess." The son was just of age. He was of a singularly amiable and vivacious disposition, with the openness and frankness of youth, had fair talents, and more than average acquirements. The daughter, a girl of eighteen, "was of a piece with the rest of the family," and "was rather handsome and genteel," but she must have missed one great charm of the poet's society from having no perception of his humor, which, like a dish of delicate flavor, is lost upon obtuse palates, though, to those who can taste it, it is as much more delicious as it is more refined than coarsely-seasoned viands. This little domestic group he pronounced to be altogether the cheerfulest and most agreeable it was possible to conceive. The impression was mutual. From the moment he set foot in the circle, "he was treated as if he had been a near relation. Fascinated by these new companions, he wondered that he liked Huntingdon so

well before he became acquainted with them, and imagined that he should find every place unpleasant that had not an Unwin.

Delighted as Cowper seemed with the whole of the family, the real attraction to him was Mrs. Unwin and her son. Their doctrinal opinions were the same with his own, their piety as earnest and pervading. A reserved person is chilled by reserve and disgusted by forwardness. An ingenuous frankness alone can put him at his ease and elicit a responsive freedom. The artless candor of the young man immediately won the confidence of his bashful elder. They poured out their hearts to each other at the first interview, and the moment his visitor was gone, Cowper retired to his bed-room and prayed that God would give "fervency and perpetuity to the friendship, even unto death." As he prayed, so it proved in the issue. Of the mother he wrote, at the very commencement of the acquaintance: "That woman is a blessing to me, and I never see her without being the better for her company." Just at the time when his solitary situation grew irksome to him, one of Mr. Unwin's pupils left. It occurred to Cowper that he might, perhaps, be allowed to fill the vacancy. The effect which the notion had upon him showed that though perfectly sane his mind continued to be morbidly sensitive. He was seized "with a tumult of anxious solicitude," and the language of his heart was: "Give me this blessing, or else I die." With a great effort, he diverted his thoughts after a day or two into another channel, and found that his mind kept repeating with increasing energy: "The Lord God of truth will do this." Manifestly as the words were the offspring of the wish, he was convinced that they were not of his own production, derived some assurance from the presage, and took courage to propound his darling scheme. His proposal was at once accepted, and on Nov. 11, 1765, he removed to his new retreat. It more than answered his fondest anticipations.

He had resided there four months, when he wrote that in Mrs. Unwin, "he could almost fancy his own mother restored to life again to compensate him for all the friends he had lost, and all his connections broken." On a subsequent occasion, he composed some lines in which he happily expressed the familiar truth, that inci-

dents which appear to us mysterious or purposeless furnish us, in their full development,

"With proof that we and our affairs  
Are part of a Jehovah's cares."

Of all the illustrations of this fact which his memorable history afforded, none was more conspicuous than the Providence which led him against his own wishes to Huntingdon, and guided his unwilling footsteps to the door of the Unwins. His disposition inclined him to marriage, but he had too much conscience to run the risk of transmitting his frightful malady, and it is clear that from the period of his second attack, which admitted of no doubtful construction, he never entertained the idea. He had hardly appeared to be cut off forever from the intimate delights of a domestic circle, when he found them in the friendship of the inestimable woman whose story is henceforth blended with his own.

The days of Cowper flowed on in tranquil cheerfulness between devotion, reading, conversation, walking, and gardening. Little more than a year and a half had elapsed when the peace of the household was suddenly interrupted by the violent death of Mr. Unwin. As he was riding one Sunday morning in July, 1767, to his curacy of Gravely, he was flung from his horse, and his head was dreadfully fractured. He was too much injured to be carried back to Huntingdon, and after lingering till the Thursday, he expired in a cottage about a mile from his home. At such a moment the sympathy of her devoted companion must have been as important to Mrs. Unwin as her own had previously been to him. They at once determined that the change of circumstances should not dissolve a bond which had become stronger than ever; but in a different way the event was big with consequences to Cowper, and instead of depriving him of one associate, supplied him with a second. A few days after the accident, the celebrated John Newton was on his road through Huntingdon. His journey thitherwards at this crisis was said by the poet eighteen years afterwards to have been such a wonderful dispensation of Providence, that he thought it gave him a claim to the especial attention of a ghostly counselor, who had been sent by heaven for the express purpose of finding him out. The

result was accomplished by the zealous minister calling, at the request of an acquaintance, upon Mrs. Unwin, to whom he was then a perfect stranger. He invited the friends to settle at his cure of Olney, in Buckinghamshire, and they gladly embraced the offer for the sake of his preaching and conversation. He hired for them an old house, of which the garden at the back was only separated by an orchard from the garden of the vicarage. By opening doors in the walls of the respective domains, a direct communication was established, and the two families lived almost as one. In September, the poet removed to a dwelling which was to be his home for twenty years, and where almost all the works were composed which have given an interest to his name and history. The front of his new tenement looked upon the market-place, and wore such a desolate aspect, that when young Mr. Unwin first saw it, he was shocked to think that his mother lived there. The rest of the town was not attractive. Cowper describes it as "populous, and inhabited chiefly by the half-starved and ragged of the earth."

Pecuniary embarrassments had induced the Vicar, Moses Brown, to become a pluralist, and he resided at Blackheath, where he was chaplain of Morden College. His debts failed to make a numerous family a care to him. He said that when he had only two or three children, he thought he should have been distracted with the anxiety of providing for them, but when he had a dozen, he was easy, and thought no more of the matter. According to Mr. Cecil, he was a pious minister, who had trained many of his people in the way they should go, and an over-indulgent father, who had allowed his sons to take the way they should not. Mr. Newton had been his deputy for three years and a half when Cowper settled in the parish. It was a remark of the famous Dr. Sydenham that "every body some time or other would be the better or the worse for having but spoken to a good or bad man." The curate of Olney was one of those persons to whom few could speak without being the better for it. His father was the master of a trading vessel, and he had himself spent the larger part of twenty years at sea. He was once impressed on board a man-of-war, was made a midshipman, de-

serted, and was flogged. In his rage at the subsequent hardships he endured, he formed the design of murdering the captain, and would have executed his intention but that he could not bear that the lady whom he afterwards married should think ill of him. The general recklessness, indeed, of his early life was as signal as the piety of the remainder. He was a scoffer of the Bible, a frightful blasphemer, and an abandoned profligate. He had seen and suffered much, and both in good and in evil had displayed a resolute will. By the force of a powerful understanding and an inflexible purpose, he became, during his voyages, a proficient in Latin, learnt the rudiments of mathematics and French, and later, when on land, acquired a fair knowledge of Greek, Hebrew, and Syriac. He received no instruction whatever after he was ten years old, and the result of his self-education was to give him a firm grasp of his knowledge and an unusual independence of thought. Desperate as he had been in wickedness, defying both God and man, a feminine tenderness lurked in his nature. "He could live," says his biographer, Mr. Cecil, "no longer than he could love." On one of his voyages, when a letter from Mrs. Newton miscarried, and he imagined that she was probably dead, he lost his appetite and rest, and in three weeks' time he was brought to the brink of the grave. With an adamant frame which had resisted hardships that few of the strongest men could have withstood, and with a marvelous energy of disposition which had once spurned all control, he had nearly died of a broken heart from the mere apprehension that his wife was no more. He had arrived at his ultimate convictions on religion by a gradual process, and had passed through various stages of wickedness, temptation, conflict, and amendment. Though his principles and conduct had long been fixed, he was not ordained till he was close upon thirty-nine, when he was appointed to the curacy of Olney. He found that Cowper had read his Bible to so much purpose, that he needed no instruction in doctrine. What he wanted was a companion, of kindred sentiments and equal understanding, with whom to interchange ideas. The entire world, perhaps, could not have supplied a person more fitted for the purpose than Mr. Newton. The transitions of feeling through which he had passed

had some resemblance to those of his newly-made friend, but he had gone far deeper into vice. There was hardly a mood of mind connected with religion with which he was not familiar from his own experience. The warmth of affection which attempted his masculine nature rendered him a counselor as gentle as he was discriminating. His conversation was singularly racy, and abounded in apt and lively illustrations. The closest intimacy at once ensued between two such congenial spirits, equals in love, in piety, in worth; and if the one was possessed of the finer genius, the other had the advantage of a more vigorous character, and a greater capacity for the affairs of life. They made it a rule to spend four days in the week together, and were rarely "seven successive waking hours apart." Mr. Newton numbered the alliance among his "principal blessings." It was a blessing in which his parishioners shared. He considered Cowper "a sort of curate," from his constant attendance upon the sick and afflicted. The lay-pastor, we are told, was affable in his conversation with them, sympathized in their distresses, advised them in their difficulties, and animated them by his prayers. Absorbed in his round of religious duties, he was averse to all other employments. "You will ascribe," he wrote to Hill, in May, 1768, "my dryness and conciseness in the epistolary way to almost a total disuse of my pen. My youth and my scribbling vein have gone together, and unless they had been better employed, it was fit they should." He said shortly afterwards that "he had that within him which hindered him wretchedly in all he ought to do, and that he was prone to trifle and allow time to run to waste;" but this is a self-reproach which would be uttered by most persons who exact of themselves a rigorous account.

Since his removal from Huntingdon, distance interposed to prevent frequent intercourse with his brother, and their weekly dwindled down to annual visits. In the middle of February, 1770, Cowper was summoned to Cambridge by the fatal illness of this sole remaining relic of his home. "We have lost the best classic and most liberal thinker in our University," wrote Dr. Bennet, Bishop of Cloyne, to Dr. Parr, when he announced the death of John Cowper. "He sat so long at his studies, that the posture gave rise to an

abscess in his liver, and he fell a victim to learning." So said John Cowper himself when he was dying. "I have labored day and night to perfect myself in things of no profit; I have sacrificed my health to these pursuits, and am suffering the consequences of my misspent labor. I wanted to be highly applauded, and was flattered up to the height of my wishes; now I must learn a new lesson." He had been, in his own language, "blameless in his outward conduct, and trusted in himself that he was righteous." He could not yield to the belief that he stood in need of a Redeemer, and had long desired to be a deist. After the transformation which had taken place in Cowper at St. Alban's, he endeavored to impress his convictions upon his brother, who first discussed the question, and then, to avoid disputes, listened to argument and exhortation in silence. His attention, however, was roused. He bought the best writers on controverted points, studied them with diligence, and compared them with Scripture. Blinded, he says, by prejudice, he continued not to perceive the doctrine of redemption, yet wished to embrace it, and was even persuaded that he should some day be a convert. Upon the whole, his antipathy gained upon his inclination; for at the period of his illness, he was on the verge of closing with the Deism which appeared so attractive, and which did not, like the Gospel, interfere with his self-esteem. Cowper, on his arrival, found him ignorant that his illness was mortal, and quite unconcerned about religion. There was one seeming exception to his ordinary indifference. "When I talked to him," says the poet, "of the Lord's dealings with myself, he would press my hand, and look kindly at me, and seemed to love me the better for it." But this did not arise from any partiality for doctrines which he heard heedlessly at other times. The action clearly proceeded from generous sympathy with the griefs and joys of the speaker. As warm hearts are easily kindled into gratitude, the remark, "that, though many sick men had friends, it was not every man who had a friend that could pray for him," drew forth from the sufferer an additional tenderness. "He generally expressed it," says Cowper, "by calling for blessings upon me in the most affectionate terms, and with a look and manner not to be described." At the expiration of

three weeks, as he was praying one afternoon to himself in bed, he suddenly burst into tears, and with a loud cry exclaimed: "Oh! forsake me not!" He afterwards stated that he had reflected much upon Christianity during his illness, that the subject remained obscure to him, and that he sent forth the cry at the moment when the light was darted into his soul. He threw his arms round the neck of his brother, and leaning his head upon him, said: "If I live, you and I shall be more like one another than we have been. But whether I live or not, all is well. God has visited me with this sickness to teach me what I was too proud to learn in health." At another time he added: "I see the rock upon which I once split, and I see the rock of my salvation. I have learned *that* in a moment which I could not have learned by reading books in many years. How plain do texts appear to which, after consulting all the commentators, I could hardly affix a meaning! There is but one key to the New Testament, there is but one interpreter." The key he had discovered was that "Jesus Christ was delivered for our offenses, and rose again for our justification." He wondered, as well he might, that a fact so plain should have been invisible to him before. His self-abasement was henceforth great. "That I ever had a being," he said, "can not be too soon forgot." He had charge of a parish about seven miles from Cambridge, and thought much of the people there. "Thou hast intrusted many souls unto me," he exclaimed in one of his prayers, "and I have not been able to teach them, because I knew thee not myself." His repentance was accompanied by the hope that it would be accepted through the Saviour whose atonement he had understood so late, and after a few days more of bodily suffering, in that hope he calmly expired on the twentieth of March. "I have felt a joy," wrote Cowper, "upon the subject of my brother's death, such as I never felt but in my own conversion."

Three years from this period, the joy which had resulted from his conversion was extinguished, never again, except in transient gleams, to be renewed on earth. Mr. Newton engaged him to join in the composition of a collection of hymns, partly "for the purpose of promoting the faith and comfort of sincere Christians,"



partly "to perpetuate the remembrance of an endeared friendship." While the work was proceeding, his conversation one morning betrayed that his malady had returned. Southey produces a portion of two hymns, and the whole of a third, to show that the despairing nature of the ideas to which his mind had been directed by the employment was the cause of the calamity. The quotations are accompanied by the admission that, though the fragments which are given betray despondency, the strain in both cases passes on into hope, that in other parts of the series there is a tone of cheerful devotion, and that none of the sentiments differ from those which ordinary converts constantly experience. In fact, the states of feeling which Cowper has embodied in verse appear just as frequently in the productions of Mr. Newton. Impressions which are common to every Christian can be no evidence of a peculiar condition of mind. Cowper was so far from indulging in gloom, that his sixty-eight hymns, whether they are of praise, penitence, or prayer, are nearly all, in their conclusions, expressive of comfort, and there is not one that displays a tendency to morbid depression. The very specimen which Southey strangely adduces as "denoting a fearful state," was written to celebrate the *deliverance* from it, and is a song of triumph, and not of misery. It is clearly a description of his terrors at the Temple and St. Alban's, and ends with hailing the day-star that broke upon him and preserved him from despair. He depicts the dawn which chased away the darkness, and leaves us with a prospect as radiant as the sun from which he derives his comparison. In substance it is the same idea to which he gives utterance when, referring again to this crisis of his life, he says:

"It taught my tears awhile to flow,  
But saved me from eternal woe."

The inference which Southey drew from the few stanzas he extracted implies, what yet seems hardly credible, that he mistook the retrospective portions of the hymns for descriptions of the feelings of their author at the moment of composition. If it had been possible to compress such a chaos of remote and conflicting emotions into the brief space that he was engaged upon the task, the fruits would

never have appeared in their present shape, for he must already have been raving mad.

The form which Cowper's insanity ultimately assumed might lead some persons to overlook the fact that his religion hitherto had not been moody. When remorse, stimulated by disease, drove him to desperation, he had not yet entered upon his Christian life. He had no sooner tasted the sweets of it than he was transported with delight. Time, in taming down his spirits, did not quench them. He always referred to the eight years and a half which elapsed between his restoration at St. Alban's and the renewal of his disorder at Olney as to years of unparalleled joy. What they looked in the retrospect, they had appeared in their passage. Wherever we catch a view of his feelings—in his "Personal Narrative," in his "Correspondence," in his sketch of his brother—he paints religion in bright and happy colors. Southey, speaking of one of his letters to Lady Hesketh, says, that "it is in a strain of that melancholy pietism which casts a gloom over every thing." The pietism might seem melancholy to those who could not sympathize with it. To Cowper it was exactly the reverse, and he tells his cousin on this identical occasion "that any place is delightful to him in which he can have leisure to meditate upon the mercies by which he lives, and indulge a vein of gratitude to God." "That he enjoyed a course of peace, short intervals excepted," from his removal to Olney up to the reappearance of his lunacy, we know from the testimony of Mr. Newton, who "passed these six years in daily admiring and aiming to imitate him." He was accustomed to take part in the prayer-meetings held in the parish, and he informed Mr. Greathead that his constitutional timidity vanished on these occasions "before his awful yet delightful consciousness of the presence of his Saviour." This, while it shows the exhilarating nature of his emotions when his heart was stirred the deepest, appears to have been the only act of doubtful prudence in which his piety engaged him, though the danger did not proceed from religious excitement, but from his nervous dread of a public display. His fear of an audience put an end to the idea of taking orders, which duty suggested to him when he came fresh

with enthusiasm from St. Alban's. "Had I," he said, "the zeal of Moses, I should want an Aaron for my spokesman." The familiarity he had contracted in the interval with rustic congregations had not removed his apprehensions, and the prospect of pronouncing a prayer before a company of villagers agitated him for hours beforehand. Though the effect was comparatively brief, it bore too close a resemblance to his former disastrous experience to be hazarded wisely. No ill consequences appear to have ensued. A mode of life which kept him cheerful in the main for upwards of five years could not be very disastrous. Nor, unless Cowper communicated his sensations, could any blame be attached to Mr. Newton, who might easily suppose that the man who trembled to be examined at the bar of the House of Lords on a subject of which he knew nothing would have no apprehension of pouring out the petitions with filled his heart before the lace-makers of Olney.

Even if Cowper's religious tendencies had been melancholy instead of cheerful, there is no reason to think that writing hymns would have deepened his gloom. His whole life was devoted to religion. It was the staple of his thoughts, his conversation, and his reading. He did not wait till he had to turn a stanza to fix meditations upon pious themes; and we can discover no warrant for Southey's assertion, that in putting these habitual topics into meter, "he was led to brood over his sensations in a way which rendered him peculiarly liable to be deluded by them." That the act of versifying had not this result, but the reverse, we know from his own authority. In the long dark years, when religion seemed to frown upon him, and he trembled if he was even drawn in to speak of it, he could with pleasure make it the subject of his song, because, as he said, the difficulties of expression, rhyme, and numbers were an amusing exercise of ingenuity, and engrossed more attention than the matter. Not animated by faith and hope as when he wrote the *Olney Hymns*, but sunk in despair, he could descant in his works upon his own case, and upon all the themes which reminded him of his misery, and derived more advantage from the employment than from any other recreation. In the face of these facts, Mr. Newton has been charged with want of judgment,

because, finding him devoted to religion and fond of poetry, he advised him, when he was in his healthiest condition of mind, to put some of his religion into verse. Under every aspect, the theory is untenable that the train of thought suggested by the Hymns disordered his understanding. The notion has been chiefly entertained by those who disliked his school of theology, and their prejudices have influenced their opinion of the pernicious effects of his pious musings upon his reason. Although the fact were established, it would of itself prove nothing against the soundness of his belief. "The letters of Cowper," remarks Mr. Cecil, "show how much he was occupied at one time by the truths of the Bible, and at another time by the fictions of Homer; but his melancholy was originally a physical disease, which could be affected either by the Bible or Homer, but was utterly distinct in its nature from the matter of both." Whatever of good or evil is capable of agitating the mind will be capable of dis-ordering it, and religion must continue to be one of the agents in insanity as long as it retains its vehement hold upon the human heart.

It was in a different way, we conceive, from what has been alleged that the composition of the *Olney Hymns*, proved injurious to Cowper. In announcing, eight years afterwards, his next poetical undertaking to Mr. Newton, he adds: "Don't be alarmed; I ride Pegasus with a curb; he will never run away with me again. I have even convinced Mrs. Unwin that I can manage him and make him stop when I please." This plainly points to his having pursued his theme with too much ardor before, and overtasked an intellect which was unable to endure a strain. It was his nature to throw himself with enthusiasm into any occupation which pleased him, and the nerve, he says, of his imagination twanged with vehemence under the energy of the pressure. No undertaking could have enlisted more of his sympathies than the one in which Mr. Newton had embarked him, and prior to experience it was not easy to divine that he would rhyme with such assiduity as to bring on a fit of insanity. The malady assailed him in January, 1773. His power to set his faculties in motion was gone, and he spent hours in blank imbecility, unless an impetus was given to his mind by a question, when he was capable of re-

turning a rational answer. A melancholy of the darkest dye overshadowed him. He believed that his food was poisoned, that every body hated him, and especially Mrs. Unwin, though he would allow no one else to wait upon him. His disposition to commit suicide required perpetual vigilance, which, coupled with the trying nature of his delusions, rendered the task of tending him a fearful task, both to mind and body. His incomparable friend discharged the office for nearly two years, not only with cheerfulness but with gratitude, and said that if ever she praised God, it was when she found that she was to have all the labor. Her constitution never entirely rallied from the shock it received. Mr. Newton in a less degree had his share in the burthen. That he might be more out of the noise of a fair, Cowper moved in March, for a single night, to the Vicarage, which he had previously refused to enter, and chose to remain there a year and a quarter. As often as Mrs. Unwin urged him to return to his own house he wept and implored to be permitted to stay where he was. An inmate in his condition was no small disturbance to the domestic peace of Mr. Newton. But the piety and affection of that admirable man were equal to the occasion. "The Lord," he wrote towards the conclusion of the poor patient's stay, "has given us such a love to him, both as a believer and as a friend, that I am not weary." When the deliverance came he confessed that his feelings had sometimes been restive, but added: "I think I can hardly suffer too much for such a friend."

The recovery of Cowper followed the same course that it had done at St. Albans. From having his whole attention turned inwards upon his despairing thoughts, he began to notice the things about him. He fed the chickens; and some incident made him smile—the first smile that had been seen upon his face for more than sixteen months. He was continually employed in gardening, and talked freely upon his favorite employment. Other topics of conversation he rarely noticed. As he continued to improve, he expressed in verse, according to his wont, the desperate ideas which burned within him. At the end of May, 1774, he seemed to realize his position in Mr. Newton's house, and suddenly desired to go back to his own. A few days were necessary

to prepare it, and he passed the interval in impatience. The attack lasted longer than the one which grew out of the business of the clerkship, and the restoration was less complete. Two distinct impressions filled the mind of Cowper—an awful melancholy which impelled him to suicide, and a piety which led him to place his whole dependence upon God. He blended these pervading feelings, and fancied that the Almighty had commanded him, as a trial of obedience, to offer up himself for a sacrifice, as Abraham had been commanded to offer up his son. In this persuasion he attempted to commit suicide, and failed to accomplish his design. He imagined that his faltering purpose was a proof of his faithlessness, and that he was condemned in consequence to irrevocable perdition. No one who reads his "Personal Narrative" of his previous seizure can fail to remark that, though otherwise written in a sober strain, he imperfectly distinguished between supernatural visitations and the effects of disease. The vividness of his delusions begot in him the conviction that they must be derived from a source more potent than a disordered brain. "My dreams," he wrote, "are of a texture that will not suffer me to ascribe them to any cause but the operation of an exterior agency." To the end of his days he remained persuaded that the injunction to self-destruction, and the subsequent sentence of condemnation, were revelations from heaven. Sane in every other particular, he could not perceive that the visions and voices had been the products of insanity. He was the slave of an idea which he acquired in madness, and which he yet believed to have had an origin that was independent of it. From this hour he lived, in his own conviction, a doomed man, and if hope ever gleamed upon him, "it was merely," he said, "as a flash in a dark night, during which the heavens seemed open only to shut again." Since judgment had been pronounced, he argued that it was useless for him to pray; nay more, that "to implore mercy would be to oppose the determinate counsel of God." He ceased to attend public or domestic worship, and behaved in all respects as though his personal concern in Christianity was at an end. He said in 1782 that he had not asked a blessing upon his food for ten years, nor ever expected to ask it again. Mr. Unwin con-

sulted him on the proper mode of keeping Sunday. He gave his opinion, but added, "that he considered himself as no longer interested in the question." When there was a prospect of Mr. Newton's successor in the curacy removing from Olney, Cowper expressed a desire that he should stay, because a new-comer would wonder at his avoiding every religious observance, and might assail him with arguments, "which would be more profitably discharged against the walls of a tower." This was the calm, inflexible character which his delusion assumed. His soul was not tempest-tossed as in the light of his disease, but the waters froze as they subsided, and presented the smoothness and bleakness of ice.

It was not till May, 1776, that Cowper renewed his correspondence with Hill, who managed his pecuniary affairs. For upwards of three years his faculties appear to have been unequal to the production of an ordinary letter. He says he was a child and was compelled to seek amusement in childish things. Religion, which had been his sole pursuit, was forbidden fruit, and his life was suddenly reduced to a blank. His earliest attempt to fill up the vacancy was by taking care of three leverets, which grew up as tame as cats, and as fond of human society. As his health improved he resolved to be a carpenter, and constructed boxes, tables, and stools. The strain to which he was put in the constant use of saw and plane inflamed his eyes, which were never strong, and after a twelvemonth he exchanged the heavy work for the more delicate task of making bird and squirrel-cages. He became tired of this calling, and having taken a share, from the time he settled in the country, in the common operations of the garden, he now aspired to succeed with its nicer products. His pride was to raise the earliest cucumbers and melons. An orange-tree and two or three myrtles exercised his ingenuity for an entire winter in the effort to guard them from frost. "I contrived," he says, "to give them a fire-heat, and have waded night after night through the snow, with the bellows under my arm, just before going to bed, to give the latest possible puff to the embers." This suggested a greenhouse, which he built with his own hands, "and which afforded him amusement for a longer time than any expedient to which he had fled from the

misery of having nothing to do." In the year 1780, he bethought himself of landscape-drawing, and commissioned Mr. Unwin to purchase him five shillings' worth of materials, adding: "I do not think my talent in the art worth more." He succeeded beyond expectation, and in a little while he glanced, in his playful way, at the excellence of his productions. "I admire them myself, and Mrs. Unwin admires them, and her praise and my praise put together are fame enough for me." The occupation turned out injurious to his eyes, and he abandoned the pursuit as he was attaining to skill in it. His proficiency in his several mechanic employments he ascribed to heroic perseverance, and not to natural dexterity. He did not rely exclusively upon manual arts. When the world of sacred literature was closed to him he reverted to the profane. For the first time since he left London, he took to reading secular books, and appears to have had a preference for the works of the day. His slender income was diminished by the death of his brother, who contributed to his support, and in 1776 he even adopted the idea of supplying the deficiency by his own exertions. He conceived the humble scheme of instructing a few boys between eight and ten in the rudiments of the classics, and applied to Hill to recommend him. He would have found pleasure for a while in recalling and imparting his familiar schoolboy lore, but the fact could not have been suppressed that he had lately emerged from a long fit of lunacy, and no parents came forward to intrust their sons to his charge. "If it were to rain pupils," he wrote, "perhaps I might catch a tubful. But till it does, the fruitlessness of my inquiries makes me think I must keep my Greek and Latin to myself."

In summer Cowper wanted little aid from books or mechanic arts. His love of fine weather, sauntering, and gardening, kept him as happy out of doors as his disorder permitted. Winter was the period when he needed every device to fill up his hours, and divert his mind from preying on itself. The year 1780 made a woful gap in his enjoyments, for it was the year which deprived him of the society of Mr. Newton. This indefatigable pastor informed Mr. Cecil that he remained at Olney till he had "buried the old crop on whom any dependence could be placed," and that an incorrigible dis-



position prevailed with most of the survivors, which he in vain endeavored to redress. "I see in this world," he once remarked, "two heaps—human happiness and misery. If I can take but the smallest bit from one heap and add to the other, I carry a point. If a child has dropped a halfpenny, and by giving it another I can wipe away its tears, I feel I have done something. I should be glad indeed to do greater things, but I will not neglect this." No words could convey a more forcible impression of the importance of not deeming any sorrow too insignificant for interposition, or show in stronger colors the tenderness and beneficence of Mr. Newton's nature. He had abundant opportunities for their exercise in poverty-stricken Olney, and had exhibited them in an extraordinary degree on the occasion of a fire in October, 1777, which involved numbers of inhabitants in extreme distress. In the midst of his exertions and liberality a mob of revelers, "full of fury and liquor," beset his house on the fifth of November and he was obliged to buy them off to save his wife from the terrors of an attack. "We dwell," he wrote, "among lions and firebrands, with men whose teeth are spears and arrows, and their tongues a sharp sword." When, therefore, Mr. Thornton presented him to the rectory of St. Mary Woolnoth, in London, he resigned a charge where no zeal was sufficient to produce reformation, and no benevolence could secure him from ingratitude. "Next to the duties of his ministry, he had made it," he said, "the business of his life to attend to his afflicted friend," and, however much the companionship may have been diminished by Cowper's refusal to participate in any act of religion, the loss of a wise and watchful intimate must have been severely felt. Mr. Page, the successor of Mr. Newton, exasperated the parishioners, and found no favor with the poet. The new minister was dismissed from the curacy in a twelvemonth, but he appears to have continued preaching in some building out of a spirit of opposition for four years longer, when, having quarreled with his two or three lingering adherents, he withdrew altogether. His last words to his audience were, "Now let us pray for your wicked Vicar." He had been replaced in the beginning of 1781 by Mr. Scott, the author of the *Commentary on the Bible*,

who was regarded with respect but not with fondness by Cowper, and was no addition to his social resources. His own household had long been reduced to Mrs. Unwin. Her son resided at his living of Stock, in Essex. Her daughter had married in 1774 a worthy clergyman, Mr. Powley, and was settled in Yorkshire. The winter of 1780 arrived, and the melancholy recluse was without a sufficient expedient to kill time and care, when Mrs. Unwin suggested to him to turn poet in earnest.

He had previously been accustomed to compose short pieces on occasional subjects—such as his old friend Thurlow's promotion to the Chancellorship, the burning of Lord Mansfield's library, and the starvation of a goldfinch in the adjoining house. "It is not," he said, "when I will, or upon what I will, but as a thought happens to occur to me, and then I versify whether I will or not." He states that he wrote solely for amusement as a gentleman performer takes up his fiddle, and found so much pleasure in the employment that he often wished he possessed the "faculty divine," and could be more than a trifle in the art. When Mrs. Unwin urged him to attempt something of greater moment, she gave him the "Progress of Error" for a subject. He completed it in December, and in the three following months produced *Truth*, *Table-Talk*, and *Expostulation*—about two thousand five hundred lines in all. He would gladly have sent them straight into the world, but the publishing season was past, and it was arranged that his book should be printed in the summer and autumn of 1781, to be ready against the succeeding winter. The stimulus supplied by the prospect, and the gratification of seeing his productions in type, set him rhyming afresh in spite of the sunny weather, which usually put a stop to his mental employments, and between May and August he more than doubled the quantity of his verse, and composed *Hope*, *Charity*, *Conversation*, and *Retirement*. He wrote with less rapidity at the end than at the beginning. "Time was," he says, "when I could with ease produce fifty, sixty, or seventy lines in a morning; now I generally fall short of thirty, and am sometimes forced to be content with a dozen." The facility acquired by practice was not in his case an equivalent for the activity of

mind which is generated by novelty. His patience was tried by the dilatoriness of the printer, but his work was fairly launched in March, 1782, and the man who attempted suicide from the dread of facing a few matter-of-fact questions at the bar of the House of Lords, stood forth a voluntary and eager candidate for general applause. He subsequently confessed to Lady Hesketh that he had in his nature "an infinite share of ambition," with an "equal share of diffidence." The balance of these qualities had hitherto kept him inactive, and he imagined, when his book was on the eve of publication, that his innate bashfulness would still have rendered it "impossible for him to commence author by name," if he had not been nearly indifferent whether he was praised or abused. There did not, he protested, live the being who would be less annoyed by being chronicled as a dunce. In this idea, as he afterwards acknowledged, he was completely deceived. Except in the periods when the pangs of despair swallowed up all his other emotions, "every thing," to use his own words, "affected him nearly, which threatened to disappoint his favorite purpose of working his way through obscurity into notice." However apathetic he might fancy himself before the die was cast, he really published because he thought well of his verse, and had an inward persuasion that it would procure him the distinction he coveted. His retirement, no doubt, assisted his courage. He could address the world from "the loopholes of his retreat," and as he did not mingle in the crowd he had little to fear from personal humiliation in the eyes of associates. The influence of this consideration appeared in his especial anxiety for a favorable judgment upon his labors in the *Monthly Review*, on account of its being read by a carpenter, a baker, a village school-master, and a watchmaker, in the place where he lived. "Wherever else," he exclaimed, "I am accounted dull, let me pass for a genius at Olney." So much was he deluded when he sometimes fancied that he only cared for the commendations of the judicious.

Cowper was fifty years old when he completed his first published volume of poems. The pieces he had composed in the preceding decade—a period of life when most men are in the maturity of their understandings—still gave little,

and often no indication of the power which lurked within him.

His case is curious. He had been a versifier nearly all his life. By his own confession he had spared no pains to do his best. At the age of fifty, when further improvement was unlikely, he put forth several thousand lines, which by turns were grave and gay, and which seemed to reflect every quality of his mind. Had he died at this period nobody could have suspected that an undeveloped genius had been taken prematurely from the world, and that he possessed a poetical power of a far different stamp from any thing which he had hitherto exhibited. His letters indeed, if they had been published, would have insured his celebrity. They have never the air of being composed, and yet are as elegant and classic as the most finished compositions. His humor, like his style, was spontaneous, and imparts a flavor to an infinity of trifles which in themselves would have been insipid. He never exaggerates for the sake of effect. Every word bears the impress of truth. He did not aim at conciseness, nor does he deal much in reflections, opinions, and criticisms. He confines himself mainly to the little incidents and feelings of the hour, and these he tells with a charm and distinctness which are unequaled in any other familiar correspondence. With all the beauty of these graceful effusions, he had no expectation that they would contribute to his fame; for he begged his correspondents to burn them, and would have been dismayed at the idea of exposing the confidences of friendship to the eye of the world. His earliest epistles are as perfect as his latest, and he would almost seem to have been born a letter-writer, and to have been made a poet.

Nothing in the workings of his mind revealed to Cowper the true bent of his poetic faculty: he learnt it by accident. His lively friend, Lady Austen, whose acquaintance he had made in 1781, was an enthusiastic admirer of blank verse. She urged him to attempt it, and he promised to comply if she would furnish the subject. "Oh!" she exclaimed, "you can never be in want of a subject; you can write upon any thing; write upon this Sofa." The conversation passed in the summer of 1783, and in October, 1784, *The Task*, which took its name from the incident

which gave rise to it, was in the hands of the printer. Neither the author nor the muse who suggested the topic could have foreseen to what it was to lead. It was a blind and lucky hit. Cowper was not one of the poets who drew his ideas from the realms of imagination. He rarely attempted to conjure up situations which he had not experienced, nor did he ransack his mind for images and sentiments which did not make part of his common thoughts. His works were the counterpart of the ordinary, every-day man. In *Table-Talk* and its companion pieces he had made, he said, his confession of faith. He had poured out in them the theological and moral opinions which had governed him for years, and he seemed to have nothing to add. If he had been reminded that half the story was untold, and that to complete the portraiture he might follow up the promulgation of his creed, with a description of his in-door and out-door occupations, of the walks he habitually trod, and the scenes upon which he incessantly gazed, interspersed with such reflections as they were wont to excite, he would probably have shrunk from so personal a theme. He was insensibly led to execute a plan which he would not have framed upon deliberation by the happy chance that he was set versifying upon an object which plunged him into the midst of his home pursuits. He commenced by treating of the "Sofa" in a playful, mock-heroic strain. The use of the sofa as a couch for invalids suggested to him the pleasures of health, exercise, and activity. This at once set him dilating upon the beauties of nature, which no man regarded with a more observant eye, or enjoyed with a more intelligent delight. He was now fairly engaged in depicting the ordinary tenor of his life at Olney, and he did not stop till he had traversed the entire round. The apparent dullness of his existence, its narrow range, its unbroken uniformity, the absence of events, and the unromantic character of the neighboring scenery, appeared to present no very promising field for poetry to a man whose habit was to describe things as they were, without any embellishment from fancy. But, in fact, the commonness of the materials rendered the sympathies associated with them only the more universal. Fireside enjoyments, domestic happiness, English landscapes, and English winters, were subjects which, when

touched by the hand of a master, appealed to the experience of millions. It added to the charm that the author spoke in his own name, and thus gave life and reality to the whole — a biographic as well as a poetic interest. "My descriptions," he said, "are all from nature: not one of them second-hand. My delineations of the heart are from my own experience: not one of them borrowed from books, or in the least degree conjectural." The religious, social, and political opinions interspersed were all upon the side of truth, goodness, and humanity, and were such opinions as might be expected from an amiable recluse, whose judgment was not warped by the prepossessions which are generated by self-interest or by party and personal ties. The execution of the delightful design is for the most part nearly perfect. He has displayed one quality in a stronger degree than it was ever possessed by any other describer of nature — the capacity of painting scenes with a distinctness which makes them like visible objects to the mind. They are not more vivid than true, and he has blended the accuracy of the topographer with the picturesqueness of the poet. The language is no longer of the commonplace character which is so often found in his previous works, but is as choice as it is simple. Nothing in *The Task* is more remarkable than the skill with which he constantly picks out the one felicitous word in the tongue which conveys his meaning with the happiest effect. The sketch he gives in *The Winter Evening* of the appearance of the landscape before snow, and of the fall of the "fleecey shower" itself, is one instance out of many of his wonderful faculty for picturesque delineation. The whole indeed of the fourth book, which is his master-piece, abounds both in out-door and in-door scenes of magical power. Like all works of consummate excellence, the impression of its greatness increases with prolonged acquaintance. The beauties are of the tranquil and not of the exciting kind, and the exquisiteness of the workmanship is easily overlooked by hasty eyes. His reprobation of the vices and follies of his age is sometimes admirable, but sometimes declamatory, flat, and tedious; and where he aspires to be sublime, as in the description of the Earthquake in Sicily, he is grandiloquent without true force or spirit. His ear for blank verse was much

finer than for the heroic measure; and though it has not the swelling fullness nor the variety of Milton, it is limpid and harmonious, and suited to the subjects of which he treats. As *The Task* is one of the most charming poems in the world, so it is also among the most original. Mimicry, Cowper said, was his abhorrence, and he at one time avoided reading verse for fear he should be betrayed into unconscious imitation. He states, however, that the poets of established reputation remained as fresh in his memory as when they were the companions of his youth; and nobody can fail to perceive how much he had been influenced in his descriptions of nature by *The Seasons* of Thomson. He outstrips his predecessor. The proportion in him of what is good is larger, and his good passages are in general of a higher grade of excellence. His language is more select and felicitous, his meter is more musical, his scenes are more picturesque, and his topics are more various. "The Winter" of Thomson, which is his noblest production, will not stand a comparison as a whole with the "Winter Evening" of Cowper.

It speaks well for the taste of the day that *The Task* became immediately popular. In the same volume appeared another piece which was already famous. This was the *History of John Gilpin*, which was printed for the first time in the *Public Advertiser* towards the close of 1782. It was here again Lady Austen who prompted him. She had known the story from her childhood, and related it to him one evening when he was suffering under more than ordinary dejection. He continued to break out into convulsions of laughter after he retired to bed, and his merriment not permitting him to sleep, he turned the incidents into verse. From the effect which the tale had upon him, it may be presumed that he owed the comical details as well as the outline to his friend, and that he did little more than supply the language and the meter. Nothing can be happier than the manner in which he has dressed up the diverting mishaps which befall the London shopkeeper, who, with all the confidence of inexperience unconscious of the difficulty, attempts to ride on horseback when he has never ridden before. The good humor with which Cowper has endowed his "knight of the stone bottles" imparts an additional air of hilarity to the ballad.

"When Betty, screaming, came down stairs,  
'The wine is left behind,'"

a less amiable man would have broken out into angry exclamations at the dreadful neglect of his wife.

"'Good lack!' quoth he, 'yet bring it me,'"

is all the vexation which John expresses, and he evinces the same beaming, easy disposition at every stage of his disasters. The ludicrous sallies of Cowper were by his own account a violent effort to turn aside his thoughts from the gloom which overwhelmed him; but however low his spirits might be by nature, he had equally by nature a strong vein of pleasantry, which was too habitual to be always the result of determination.

Before *The Task* was finished the friendship with the lady who suggested it was dissolved. In the summer of 1781 she was staying with her sister, Mrs. Jones, the wife of a clergyman, who lived in the vicinity of Olney. The poet was on visiting terms with the Joneses, and chancing to see Lady Austen in their company when he was looking out of his window, he was so struck with her appearance, that he sent Mrs. Unwin to invite them to tea. His first impression was confirmed. He was charmed with his new acquaintance, an immediate intimacy ensued, and she was shortly known to him by the endearing title of "Sister Anne." She was a woman of quick sensibilities, "had high spirits, a lively fancy, and great readiness of conversation." Her vivacity was tempered by a solid understanding, and a moral worth "which induced us," says Cowper, "in spite of that cautious reserve that marks our characters, to trust her, to love and value her, and to open our hearts for her reception." So sprightly, so intelligent, and so affectionate a companion was like new life to the lonely hypochondriac. To go into her society was to step out of gloom into sunshine, and his dark musings vanished under the influence of her contagious cheerfulness. Anxious to perpetuate the blessing, he encouraged her to take lodgings in the vicarage-house, which was only occupied in part by the curate. Thither she removed in 1782, and there Cowper visited her every morning after breakfast, and there he and Mrs. Unwin dined with her every alternate day. The intervening days were not lost to friendship, for the



sole difference was that Lady Austen dined with them. Thus it continued till the summer of 1784, when the poet during her absence wrote her a letter, in which, with many expressions of tender regret, he broke off the intimacy. His reason for this step was the supposition of Lady Austen that his love meant marriage. He addressed "Sister Anne" some affectionate verses; and Hayley, who received his information from herself, says that, though it is not the inference he should have drawn, "she might easily be pardoned if she was induced by them to hope that they might possibly be a prelude to a still dearer alliance." The letter in which Cowper put an end to this expectation was burnt by the disappointed lady in a moment of vexation, but she spoke of its contents to Hayley, who expressly declares that it would have "exhibited a proof that, animated by the warmest admiration of the great poet, she was willing to devote her life and fortune to his service and protection." It is extraordinary that there should have been any speculation upon the cause of the severance, when we have the direct testimony of a man of delicate feelings, who was far too scrupulous upon such subjects to have published a conjecture in the form of an assertion.\*

It is certain that Cowper, on his part, had never entertained the notion of matrimony. He had contracted obligations towards Mrs. Unwin which must have precluded the idea, even if no other objection had existed. For twenty years she had waited upon him with a tender assiduity of which women alone are capable, spending her health in his service, and never wearying of her mournful task. In his repeated fits of dejection she could hardly venture to leave him for a moment, night or day, and her poor bark, he said, was shattered by being tossed so long by the side of his own. Lady Hesketh never recovered the effects of a winter which she spent with him during one of his attacks. Lovable as he was from his genius and disposition, the exhaustion of body and spirit which the attendance upon him involved would have tired out any person who had not carried friendship

to the pitch of devotion. Instead of being, as he was, among the worthiest of men, he must have been a monster of ingratitude if he could have been so little touched by Mrs. Unwin's self-sacrifice and affection as to desert her in her age for a newly-discovered acquaintance, and leave her to solitude and neglect. Neither is there the slightest reason to suppose that, apart from his sense of duty, he would have given the preference to her rival. In conversation Lady Austen was more brilliant than Mrs. Unwin, but the most dazzling are seldom the most valuable qualities, and the fascinations which were a pleasing supplement to existence would have ill-supplied the place of the endurance, the meekness, the sterling sense, and sympathetic tastes of his old and faithful ally. Her character has been drawn by Lady Hesketh, who says of her, that she loved him as well as one human being could love another, that she had no will or shadow of inclination that was not his, and that she went through her almost incredible fatigues with an air of ease which took away every appearance of hardship. Notwithstanding her trials, she preserved a great fund of gayety, and laughed upon the smallest provocation. Her knowledge and intelligence were both considerable. She was well-read in the poets, and had a true taste for what was excellent in literature. Cowper had the highest opinion of her judgment. He submitted all his writings to her criticism, and asserted that she had a perception of what was good and bad in composition that he never knew deceive her. He always abided by her decision, altered where she condemned, and, if she approved, had no fear that any body else could find fault with reason. Such a rare combination of merits was not likely, with a person of Cowper's disposition, to be cast into the shade by the cleverness, vivacity, and personal charms of Lady Austen. He proved, indeed, by his conduct a few years later, that his attachment to his admirable Mary was as deep as hers had been to him, and that he realized in practice the beautiful ideal which he had drawn of friendship in his "Valediction," where he describes it as a

"Union of hearts without a flaw between."

The literary fame of Cowper caused some of the friends and relations, who supposed him lost to themselves and the

\* Mr. Willmott is of the same opinion, and says that the cause of the separation from Lady Austen is "stated by Hayley with a positiveness and authority that can not be questioned."

world, to reopen their intercourse with him. Foremost among the number was his cousin Lady Hesketh. Their correspondence had been suspended for nearly nineteen years, when she once more addressed him in October, 1785. He was transported with pleasure at the renewal of his intimacy with this dear companion of his youth. His letters to her thenceforth overflow with fondness, and were only interrupted by her annual visits to him. She went to Olney in June, 1786, and was lodged in the rooms which Lady Austen had vacated at the vicarage. Never did the poet look forward to any event with more eager delight than to the anticipated meeting, and the reality did not belie his expectations. Her company, he said, was a cordial of which he should feel the effect as long as he lived. Her arrival brought with it another advantage. Cowper had become friendly with the Throckmortons, a Roman Catholic family, who lived at the pretty village of Weston, about a mile from Olney. They had a house to let, which was commodious in itself, and had the additional recommendation that it adjoined their own pleasure-grounds, "where a slipper would not be soiled even in winter," and where in summer avenues of limes and elms afforded a delicious shade. Of all the places within his range it was the one which the poet preferred for its beauties, but it was rendered inaccessible to him in bad weather by the intervening road of mud, and in sultry weather "he was fatigued before he reached it, and when he reached had not time to enjoy it." Though the Throckmortons were anxious to have him for a tenant for the sake of his society, and he was equally anxious to embrace the offer for the sake of their walks and prospects, as well as their company, his inability to bear the expense of furnishing would not permit him to entertain the project. No sooner did Lady Hesketh appear upon the scene than she insisted upon defraying the cost of the removal; and November saw her cousin comfortably housed in the "Lodge" at Weston. He had not shifted his quarters before it was necessary. The ceilings of his miserable tenement at Olney were cracked, the walls were crumbling; and when a shoemaker and a publican proposed after his departure to share it between them, the village carpenter pronounced that unless it was propped they would inhabit it

at the hazard of their lives. Once the poet returned to take a look at his old tottering dwelling. "Never," he says, "did I see so forlorn and woful a spectacle." Cold, dreary, dirty, and ruinous, it seemed unfit to be the abode of human beings. His eyes notwithstanding had filled with tears when he first bid adieu to it, for he remembered how often he had enjoyed there in happier days a sense of the presence of God, and that now, as he supposed, he had lost it forever.

Any gratification which may have been produced by the removal to Weston was quickly dispelled. He had not been there above two or three weeks when Mr. Unwin caught a fever and died. Cowper spoke of the loss with calmness in his letters; and, affectionate and united as the friends had always been, they met so seldom that the event could have left little void in his life. Mrs. Unwin bore her heavier share in the calamity with the resignation she had acquired from prolonged trials and habitual piety; but, depressed herself, she must have been less equal than usual to cheering her companion, and the deeper gloom which overshadowed him may have been the cause of the fresh attack of lunacy which shortly after supervened. There is a gap in his correspondence from January 18 to July 24, 1787; and he passed the interval in a state of almost total insanity. As in his two previous attacks, he attempted suicide. He hanged himself, and was only saved by the accident of Mrs. Unwin coming in before he was dead and cutting him down. When he recovered he informed Mr. Newton that for thirteen years he had believed him not to be the friend he loved, but some body else. He considered it at least one beneficial effect of his illness that it had released him from this disagreeable suspicion, and that he no longer doubted the identity of his old familiar companion, nor was compelled to act a deceitful part when he addressed him. No limits can be placed to the hallucinations of a disordered understanding; and it would be possible in the nature of things that, when he emerged from the visitation of 1773, he might fancy, in spite of the evidence of his senses, that the pastor at the vicarage was a mockery and a cheat, and only the outward semblance of the genuine man. In this case, however, it is certain that no such delusion had existed, and that the impression

was a chimera engendered by the disease of 1787. After Mr. Newton settled in London, Cowper wrote to him once a fortnight, or oftener, and his letters have none of the constraint which the alleged conviction must have produced. They are, on the contrary, peculiarly confidential. They chiefly turn upon those fearful secrets of his heart which he would have been the least willing to lay bare to a stranger, and display throughout a strong attachment and a reverential regard. They have not the same playfulness as his sportive epistles to Mr. Unwin, but this was because he thought it due to the apostolical character of Mr. Newton to abstain from trifling. Religion had been the original bond of their intimacy, and when the poet ceased to partake of the consolations of Christianity, the point of sympathy was not changed, though the instrument sent forth a melancholy, instead of a cheerful sound. He poured his spiritual grief, as he had once poured his spiritual joys, into the ears of his confessor, and told him that to converse with him, even upon paper, was the most delightful of all employments, since it helped to make things seem as they had been. He would not have penned these words if he had believed that he was addressing an impostor, any more than he would have signified to him, as he did, the extreme satisfaction he had derived from his society when this honored friend came to stay with him at Olney. He gave practical proofs of the sincerity of his professions. He submitted his first volume of poems to Mr. Newton's revision, asked him to write the preface, and requested that he would allow his name to appear on the title-page as editor. His habitual words and acts all alike discountenance the idea that in his more lucid years his madness was carried to the pitch of discrediting the identity of one of his dearest intimates. It was a retrospective notion created and fixed in his mind during his latest fit of frenzy.

It was fortunate for the poet that before his attack he had embarked in an occupation which engaged without trying his faculties, and which assisted to promote his returning convalescence. When he had completed the *Task* he found that a fresh scheme was essential to draw off his attention from his distempered thoughts. He was unable, he says, to produce another page of original poetry,

for as he did not go out of himself for his materials he soon exhausted the stock of his experience. In his early manhood he had read Homer with a fellow-Templar, and as they read they compared the original with the translation of Pope. They were disgusted to find that puerile conceits, extravagant metaphors, and modern tinsel had been substituted for the majesty and simplicity of the Grecian, and they were often on the point of burning his unfaithful representative. The recollection came back upon Cowper when he was at a loss for employment, and induced him, as an experiment, to take up the *Iliad* and turn a few lines into blank verse. With no other design than the amusement of the hour he went on with the work, till, pleased with his success, he resolved to translate both the *Epics* of Homer. He determined that he would accomplish at least forty lines a day; and as he was firm in his purpose, and never intermitted his task, the vast project proceeded rapidly. He had been two years engaged upon it when it was interrupted by his illness, and he resumed it with eagerness the moment his madness abated. His first version was full of the quaint language of the writers of the fifteenth century, which he imagined was the kind of English that made the closest approach to the simplicity of the Greek. His friends objected to his obsolete phraseology. He began by altering it with reluctance, and ended by wondering that he had ever adopted it. His corrections amounted to a re-translation of the work, and his re-translation went through two elaborate revisions. Five years of incessant labor were expended on the undertaking, nor was it time thrown away. His *Homer* is a great performance. He has preserved the vivid pictures, the naked grandeur, and the primitive manners of the original. He does not excel Pope more in fidelity than in true poetic power. The style may seem austere at a casual glance, but will be found on a close acquaintance to be full of picturesqueness, dignity, and force. In the passages where he creeps, the old bard himself has seldom soared very high. The combined majesty and melody of the ancient measure could not be approached, but the blank verse of Cowper's translation has a fuller swell and greater variety of cadence than his *Task* and is in general, sufficient to sustain the ideas. His version is not,

and never will be popular, but those who turn from the English Homer with distaste would probably be devoid of a genuine relish for the Greek.

In 1789, while Homer was still in progress, John Johnson, then an undergraduate at Cambridge, and grandson of Roger Donne, who was the brother of Cowper's mother, made a pilgrimage into Buckinghamshire, out of pure admiration for his kinsman's works. Charmed with the young man's simplicity, enthusiasm, and affection, the poet treated him like a son. Through his means a communication was opened with some of the great author's other maternal relations; and a cousin, Mrs. Bodham, sent as a present to Weston the portrait of his mother, which produced the famous lines that are known and treasured by thousands who care little for poetry. He tells us that he wrote them "not without tears," and without tears they have rarely been read. The description was as usual the literal transcript of his feelings, and the language was the worthy vehicle of his lifelong affection for the revered mother who inspired them. He struck a chord which found an echo in every heart that ever loved; and the touching allusions to his own tragic story redoubled the pathos. It is the glorious distinction of Cowper that he is the domestic poet of England, and has his hold upon the mind by more pervading and charming sentiments than any other writer of verse.

His Homer dismissed, Cowper had again to seek a scheme on which to employ his thoughts. His publisher projected a splendid edition of Milton's works, and engaged him to translate the Latin poems and annotate the English. Hayley was employed about the same time to write a Life of the illustrious bard for another edition; and the newspapers represented the two editors as antagonists. Upon this, Hayley sent a sonnet and a letter to Cowper disclaiming the rivalry, and expressing the warmest admiration of his poetry. From being total strangers, a vehement friendship sprang up between them. An invitation to Weston was accepted by Hayley. The personal intercourse increased their mutual attachment, and "dear brother" was the title they bestowed on one another. Shy and reserved as Cowper was, and little as he was disposed to seek acquaint-

ances, he was no sooner brought in contact with a congenial spirit than his social feelings flamed forth. His later correspondence glows with affection for the new friends who were attracted to him by the delight they had received from his writings. But he did not long enjoy this accession to his pleasures. In December, 1791, Mrs. Unwin had a slight paralytic attack. "I feel," he said, "the shock in every nerve. God grant that there may be no repetition of it!" The repetition came nevertheless, and with increased severity, in May, 1792. She lost her powers of speech, and the use of her legs and right arm, and could neither read, nor knit, nor do any thing to amuse herself. "I have suffered," wrote the poet, "nearly the same disability in mind on the occasion as she in body." He abandoned Milton, took upon himself the office of nurse, and wore out his strength and spirits in attending on her. He who had been unable to bear his burthen without her assistance, had now to carry her load as well as his own. Bowed down by the double pressure, his gloom increased upon him. His dreams were more troubled; he heard voices more frequently, and their language was more threatening. He was prevailed upon to visit Hayley at his place in Sussex, in the hope that his patient would be benefited by the change. His long seclusion and his shattered nerves made a stage-coach journey appear more alarming to him than a campaign would be to men of sterner stuff. He set off in August, 1792, and remained at Earham six or seven weeks. Mrs. Unwin derived no substantial advantage, and shortly afterwards grew weaker both in mind and body. Cowper said of the lines on his mother's picture that he composed them with more pleasure than any he had ever written, with a single exception, and that exception was the sonnet in which he celebrated the devoted woman whom one of his friends described "as an angel in every thing but her face." The poet now addressed to her a more famous piece. His verses *To Mary* are among the most touching and beautiful ever penned. The intensity of his affection for his poor paralytic informs every line, and is summed up in the exclamation "*My Mary!*" which forms the burthen to each stanza. Simple as is the phrase,



he has made it speak volumes of love and tenderness by its connection and repetition.

The steady decline of his "Mary's" understanding dragged him down along with it. Lady Hesketh paid him her annual visit in the winter of 1793. He then hardly stirred from the side of Mrs. Unwin, who was fast relapsing into second childhood. He took no exercise, nor used his pen, nor even read a book, unless to her. To watch her sufferings in bleak despair, and to endeavor to relieve them, was his sole business in life. By the spring of 1784 he was reduced to that state that he refused to taste any food except a small piece of toasted bread dipped in water. He did not open his letters, nor would he suffer them to be read to him. Lord Spencer procured him a pension from the Crown of three hundred pounds a year, and he was not in a condition to be told of the circumstance. He abandoned his little avocations of netting and putting together maps, and goaded by the restless spirit within him, walked up and down the room for entire days. He lived in hourly terror that he should be carried away, and once staid from morning till evening in his room, keeping guard over his bed, under the apprehension that some body would get possession of it in his absence, and prevent his lying down on it any more. The sole hope of his restoration was in change of scene and air, and with much difficulty young Johnson at last prevailed on the sufferers to accompany him to Tuddenham, in Norfolk. The transference was effected in July, 1795, and in August they moved on to the village of Mundesley, on the coast—a place impressive from the gloom of its sea and cliffs, but ill-suited to cheer the desolate mind of Cowper. "The most forlorn of beings," he wrote on his arrival, "I tread the shore under the burthen of infinite despair, and view every vessel that approaches the coast with an eye of jealousy and fear, lest it arrive with a commission to seize me." The feeling that he should be suddenly laid hold of, and hurried away to torment, continued to grow on him. In January, 1796, he informed Lady Hesketh "that in six days' time, at the latest, he should no longer foresee but feel the accomplishment of all

his fears;" and in February he wrote her a letter, in which he bid her adieu, and told her that, unless her answer arrived next day, he should not be on earth to receive it. His afflicted Mary was the first to be released. She calmly sunk to her rest in the December of this year, at East-Dereham, in Norfolk, where Mr. Johnson had taken a house. Cowper uttered no allusion to her danger, nor seemed to be conscious of it, till the morning of her dissolution, when, on the servant coming in to open his shutters, he said: "Sally, is there life above stairs?" A few hours after she breathed her last, and when he was informed of it, he conceived the idea that she was not really dead, but would wake up in the grave, and undergo, on his account, the horrors of suffocation. He therefore expressed a wish to see her, and under the influence of his preconception, he fancied he observed her stir. On a closer view he plainly discovered that she was a corpse. He flung himself to the other side of the room, as from an object that was much too painful to behold, and never mentioned her again. Her memory was associated with happier days, and to speak of her in his present depths of misery would have aggravated his distress.

In the winter of 1797 he was beguiled into revising his translation of Homer, and worked at it steadily as of old, till he had gone through the whole. He completed his task on the eighth of March, 1798, and a few days afterwards he wrote *The Castaway*. This was his final effort at original composition. The rack of mind he had undergone for years allowed his genius to burn at intervals as brightly as ever. His last is one of his most powerful pieces, and its only fault is, that it is too painful in its pathos. During the two remaining years of his pilgrimage, he attempted nothing of more moment than to translate little Latin poems into English, or English poems into Latin. In the spring of 1800 symptoms of dropsy appeared in his feet, and quickly proved fatal. A physician who visited him asked him how he felt? "Feel!" he replied; "I feel unutterable despair." Such despair he continued to feel while consciousness remained, and he expired on the twenty-fifth of April, to wake up from his delusion in a happier world.

From the North British Review.

## MARVELS OF FOSSIL FOOTPRINTS.\*

"It happened one day about noon," wrote the author of the life and adventures of that immortal hero, Robinson Crusoe, "going towards my boat, I was exceedingly surprised with the print of a man's naked foot on the shore, which was very plain to be seen on the sand. I stood as one thunderstruck, or as if I had seen an apparition. . . . How it came thither I knew not, nor could in the least imagine." The whole passage in which the imaginary discovery is recorded, affords a fine illustration of that graphic power of description for which the work stands unrivaled. Longfellow's "Footprints on the sands of Time" is tame, when set alongside of it. The "listening and looking;" the "going up the shore and down the shore;" the feeling that it "all might be a fancy;" the "no room for that, for there was exactly the very print of a foot, toes, heel, and every part"—are all inimitably true to nature, and to the "strange, unaccountable whimsies which come into thoughts by the way." The first time we read the account of the ornithichnites of the Connecticut valley, the feelings ascribed to the hero in the fiction were forcibly recalled to memory, though nearly thirty years had passed since we had read the footprint scene. But the creations of fiction are surpassed by the facts of science; and the student of natural science is often led to walk calmly amidst wonders of which even an imagination like that of Dante or of Milton would not have dared to dream. In 1802, an American boy turned up with his plow, at South-Hadley, in the valley of the Connecticut river, a slab of sandstone, well marked by what seemed to be the footmarks of birds. The discovery took a strong hold of the imagination of the people. Had the wa-

ters of the flood rolled wildly over these sandstone slopes? Was the top soil only the result of very recent changes? Might not the surface of the sandstones, at the time of the deluge, have been so soft as to receive easily the marks of a bird's foot, as we see the sand on our shores marked, after the tide has been at the highest, with the footmarks of the sea-birds which have followed the retiring waters? May not the footprints be those of the birds which left the ark, after the dark waves had rolled into the ocean, or lost themselves in the valleys down which the rivers wander? And if so, may not these impressions be actually the traces with which "Noah's raven" has written the fact of his historical standing on the great earth itself? The popular questionings caught at the last suggestion, and the footprints on the Connecticut sandstones were set down as those of Noah's raven!

The discovery remained much longer in the regions of popular ignorance and superstition than could have been expected at the time. A race of scientific men had begun to appear in Britain and in America, who were not likely to allow such phenomena to continue without being closely looked into. They afforded tempting material for theorizing on the order of time in which different forms of life were introduced on the globe, and for assorting the discoveries so as to harmonize with existing views regarding the deluge, etc. Yet twenty-six years passed without much attention having been directed to them. In 1828, the late Dr. Duncan, of Ruthwell, a man who stood far ahead of the class to which he belonged in scientific acquirements and in general knowledge, while equal to the most earnest of that class in the work of his profession, once more drew the notice of geologists to these fossil tracks, in connection with the sandstones of Corncocklemuir. Dr. Duncan described the Corncockle tracks with great ability and clearness to the Royal Society of Edinburgh in 1828. The discovery was now set in a light in Britain

\* *Ichology of New England. A Report on the Sandstone of the Connecticut Valley, especially its Fossil Footmarks, made to the Government of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.* By EDWARD HITCHCOCK, Professor in Amherst College. Boston: William White, Printer to the State. 1858.

which was sure very soon to attract attention. Dr. Buckland, then in the prime of those great talents of which he was spared to make such good use in the cause of science and in the service of Christ, gave a prominence to the Dumfriesshire discoveries, which they could not have so well got in any other way, by devoting some space to them in his *Bridgewater Treatise*. Quoting from Dr. Duncan, in regard to the position of the tracks, Buckland suggested an element of great interest, and one fitted to awaken a multitude of such feelings as those so graphically described by Defoe, when his hero lighted on the footprint in the desert island. The fact of the existence of animals, every trace of whose remains have perished, was not only established, but the duration of their existence on the globe was clearly hinted at. "Dr. Duncan states," says Buckland, "that the strata which bear these impressions lie on each other, like volumes on the shelf of a library when all inclining to one side; that the quarry has been worked to the depth of forty-five feet from the top of the rock; throughout the whole of this depth similar impressions have been found, not on a single stratum only, but on many successive strata; that is, after removing a large slab which contained footprints, they found perhaps the very next stratum, at the distance of a few feet, or it might be less than an inch, exhibiting a similar phenomenon. Hence it follows that the process by which the impressions were made on the sand, and subsequently buried, was repeated at successive intervals."\*

Meanwhile another able and accurate observer had entered the field. Sir William Jardine brought his habits of discrimination as an ornithologist to bear upon the fossil tracks of Dumfriesshire; and he has embodied his observations in a monograph, to which we would call the attention of our readers. It is full of interest, and marked by much ability.

As our desire is to give our readers an outline of Professor Hitchcock's labors in ichnology, we can not follow the history of this branch of science in Britain, except in a very general way. We have indicat-

ed its rise, and have named those who, because of the time at which they appear in the field, deserve to be remembered as having first seen the value of the discovery in connection, with some of the most important cosmical and palæontological questions. After 1836, many other observers appeared, whose labors have both laid the foundation of, and supplied the materials for, that magnificent structure which our greatest living palæontologist has built up in his recent memoir.\*

"The existence of birds," says Owen, "at the triassic period in geology, or at the time of the formation of sandstones, which are certainly intermediate between the lias and the coal, is indicated by abundant evidences of footprints impressed upon those sandstones which extend through a great part of the valley of the Connecticut river, in Connecticut and Massachusetts, North-America.

"The footprints of birds are peculiar, and more readily distinguishable than those of most other animals. Birds tread on the toes only; these are articulated to a single metatarsal bone, at right angles equally to it; and they diverge more from each other, and are less connected with each other, than in other animals, except as regards the web-footed order of birds. Not more than three toes are directed forward: † the fourth, when it exists, is directed backward, is shorter, usually rises higher from the metatarsal, and takes less share in sustaining the superincumbent weight. No two toes of the same foot in any bird have the same number of joints. There is a constant numerical progression in the number of phalanges (toe-joints) from the innermost to the uttermost toe. When the back toe exists, it is the innermost of the four toes, and it has two phalanges, the next has three, the third or middle of the front toes has four, and the outermost has five phalanges. When the back toe is wanting, as in some waders, and most wingless birds, the toes have three, four, and five phalanges respectively. When the number of toes is reduced to two, as in the ostrich, their phalanges are respectively four and five in number; thus showing those toes to answer to the two outermost toes in tridactyle and tetradactyle birds.

"The same numerical progression characterizes the two phalanges in most lizards, from the innermost to the fourth; but a fifth toe exists in them, which has one phalange less than the fourth toe. It is the fifth toe which is wanting in every bird. In some GALLINACEA, one or two (*Pavo bicalcaratus*) spurs are superadded to the metatarsus; but this peculiar weapon is not the stunted homologue of a toe. Dr. Deane, and Mr. Marsh of Greenfield, United States, first noticed, in 1835, impressions resembling the

\* See Buckland's *Bridgewater Treatise*, edited by his Son. Two vols. London: Routledge, 1858. In No. 59 of this Journal, we called attention to the merits of this edition.

\* Palæontology, by Professor Owen. *Encyclopædia Britannica*. New edition.

† Save in the Swift.

feet of birds, in the sandstone rocks near that town. Dr. Hitchcock, President of Amherst College, United States, whose attention was called to these impressions, first made public the fact, and submitted to a scientific ordeal his interpretations of those impressions as having been produced by the feet of living birds; and he gave them the name of *Ornithichnites*.

"It was a startling announcement, and a conclusion that must have had strong evidence to support it, since one of the kinds of the tracks had been made by a pair of feet, each leaving a print twenty inches in length. Under this term *Ornithichnites giganteus*, however, Dr. Hitchcock did not shrink from announcing to the geological world the fact of the existence, during the period of the deposition of the red sandstones of the valley of the Connecticut, of a bird which must have been at least four times larger than the ostrich. The impressions succeeded each other at regular intervals; they were of two kinds, but differing only as a right and left foot, and alternating with each other, the left foot a little to the left, and the right foot a little to the right, of the mid-line between the series of tracks. Each footprint exhibits three toes, diverging as they extend forwards. The distance between the tips of the inside and outside toes of the same foot was twelve inches. Each toe was terminated by a short strong claw projecting from the mid-toe, a little on the inner side of its axis, from the other two toes, a little on the outer side of theirs. The end of the metatarsal bone, to which those toes were articulated, rested on a two-lobed cushion, which sloped upwards behind. The inner toe showed distinctly two phalangeal divisions, the middle toe three, the outer toe four. And since, in living birds, the penultimate and ungual phalanges usually leave only a single impression, the inference was just, that the toes of this large foot had been characterized by the same progressively-increasing number of phalanges, from the inner to the outer one, as in birds. And, as in birds also, the toe with the greatest number of joints was not the longest; it measured, for example, twelve and a half inches; the middle toe from the same base-line measured sixteen inches; the outer toe twelve inches. Some of the impressions of this huge trydactylous footprint were so well preserved, as to demonstrate the papillose and striated character of the integument covering the cushions on the under side of the foot. Such a structure is very similar to that in the ostrich. The average extent of stride, as shown by the distance between the impressions, was between three and four feet; the same limb was therefore carried out each step from six to seven feet forward in the ordinary rate of progression.

"These footprints, although the largest that have been observed on the Connecticut sandstones, are the most numerous. The gigantic brontozoum, as Professor Hitchcock proposes to term the species, 'must have been,' he writes, 'the giant rulers of the valley. Their gregarious character appears from the fact, that at

some localities we find parallel rows of tracks a few feet distance from one another.'"

The red sandstone of the Connecticut Valley, thus fruitful in the fossil tracks of birds, supplies many traces of other groups of the animal kingdom. The Vertebrata are represented by seven groups, forty-four genera, and ninety-three species. The Invertebrata lay claim to two great groups, sixteen genera, and twenty-nine species; making, in all, one hundred and twenty-two species of Lithichnozoa, whose tracks on these primeval sandstones are all that remain to tell that, in other ages and under climatal conditions wholly different from present ones, they had passed away life's brief span. The time which must have elapsed after they departed from the scene of being, yet before the appearance of man on the earth, must have been immense. The period which has elapsed since Adam conversed with his Maker, amidst the groves of Eden, is as yesterday, compared with the time at which the sun saw the last living things which have left their footprints on the Connecticut sandstones. What a world of life had peopled that valley, when man's only place was in the depths of that Eternal Mind which, before the time when the foundations of the earth were laid, anticipated the epoch of Adam, and even from everlasting rejoiced in the habitable parts of the earth!\*

Taking a closer glance at the classification of the Connecticut Lithichnozoa, we find the line of life run from the Marsupialoid animals through pachydactylous, or thick-toed Birds, leptodactylous, or narrow-toed birds, on to Annelidans; passing thus in its range the curious group of Ornithoid Lizards and Batrachians, lying between the true *Licerta* and *Batrachia*, which are largely represented, the *Chelonia*, *Pisces*, *Crustacea*, and *Insecta*.

The organic remains of the Connecticut sandstone are so numerous, that it requires not a strong imagination to picture the scene down on which the sun shone, and the rains descended, and over which the winds swept at the time, between which and our day lie great ages of unimagined duration. Swimming the estuary waters, countless *Lepidoides* tempted

\* Proverbs 8.



more formidable fishers than man to venture from the shore in search of them; for in neighboring marshes the huge *Grallatores*, whose footprints have been presented to us, found a home, and turtles, lizards, and Batrachian reptiles swarmed around. The vegetation was in keeping with the forms of animal life. Esquisetacæa shot their jointed stems up out of the marshes, Cycadites hung their pinnated fronds out in shining beauty in the sunlight; the intertwining Club Mosses yielded the green covering, up out of which the arborescent forms of vegetation sprung; while the drooping characteristic fern, *Clathropteris rectiusculus*, with here and there a half-decayed leaf, revealing its beautiful reticulations, stood out in dark green patches on the edges of a life-full pool.\* True, there was no eye of man to be satisfied with their beauty; but they stood forth in glory under the eye of the great Creator, who rejoices in all his works! "Is it not truly wonderful," says Hugh Miller, "that in this late age of the world, in which the invention of the poets seems to content itself with humbler and lowlier flights than of old, we should thus find the facts of Geology fully rivaling, in the strange and the outré, the wildest fancies of the Romancers who flourished in the Middle Ages? I have already referred to flying dragons—real existences of the Oolitic period, that were quite as extraordinary of type, if not altogether so huge of bulk, as those with which the Seven Champions of Christendom used to do battle; and here are we introduced to birds of the Liassic Ages that were scarce less gigantic than the rock of Sinbad the Sailor. They are fraught with strange meanings, those footprints of the Connecticut. They tell of a time far removed into the by-past eternity, when great birds frequented by myriads the shores of a nameless lake, to wade into its shallows in quest of mail-covered fishes of the ancient type, or long extinct mollusks; while reptiles equally gigantic, and of still stranger proportions, haunted the neighboring swamps and savannahs; and when the same sun that shone on the tall moving forms beside the waters, and threw their long shadows across the red sands, lighted up the glades of deep forests,

all of whose fantastic productions—tree, bush, and herb—have, even in their very species, long since passed away."

Much light has been let in upon the characteristic strata, in which the organic remains, suggestive of all this, lie embedded. In the work before us, Professor Hitchcock gives us information of great value. Sir Charles Lyell has also turned his attention to it, while Professor Rogers has brought to its examination a skill in judging of mineral peculiarities, talents as a field geologist, and varied attainments in paleontology, which are not often found united in one man.

His great work on the *Geology of Pennsylvania* affords abundant evidence of all this—a work to which we would direct our readers, as containing not only a most elaborate examination of the Geology of Pennsylvania, but also as full of information on American geology generally. Written, as this magnificent work is, from the point of view both of pure science and of industrial pursuits, it teems with facts of great interest to the man of science, and to the engineer also, in what might be called the economical bearings of paleontology. Breadth of view, patient research, and great acuteness, are seen on every page; while its illustrations of characteristic scenery, and of surface geology, its numerous sections, and its figures of organic remains, greatly increase its value and attractiveness. We are led to notice it thus, from the help it has afforded us in understanding the position of the Connecticut sandstones, their relation to other American strata, and because, more than any other work we are acquainted with, it contains abundant material for the assistance of any student who may have a taste for one of the most interesting forms of geological study—that, namely, which seeks to realize a system of probable synchronism between the strata of countries locally far removed from each other.

The American geologists have always an eye to the economical as well as the purely scientific bearings of their pursuits. "I have spoken of this subject," says Professor Hitchcock in the *Ichnology*, "as if it had no bearings of consequence upon the economical interests of the state. But in this case there is an unexpected application of this sort, which certainly deserves attention. In describing the footmarks, it has been an important point

\* *Geology of Pennsylvania*. By Professor H. D. Rogers. Vol. II. Part II. Page 694.

to determine precisely where the rock in which they occur belongs, in the series of geological formations. The Connecticut river sandstone has proved one of the most difficult of rocks to identify with those whose position is settled in Europe and elsewhere. It was early regarded as old as the old red sandstone, or at least the coal formation. Subsequently a part of it at least was proved to be as new as the trias, or new red sandstone. But the more recent researches and discoveries of John and W. C. Redfield, of Professor W. B. Rogers, and Edward Hitchcock, Jr., have produced the conviction, that at least the higher beds of this formation—those containing the footmarks, the fishes, and the ferns—are as new as the lower part of the jurassic or oolite series—say the lias. The lower beds may be older; and there seems to be thickness enough to embrace several rocks below the lias. So long as the rock was regarded as the old red or the new red sandstone, the idea of finding workable coal in it was given up. But if it be liassic, as many now regard a part of it, it is identified with the rock in Eastern Virginia, containing beds of bituminous coal of great value; and we may very reasonably resume our researches after this valuable substance in the Connecticut Valley with some hope of success."

This reference to the economical bearings is, however, by the way. It is time we were looking more closely at the merits of the work itself. It would be difficult to determine the value of the contribution to the literature of science which Prof. Hitchcock has made in preparing and publishing the *Ichnology*. The author is mainly known in Britain by his physico-theological works. His popular fame rests chiefly on them; but much of their influence, all of it, indeed, of a solid and lasting kind, is the result of the confidence which men of science repose in his scientific attainments. The testimony of Professor Owen, already quoted, is enough to show this. That the confidence is well deserved, a glance at the list of Papers on *Ichnology* alone, named along with the writings of others on the same subject at the beginning of this volume, sufficiently bears witness. In addition to these, we have such works as that on *Surface Geology*, and the one now under review. We have reason to know that this volume has been prepared amidst

many trials from failing health, and that its author regards it as his last important effort in a department which he has made peculiarly his own, and with which his name will ever be associated. It bears not the slightest trace of failing strength, but comes from its author in his old age, as clear in its reasoning, as powerful in its riches of thought, and as vigorous in style, as it could have done had it been sent forth from his hands in the mid-time of his days. It lies in gracefulness and strength on the monument which he has, in his writings, raised for himself; and we even hope that it may not yet be the last stone he is to add to that building. As it is, the monument is already, like that of the Latin poet, "more lasting than brass."

The Report, as the title-page bears, was made to "The Commonwealth of Massachusetts." It is published at the expense of the State, and affords another to the many previously existing illustrations of the zeal of American statesmen in the cause of science, and of their princely liberality in promoting it. John Bull would get no harm, and he would bestow a great boon on science, were he to take a leaf out of brother Jonathan's book, and be as ready as several of these American "Commonwealths" are, in fostering and directing scientific enterprise, and in coming forward just at the right time with material assistance. It is worth while to copy from the State *Resolves* of 1857 and 1858 the following emphatic deliverances:

"Resolved, That Professor Hitchcock's Geological Report on the Sandstone of Connecticut Valley with drawings and maps connected therewith, be printed, under the direction of the committee for the library; that a sufficient number be printed, and one copy furnished to each member of the executive and legislative departments of the government for the present political year, and one copy to each town and city in the Commonwealth. 1857."

"Resolved, That one thousand copies of Professor Hitchcock's Geological Report on the Sandstone of the Connecticut Valley, authorized to be printed by chapter 83 of the *Resolves* of 1857, be printed at the expense of the Commonwealth, under the direction of the committee of the library; and that, in addition to the distribution already authorized, one hundred copies of said Report be given to Professor Hitchcock, three copies to the State Library, and twelve copies to the trustees of the State Library, to be used for the purpose of international exchanges. 1858."

The difficulties which met Professor Hitchcock in the investigations, which have been crowned with complete success, were very great. Strong faith in his own resources, much acuteness of observation, and varied stores of knowledge in collateral branches of natural science, were needed in order to overcome them. His first descriptions of the fossil tracks were called in question by most of his contemporaries, many of whom denied that a footprint could afford a reliable basis for ascertaining the character of the creature which had left it, when no single bone even of the animal itself remained; while some of the New-York Geologists were sure the impressions had been made by fucoids. Then the position of the sandstones on the scale of rocks was to be determined; and here even greater variety of opinion prevailed. The progress of investigation seemed, however, to be towards the truth as to this point, even so early as 1833. Up to that period, such American geologists as Maclure, Eaton, Silliman, and Cleveland, regarded the sandstone as Old Red.

"In my report on the geology of Massachusetts in 1833," says Hitchcock, "I presented reasons for supposing these upper beds to be the equivalent of the new red sandstone of Europe, while the lower beds were left unnamed. In my final report, in 1841, I took essentially the same ground. The strongest argument for this opinion was based upon what is called the heterocercal character of the fishes found in these rocks—such fish not having been discovered above the new red sandstone. I did not profess to be a good judge of this matter; but Mr. John Redfield, of New-York, who had shown great skill on this subject, made me the following statement, just before I published my report, and I of course acquiesced in it: 'In my paper,' says he, 'upon the genus *Catopterus*, I stated that, in Agassiz's arrangement, it would come under the *homocercal* division of his family *Lepidoides*. This statement was made with a great deal of hesitation; and I now feel disposed to qualify it somewhat. The fact is, that this genus seems to occupy a sort of intermediate position between the two divisions; neither being exactly equilobed, like the *homeocercal*, nor yet having the decided heterocercal character which belongs to those genera which Agassiz has placed in that division. But from the strong analogies which, in other respects, it bears to the heterocercal fishes, I am inclined to think it should go among them.'

"Assuming this opinion as to the heterocercal character of these fishes to be correct, and also that of Professor Agassiz as to the place on the rock series where such fishes disappear, and

the homocercues take their place, and the conclusion could not be avoided, that our sandstone was the trias, or new red. Mr. Redfield, however, had some years earlier suggested, from the character of the *Catopterus*, that this sandstone 'might have a higher situation in the series than that assigned to it by geologists,' because analogous fish had not been found below the lias. From a recent paper by his father, the late William C. Redfield, Esq., read before the American Association for the Advancement of Science, in August, 1856, it appears that both those gentlemen are of opinion that such is the case, judging alone from the fish. And when we consider the great attention they have given to the subject, and how admirable, a collection of fossil fishes they have to judge from, their views can not but command great respect. Yet, in the language of Sir Philip Egerton, 'although this character derived from the organization of the caudal fin, is one of great value and significance in the determination of various fossil genera of fossil fishes, it is nevertheless necessary, in drawing general conclusions, to be careful not to assign to it more importance than it is strictly entitled to; for we find, by the comparison of several genera, that it is not one of those well-defined trenchant characters which can be affirmed to exist or not, as the case may be, but that it is variable in amount, passing from extreme *heterocercy* to absolute *homocercy* by a sliding scale so gradual, that it is (at all events in fossil examples) most difficult to define a positive line of demarkation between the two forms.' In the Connecticut river fossil fishes, so balanced are these characters that the same observer will place them in different classes at different times; and though, as we have seen, the soundest opinion locates them in the jurassic series, we need other evidence to confirm this conclusion. Such evidence we have in recent discoveries.

"Belts of sandstone, analogous in appearance to that of the Connecticut, cross the States of New-Jersey, Pennsylvania, Virginia, and North-Carolina. One of these belts in Virginia, and another in North-Carolina, contains thick beds of bituminous coal. Many years ago, Professor Wm. B. Rogers made it very probable that the Virginia deposit should be referred to the lower part of the colitic or jurassic series, like the coal formations of Whitby and Scarborough in Yorkshire, England. For he found in the Virginia rocks specimens of *Equisetum*, *Zamites*, and *Lycopodites*, among the fossil plants, and two species of *Posidonomya* and two of *Cypris* among the shells. These fossils have not yet indeed been found in the Connecticut river sandstone; but there is such a general resemblance between the Virginia and Connecticut rocks, as to lead Professor Rogers to regard them as probably identical.

"Still more decisive as to the jurassic, or rather perhaps liassic character of the upper part of the Connecticut river sandstone, are the discoveries of Edward Hitchcock, Jr., M.D., in the strata of Mount Tom, in Easthampton. He

has found there a species of *Clathropteris*, (*C. rectiusculus*,) a peculiar fern found in Europe, only in the lower part of the lias and upper part of the trias. It occurs not far from the middle of the sandstone of the valley, measuring its perpendicular thickness. It may safely be concluded, therefore, that the rock above this point corresponds to the lias, or lower part of the jurassic series."—P. 6.

The whole of this part of Professor Hitchcock's able volume, but especially that devoted to trap agency, the mode in which it has been intercalated among the sandstones, its influence on the position and even lithological character of the great stratified masses into which it seems to have, at various times, been protruded, and the like, afford ample evidence of his great ability as a field geologist. But without dwelling on these features, let us see how he looks at the position in which the footprints chiefly occur :

"It appears that all of them, with the exceptions named above, occur on the upper side of the trap, and in the lower part of that division of the formation that consists of shales and fissile sandstones. That seems to have been a period peculiarly favorable, either to the development of life, or to the preservation of its remains; the latter probably is the most plausible supposition. My own opinion is, that the thick-bedded sandstone below the trap was deposited in much deeper water, and therefore we find in it scarcely any thing but fucoids. But near the close of the period of its formation, a tilting process commenced, which brought up a portion of the rock to the surface, and gave a footing for animals and plants, and then sprang up the gigantic *clathropteris*, and animals (*Brontozoum giganteum*, *validum* and *Sillimanium*) began to tread the shores. Next the trap was erupted, which extended the area of land, and afforded a congenial resort for animals of all sizes, from the huge *Brontozoum giganteum* and *Otozoum Moodii*, down to almost microscopic myriapods and insects. The fauna of that period, as shown by tracks alone, must have been unusually full, as we shall see when we come to describe the footmarks, embracing more than one hundred species."—P. 20.

The Professor vindicates, with characteristic ability, his reason for holding that the footprints of animals afford sufficient grounds for determining to what family or class of animals those which have made them must have belonged. Next to the teeth, the footprints afford the best means of determining the individual animal. Who would mistake the human foot for that of any other animal? or the feet of quadrupeds for those of birds? or those

of birds for the feet of reptiles? "Among the mammalia, who would confound the feet of the ruminantia with those of the carnivora or marsupialia; or among birds, the feet of the grallæ with those of the passeræ or palmipedes; or the feet of the kangaroo, or platypus, with those of the tiger or the hog; or those of the *Struthio* rhea with those of the eagle or albatross?" Passing from the feet to the tracks made by them, we are told that

"Bipeds leave tracks nearly equi-distant, except when slackening or accelerating their pace; nearly in a right line if the animal's legs are long, but deviating more or less from the line of direction to the right and left, according as the leg is longer or shorter, and the body wide or narrow. The more the tracks deviate from the line of direction, which I call the median line, and the greater the angle which the axis of the foot makes with that line outward, the stronger the presumption that the animal was a quadruped. The right and left foot can be distinguished by the following marks: In the pachydactylous, or thick-toed animals, by the number of phalangeal impressions, which are usually different on the different toes. In four-toed animals, one of whose toes points backward, by the hind-toe, which is always on the inside of the foot. I used to suppose that in bipeds, more frequently than in quadrupeds, the toes turn inwards towards the line of direction; but the exceptions are too numerous to allow of any rule to be deduced from this circumstance. The inner front-toe in bipeds is usually shortest; yet it is sometimes difficult to determine which is the shortest in fossil impressions. But even when the above characters show a regular alternation of the right and left foot, we sometimes find that the animal was a quadruped, as will be shown in speaking of the tracks of that class. The simplest and plainest case of the footmarks of a quadruped is where the animal leaves two rows of tracks, some distance apart; the impressions in each row showing two tracks close together, or even interfering, and then a much longer interval before another two are reached. This is a common mode of progression with quadrupeds, and is well exhibited usually in the tracks of a horse; but some animals—the cat and dog for instance—frequently bring the hind-foot so exactly into the place vacated by the fore one, that often it is necessary to examine quite a row of tracks before discovering the double impression. The character of the foot in such cases will often distinguish the tracks of a quadruped from those of a biped. If there be a solid or divided hoof, or if the foot have five, or even four toes, the presumption is very strong that the animal is a quadruped. If, however, some of the feet have only three toes, it will not do to infer that they were not made by a quadruped; for some such, both living and fossil, had only three, either on the hind or fore-foot."—P. 26.



Having adduced other weighty facts, all pointing in the same direction, Professor Hitchcock adds: "The evidence, then, seems already strong and rapidly accumulating, that at least a part of the sandstone of the Connecticut valley is as recent as the lias, and possibly some beds even more recent. But does this conclusion and the preceding reasoning apply to all the sandstone of the valley, or only to certain beds? This question I have been trying to solve for several years. In order to do it, I found it necessary to obtain several reliable measured sections across the valley; a work which none of us, who for so long a time have been trying to fix the place of the sandstone, had ever attempted." (1) Five such sections were made by the Professor and his students, and the district was carefully mapped out. With the aid of these he proceeded to draw such inferences respecting the rocks as seemed to warrant a distinct theory in regard to their lithological character and position. He found veins of greenstone, amygdaloid, and volcanic grit, traversing the sandstone longitudinally, trending in a north-easterly direction, and lying in the form of interstratified masses. The dip of the rocks is from  $5^{\circ}$  to  $50^{\circ}$ . In the northern basin the sandstone underlies the trap, and is west or north-west of it.

"Immediately above the trap—that is, on its east side—the rocks are quite different; consisting of interstratified red and black shales, volcanic grit, micaceous sandstones, red, gray, and white, and compact fetid blue and gray limestone. Still higher up—that is, farther east—we have a recurrence of coarser sandstones, becoming in some places thick-bedded, and resembling those below the trap, but generally distinguishable by the eye. Still farther east, on the very margin of the valley, we find a coarse conglomerate in a few places, of quite peculiar character. It is made up chiefly of fragments of slaty rocks, argillaceous and silicious, such as we find in places farther north, among the metamorphic strata. The fragments are sometimes several feet in diameter, and the stratification of the rock is very obscure. It looks, in fact, like a consolidated mass of drift. Now it is in the shales and sandstones, lying immediately above the trap, that we find organic remains—the fishes, the tracks, and the plants. Those rocks, then, if our reasoning is correct, are of jurassic or liassic age; but the reasoning does not apply to that thick deposit below the trap; for in those rocks I have never detected any organic relic save fucoids, and perhaps a few trunks of trees, some six or eight inches diameter. This rock, then, may be older than the lias, and it has great

thickness. And so the remarkable conglomerate along the eastern margin of the valley may be a distinct and more recent deposit than the jurassic, since organic remains, with the exception, perhaps, of one or two species of footmarks, have not been found in it. We see, then, that from lithological characters alone, we should be justified in regarding this sandstone as belonging to two, and perhaps three, geological formations; and since the organic remains supposed to be jurassic scarcely extend below the trap, we may reasonably assign the inferior beds to an older formation; what one, remains to be determined."—P. 11.

Has the Connecticut valley sandstone been deposited as it now lies; or are there evidences of upheaval, of disturbing forces having once acted with great power on the once horizontal strata? These questions Professor Hitchcock answers in a way to the study of which we would direct those who are mad on the theory that the present forces going on unnoticed in nature are sufficient to account for all the phenomena of position and of superposition.

"The opinion," he says, "has been advanced by several able geologists, that the strata of this sandstone, both in New-England and New-Jersey, were deposited in their present inclined position, and not subsequently elevated. That some part of the dip may have been thus produced, may perhaps be admitted, as in all other sedimentary deposits. But the following reasons seem to me insuperable against the opinion, that these sandstone strata have not been tilted up subsequent to their deposition: 1. If the strata had been deposited over the floor of the estuary, they must have conformed to the inequalities of the surface, and this, being composed of hypozoic or metamorphic rocks, must have been quite uneven, so that the inclination would have been in all directions, and not so uniformly to the south-east. 2. The materials composing the deposit correspond better with the rocks now found up the valley, north of the sandstone, than with those on the east or west sides. 3. Since the hills on both sides of the valley rise sometimes as much as one thousand feet, if the deposition had begun on the west side, as it must have done to have an easterly slope, the same inclination could not have been continued to the very foot of the eastern hills, since these must have been above the ocean; or if beneath, they must have prevented the waves from silting up the valley from that direction. If the sides of the valley were above the waters, as seems almost certain, the materials must have been carried into the estuary by the tributaries from both sides, as well as from the north. And as the estuary must have opened to the south, the silting up must have been from that direction. Probably, however, the current that

came from the north, down what is now the Connecticut valley, had more to do than the ocean with spreading out the materials over the bottom. 4. The prevailing dip of the sandstone in New-Jersey (the equivalent, doubtless, of that along the Connecticut) is opposite to that in Massachusetts and Connecticut. If the ocean deposited the former with a westerly dip, is it credible that on the same coast, a few hundred miles distant, it should place the latter with a contrary dip? It looks rather as if an anticlinal axis, or elevation between them, had been concerned in the tilting up of both. 5. The most perfect and delicate footmarks are found on this sandstone, on slopes from  $10^{\circ}$  to  $40^{\circ}$ . At Turner's Falls you will see the finest of them, where the dip is  $40^{\circ}$ , running in all directions, and yet showing no marks of distortion, as if the animal walked on an inclined surface. Now, in the first place, no animal could walk over a slope so high but with difficulty, and certainly not without impressing one part of its foot much deeper than others. I have occasionally seen cases where the heel sunk twice as deep as the toes; but this would require a dip of only some  $10^{\circ}$  to  $15^{\circ}$ , whereas, at the Falls, and at Mr. Field's quarries, where the dip is nearly  $35^{\circ}$ , the imprints are so evenly made as to indicate that the animals moved over a horizontal surface."—P. 15.

Thirty characteristics, based on the principles of comparative anatomy and zoölogy, are stated as affording reliable grounds for determining the nature of an animal by its track; and from these it is concluded, and we think on good grounds, that it might be confidently decided whether the animal is vertebrate or invertebrate; biped, quadruped, or multiped; to which of the great classes of the vertebrata or the invertebrata, it may belong, and with some probability, as to what order, genus, or species. "In making out the groups, I have brought those together whose tracks exhibit certain predominant analogous features; but in several cases I have made these groups intermediate between existing classes. In all cases I have subdivided the groups into genera, and these into species. I can only say this is the best result I can reach after twenty-three years' study of these footmarks. But my own progress, as I look back on my experience, admonishes me that more satisfactory conclusions will doubtless reward future ichnologists. I feel as if I had only commenced the work. Would that those who come after me could know how great have been the difficulties I have encountered, and how hard it has been to grope my way without guides through the thick darkness that has rested on this

subject!" After this the Professor proceeds to an exact scientific characterization of the different forms. This part of the work is distinguished by great ability, and bears testimony to the possession of a knowledge in comparative anatomy and in zoölogy both extensive and accurate. He then gives, at the close of these determinations, a popular account of the foot-mark animals. Take the following from this part of the work:

"First comes that huge giant, *Brontozoum giganteum*, with a foot eighteen inches long, and embracing an area thirteen inches square within its outlines. Its stride was from thirty to sixty inches, and its legs were so long that it went forward nearly on a straight line. The great resemblance between the general character of the foot and those of the Cassowary and Rhea, or South-American Ostrich, and especially the number of the phalanges in the toes, corresponding exactly to those of birds, make it extremely probable that this was the great *coursier* of sandstone days. In my Final Report on the Geology of Massachusetts, I have gone into a calculation to show the probable height and weight of such a bird. I will not here repeat the details; but the result was that the animal must have been twelve feet high, and have weighed from four hundred to eight hundred pounds. The ostrich, the largest living bird, stands between seven and eight feet in height, and weighs sometimes one hundred pounds; and the length of its step in walking is twenty-six inches. The great extinct birds of New-Zealand and Madagascar must have been nearly or quite as large as the *Brontozoum*. The recently discovered fossil bird *Gastornis Parisiensis*, in the tertiary rocks near Paris, was 'at least as large as an ostrich;' yet it appears that these enormous birds passed over the surface in flocks, as their rows of tracks near the railroad in the south-east part of Northampton show. They were doubtless wingless (apterous) birds, like the ostrich, *dinornis*, and *pygornis*."—P. 178.

The other forms of life described by Professor Hitchcock are not less remarkable. To these, however, we can do no more than refer our readers, who, we are sure, after following the author throughout his graphic yet scientifically accurate description, will cordially sympathize with his concluding words:

"Such was the Fauna of sandstone days in the Connecticut valley. What a wonderful menagerie! Who would believe that such a register lay buried in the strata? To open the leaves, to unroll the papyrus, has been an intensely interesting though difficult work, having all the excitement and marvelous developments of romance. And yet the volume is only partly

read. Many a new page, I fancy, will yet be opened, and many a new key obtained to the hieroglyphic record. I am thankful that I have been allowed to see so much by prying between the folded leaves. At first men supposed that the strange and gigantic races which I had described were mere creatures of imagination, like the gorgons and chimeras of the ancient poets. But now that hundreds of their footprints, as fresh and distinct as if yesterday impressed upon the mud, arrest the attention of the skeptic on the ample slabs of our cabinets, he might as reasonably doubt his own corporeal existence as that of these enormous and peculiar races.

"And how marvelous the changes which this valley has undergone in its inhabitants! Nor was it a change without reason. We are apt to speak of these ancient races as monstrous, so unlike existing organisms as to belong to another and quite a different system of life. But they were only wise and benevolent adaptations to the changing condition of our globe. One common type runs through all the present and the past systems of life, modified only to meet exigencies, and identifying the same infinitely wise and benevolent being as the author of all. And what an interesting evidence of his providential care of the creatures he has made, do these modifications of structure and function present! Did the same unvarying forms of organization meet us in every variety of climate and condition, we might well doubt whether the Author of Nature was also a providential Father. But his parental care shines forth illustriously in these anomalous forms of sandstone days, and awakens the delightful confidence that in like manner he will consult and provide for the wants of individuals.

"The ancient Flora of the Connecticut valley was probably as peculiar as its Fauna. Gladly would I also develop its vegetable wonders; and indeed I am not without numerous specimens for such a work. But if the ichnology of the sandstone is difficult, still more so, as it seems to me, is its fossil botany. Before attempting such a work, I feel that some years of careful study would be a pre-requisite; a larger number probably than one can hope for, whose sun is so near the horizon as mine. But other suns have already arisen or will arise, whose brighter light shall bring into view the peculiar vegetable forms of American oolitic times."—P. 190.

We have studied the *Ichnology* with much care, and we can freely congratulate Professor Hitchcock in having contributed such a monograph to the literature of science. Had he done nothing more than this, he would have gained for himself a name honored wherever science is cultivated. Accepting the figure used in reference to himself at the close of our last extract, we watch the sun on the horizon,

and hope that He who has control over it may detain it long "among the golden clouds of even." It draws, in such a work as the *Ichnology*, so much brightness after it, as to tempt us to tempt to look above the author to Him to whose service his life has been devoted, and adapting the words of the poet, to say:

"Those hues that mark the sun's decline,  
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine."

Professor Hitchcock has not, however, been permitted to bear away his laurels without other hands making an attempt to grasp them. The experience which might almost be said to be common to all who strike out new thoughts, or bend their working energies into new paths, has been his. Rival claims to priority in scientifically investigating and describing the footprints have been made. About fourteen years ago, Dr. James Deane, of Greenfield, laid claim to precedence in these points; and since his death, which took place while the present Report was being prepared, some of his over-zealous admirers have renewed those claims, which most men of science had held were set aside during the original discussion. The controversy is one which admits of an easy settlement; and, after studying it without bias, we have not the least doubt but that, in the pages devoted to it in the present Report, Dr. Hitchcock has settled it. Dr. Deane had accidentally found some specimens of tracks "lying upon the side-ways at Greenfield," and had informed the author, who commissioned the finder to purchase them for him. They fell under the eye of science when Dr. Hitchcock obtained them. Had they been left to Dr. Deane alone, they would have been lying on the "side-ways" still. Professor Hitchcock set to work at once, and for six years, during all which time Dr. Deane was silent, he worked constantly at the footprints. He had published descriptions of thirty-two species, with twenty-five plates, before Dr. Deane had published any thing on the subject. Professor Hitchcock claims to have been "the first to investigate and describe them, as a matter of science." The claim, we beg to assure him, was long ago admitted by British naturalists. The opinion of Professor Owen, which we have quoted above, should be decisive on this point.

From the London Review.

## IMPORTANCE OF CHILDREN'S LITERATURE.\*

OF the writers of the present generation, we think Mrs. Howitt has been most successful in investing familiar incidents with the sort of novelty and freshness which are so delightful to children. In the *Children's Year* she has recounted the story of the lives of her own two children for twelve months, detailing their amusements and occupations, their little joys and troubles. The book is an especial favorite with children, owing, we believe, to the perfect honesty and fidelity with which the narrative is told. The little hero and heroine of the book are by no means pattern children, nor do they meet with any remarkable adventures. They are not designed as the exemplars of any childish virtue or vice. They are fair representatives of hundreds of good children, surrounded by the comforts and sheltered by the influences of an ordinary middle-class English home, and lovingly watched by intelligent parents. Their talk is never stilted or unnatural. They are not made to reflect upon or discuss their own acts much, and no fine things are put into their mouths. But children who read it feel at once that the incidents are such as might have happened to themselves, and so identify themselves gleefully with the adventures it relates. The description of the house in the garden, and of the children's contrivances for embellishing it, and for making it comfortable, is quite a model of story-telling, and is well adapted not only to develop fertility of resource, and a desire to be the contriver of some similar fairy palace, but also to leave happy and suggestive impressions behind. Mrs. Howitt says in her preface, that she has "often wished that in books for children the writer would endeavor to enter more fully into the feelings and reasonings of the child; that he would look at things as it were from the child's point of view, rather than from his own." We feel bound to say that this aim has been most successfully

accomplished by the authoress, and that in simplicity, truthfulness, and power of sympathizing with children, her book is a model well worthy of imitation.

In the six stories comprised in *Round the Fire*, the authoress has fallen far short of Mrs. Howitt's standard. The supposed chroniclers are young children who relate adventures which, on the whole, are happily conceived, and not ungracefully told. But no children could talk in the way described, unless indeed they had very early learnt the art of moralizing, or of talking with a view to being praised by good people. We wish the little interlocutors were less self-conscious, and that their acts of benevolence were less demonstrative; and to say the truth, we should be sorry to see our nurseries peopled with inmates whose talk was so very proper, and who had contrived so early to adopt that mode of looking at actions which we had thought characteristic of anxious mammas. Jacob Abbott's *Caleb in the Country*, and *Caleb in Town*, can not be too highly praised for their extreme simplicity and fidelity, but they do not wholly avoid the same fault. Their main defect is the desire to make every thing intelligible to the little readers, a desire which often leads the author to explain matters on which, in our judgment, it would be far better to leave the children to ruminate, and to feel their own way to a solution. He is free from the absurd affectation of some book-wrights, who introduce difficult topics on purpose that they may have an opportunity of teaching something; but he is nevertheless haunted by the notion that no difficulty, however slight, must be left unexplained, and hence is constantly making needless appeals to the child's judgment. Yet there is a variety and beauty about the author's conception of child-life, and a deep sympathy manifested on the author's part with all that is noblest and fairest in child-nature, which will more than justify the remarkable popularity which his works have enjoyed in this country and

\* Continued from page 464, Vol. XLIX.



America. Among stories of real life and adventure adapted for boys, Captain Basil Hall's *Voyages and Travels*, Bruce's *Abyssinian Researches*, Miss Martineau's *Feats on the Fiord*, and Sir Walter Scott's *Tales of a Grandfather*, appear to us the least likely to be displaced by any modern rivals, while at present we have seen no books for girls which are calculated permanently to eclipse the well-deserved fame of Mrs. Sherwood, Mary Howitt, Miss Bunbury, and Madame Guizot.

II. Of the purely fictitious and extravagant class of children's story-books, we have already spoken at length. We have shown that they occupy a place and serve a purpose in which no stories of actual life can be a sufficient substitute; and we can not share the hopes of those who think that as our race improves, and as our methods of education become more intelligent, all that seems silly and fantastic to the grave man will be banished from the nursery. We do not desire that childhood should die or grow old, or become in future generations other than the beautiful thing it is. We are glad, therefore, to find that some of our ablest and most accomplished modern writers have not disdained to make a contribution to the stock of fairy tales and romances, and that there is at present no sign that the demand for books of pure imagination is on the decrease. But we doubt whether any thing can supersede our old favorites, the *Arabian Nights*, *Jack the Giant-Killer*, *Cinderella*, *Beauty and the Beast*, and their congeners. There is a wildness, a remoteness, a dimness of outline about these stories, which will always serve to set the fancy of the dullest child at work, and we scarcely believe it possible that their popularity in our juvenile libraries will ever be seriously endangered. Perhaps the most charming modern edition of the old favorites is the *Treasury of Pleasure Books for Young People*, published by Mr. Sampson Low. It contains the best of the familiar nursery rhymes, and two or three only of the simpler stories, such as *The Three Bears*, and *Goody Two Shoes*. But the illustrations by Messrs. Absolon and Harrison Weir are very telling and effective, and the book itself is quite an *editio princeps* in its way. Few of our popular fairy tales are of English origin. The collection of German Stories, by the Brothers

Grimm, which has been translated into English, contains many with which we had long been familiar, and which we supposed of home growth. Even apart from the illustrations of Mr. George Cruikshank, which are among the happiest efforts of the artist's grotesque pencil, this book is a treasure. A child will hardly stop to look at the pictures, so complete is the illusion produced by the stories themselves, and so daring the demand they make upon whatever fancy or pictorial power he possesses. Some of the tales recently translated by Dr. Dasent from the Norse, are admirably suited for children, and a selection from his larger volume is now in course of publication for this special purpose. But we doubt if they will ever become so popular as the *Fairy Stories* of Hans Christian Andersen, whose name has become deservedly familiar not only to the little auditors for whom he composed them, but also to many older readers who have been delighted with his book. Few writers appear to us to have been more successful in placing themselves in a child's attitude, and looking at things from a child's point of view, than the author of the *Steadfast Lead Soldier*, and the *Dream of Little Tuk*. It is difficult to understand how fancies so artless and so grotesque could have been conceived in the brain of a grown man. And, indeed, until we look further, and see how much of pure, right thought there is at the bottom of all his stories, though never obtruded or brought to the surface, we might be tempted to think that they were the production of a child who had been strangely gifted with the power of writing out some of his pleasantest dreams.

It is not uninteresting to observe that in our own country three or four of the writers who stand respectively at the head of the several departments of literature which they adorn, have taken the pains to publish books, the sole object of which is to give delight to little children. Mr. Thackeray, in the *Rose and the Ring*, has it is true, given us a mere extravaganza, as full as possible of startling absurdities. He has adorned it with some drawings of his own, happier in design and more finished in execution than the average illustrations of his books; and the whole performance has the look of one which was thrown off by the author *con amore*, and in a fit of exuberant merriment. The

more thoughtful and matter-of-fact children will, we think, be somewhat mystified by this performance; but those who have any sense of humor will not fail to be delighted with its droll descriptions and preposterous incidents. Older readers also will discern traces of the half-mournful, half-kindly cynicism of the writer, and will find themselves entrapped perhaps into that sentiment of disgust at the gewgaws and pretenses of life which it is Mr. Thackeray's mission to promote; but to a boy of ten or twelve years, the book is one of pure fun, wholly unsophisticated by any moral or other secondary aim. Mr. Ruskin's *Black Brothers* is a masterpiece of its kind. A story of three brothers, two of whom show themselves selfish and unkind, and are turned into black stones; while the third, who behaves with ordinary kindness, and shows a desire to do right, obtains the promised protection and blessing of the good fairy—would seem at first sight to be common-place and conventional, and open to the objection which we have already urged against too obvious an exhibition of the moral purpose. But there is something exquisitely fresh and charming in the way in which the story is told; and it is impossible for a child to read it without feeling a genuine sympathy and admiration for little Gluck, the hero, and a desire to imitate his kindness and self-denial. There is enough improbability in the story to gratify the most extravagant appetite for the supernatural; but the *vraisemblance* is so perfect, that even older readers can not avoid being carried away with it for a while, half-believing that it is true. Mr. Charles Kingsley has published, under the title of *The Heroes*, three of the most famous of the old Greek legends: "Perseus," "The Argonauts," and "Theseus." We do not think these heroic stories have ever been more attractively told. The language, though extremely simple, is good and pure, the descriptions of characters and of places are vivid, and the narratives and conversations themselves are invested with all that glamor and brightness which the author knows how to throw over any subject on which he writes. The book, however, possesses higher attractions than even the beauty of the stories, and the grace with which they are told. There is a deeper undercurrent of religious feeling traceable throughout its pages, which is sure to in-

fluence a young reader powerfully. The author's strong desire to make his stories instrumental in enlightening the conscience, and bracing the moral vigor of his youthful readers, never betrays him into sermonizing, but nevertheless makes itself felt in every part of the book. We have always felt that there were materials in Hesiod, in the Tragedians, and in Homer, especially in the *Odyssey*, which might be made available in the composition of noble stories, even for those who were not likely ever to read the originals; and that there were wise lessons deeply embedded in the old legends, "would men observingly distill them out." We are thankful, therefore, to Mr. Kingsley for having sought so earnestly to turn his classical reading to good account, and for having imparted even to the fable of Theseus and the Minotaur a moral significance and a new beauty.

The three last-mentioned books illustrate, in a striking manner, our former remark, that the composition of a child's book is a worthy task for the greatest writers. Mr. Thackeray, Mr. Ruskin, and Mr. Kingsley differ so widely in aim, as well as in the nature of the gifts which they possess, that it is almost an impertinence to put them into the same class, or to characterize them in a single sentence. But we may nevertheless say, that each in his own way is a master of the English language, and that all are conspicuous for an honesty and directness of purpose which have given a marked individuality and force to their respective styles. And we believe that one great reason which unconsciously causes the childish reader to enjoy their story-books, is the beauty of the English in which they are written. The importance of style in a child's book can hardly be over-estimated, and, *ceteris paribus*, we believe that children always like best that book the diction of which is the purest. But whether this be true or not, it is certain that for the cultivation of good taste and of due care in the future choice of language, pains should be taken to familiarize children, as early as possible, with books which, apart from their intrinsic merits, possess the recommendation of being above the average standard of English composition.

Other writers have modernized some of the most striking incidents of classic story with considerable success. Dr. Moberly, in his *Stories from Herodotus*, and the

late Mr. W. Adams, in his *Fall of Croesus*, have availed themselves of legends from ancient history, and have rendered them very attractive to young people. But these books can hardly be placed in the class of pure fictions, and there is an air of real history about them which will always make them liable to be considered as disguised school-books. The translations from the *Gesta Romanorum*, which are contained in *Evenings with the Old Story-Tellers*, or those from La Motte Fouqué's exquisite Romances of *Sintram*, *Undine*, *Aslauga's Knight*, are far more likely to arrest the attention of elder children, although they were not written as juvenile books, and although their meaning, not lying on the surface, requires thought and attention to discover it.

III. A very important class of juvenile books comprises those which, though outwardly assuming the form of a story or allegory, are really designed, to convey instruction. Most religious books for the young come under this category. The difficulty of presenting sacred truth to a child's mind in a purely abstract form, seems to be generally admitted; and hence attempts have been made to find an entrance for it by a great variety of ingenious expedients. We have anecdotes, histories, conversations, parables, fables, and even fairy tales, expressly designed to aid in the elucidation of scriptural doctrines, or moral precepts. It would be an endless task to attempt even a hasty enumeration of the noteworthy books of this class; but the deep importance of the subject to every Christian parent will justify us in pointing out some of the faults which occur most frequently in such books, and which ought to be most sedulously guarded against.

A common fault in religious books for the young is the presumption with which the authors undertake to explain the difficulties and mysteries of Christianity. Attempts are not unfrequently made, as in Gallaudet's *Child's Book of the Soul*, to bring down the grandest and most awful truths of religion to the level of the child's understanding. It is in the nature of things that such attempts must always be unsuccessful. Eternity, the nature of the soul, the Divine omnipresence, the mystery of the atonement, or the efficacy of sacraments, are all topics on which a Christian parent feels he can not be wholly

silent. But in speaking or writing about them, his desire to render himself intelligible is apt to betray him into a style of explanation and illustration which is not only beneath the dignity of the subject, but wholly inadequate even for the purposes contemplated; and this is an error into which the writers of juvenile religious books have often fallen. These high themes can not be made cognizable to a child's understanding; but it is very easy, by flippant and superficial treatment of them, to make a child think that he understands them; and the result is to engender a self-conceit and a mistaken estimate of his own acquisitions, which, though always mischievous, is especially so in regard to religious subjects. For whatever diminishes the reverence with which a child regards the Bible and its author, saps the very foundations of a religious life. The best juvenile books on religious subjects are those which, being first of all pervaded with a profound fear and love of God, teach clearly the plainest and most elementary truths of revelation; but at the same time convey the impression that there are many things which, for the present, are mysterious and difficult. "Such knowledge is too wonderful for me: it is high, I can not attain unto it."

It not unfrequently happens that in books designed to inculcate some moral or religious truths, those truths are exemplified by descriptions of little children whose goodness or badness is quite exceptional, and who meet with rewards or punishments of a remarkable or unusual kind. We confess that, to our minds, there is nothing more unnatural than the typical bad boy, so often portrayed in such books, except, indeed, it be the good boy, who is not content with behaving, in all respects, as a model of primness and virtue, but is able also to make edifying remarks upon his own conduct besides. Some of Mrs. Sherwood's books are especially open to objection on this score. In *Robert and Frederick*, the pattern boy is so very good, and so conscious of his goodness, that we doubt whether any child who reads the book thinks it possible to attain the standard of that young gentleman's perfections. Indeed, we should very much regret to see any extensive imitation of this class of hero. No healthy child, who preserves his natural frankness and openness, can or

ought to use the language of such books; and every right-minded parent knows that the stilted and artificial phrases which are to be met with in many evangelical stories can not possibly correspond to the real experience of a child. We have met with a little book, called *The Life of a Baby*, in which a girl of two years old reproves its parents for Sabbath-breaking, and refuses to take its food if the family morning prayer is omitted, and gives edifying tokens of religious feeling on its death-bed. Preposterous as this is, it is not worse than *Little Annie*; or, *Is Church-Time a Happy Time?* scarcely worse than *Ministering Children*, and many similar attempts made in story-books to represent children of tender age as examples of Christian experience, as well as the most exalted piety. We do not for a moment doubt the religious influences which rest on many children; but they are exactly of a kind which no fictitious representations can adequately or safely set forth. No youthful reader profits by extraordinary models. If he believes them, he gets what seems to him an impossible standard of youthful piety before him; he knows that such language and behavior are very unlike his own; so he either gives up the thought of religion, and looks upon goodness as unattainable, or, what is still worse, he learns to use the phrases and imitate the outward deportment of the hero of the book, and so becomes prematurely a dissembler before God and himself. But if, on the other hand, he does not believe the story, if he detects the man's voice under the child's mask, and knows all the while the thing is a fable and an imposition, who can tell how deep a disgust will lurk in his mind for life, and how surely the seeds of irreverence and irreligion are being sown in his heart! And this is, in fact, what happens most frequently. Children know very well the difference between the real and the fictitious characters in a story-book. They very early learn to mistrust the representations of unnatural or impossible goodness; they know even better than we do what is the form of utterance that a child's feelings spontaneously take, and how they and their fellows are in the habit of talking. If deluded for a time, and led by their own natural trustfulness to wonder at little evangelical prodigies, and to believe in their existence, as in

fairies, and genii, the time will assuredly come when their eyes will be open, and when a fatal reaction will take place. It will then be found that the childlike faith has received an incurable wound, and that the teaching which has aimed at so much, has accomplished less than nothing. Let us beware of attempting to cheat children into religion. Let us, above all things, determine to deal with them truthfully in this matter. Let us put before them images of the sort of excellence which they can attain, and warn them against the faults into which they are really liable to fall. Do not let us set before them imaginary goodness and vice, or talk which they can not imitate without hypocrisy. There is not in the world a sight more beautiful than a Christian child filled with love and reverence, and just beginning, however faintly and fitfully, to desire a knowledge of God and of his will. But such a child will not and can not be the talkative and self-conscious little personage who figures so often in juvenile memoirs and obituaries. Nay, in just the proportion in which he is impressed with the sacredness of Divine things, will he be absolutely disqualified from ever becoming such.

We are glad to know that there are many thoroughly healthy and truthful religious books, and that the number of them is increasing. Mrs. Mortimer's *Line upon Line and Peep of Day* are not free from the defects we have indicated; but are thoroughly right in their general tone. Bishop Wilberforce's two little books of allegories, *Agathos* and the *Rocky Island*, although in one or two slight details characterized by what appears to us an unwise attempt to inculcate High Church doctrines, are singularly pure and beautiful in conception; and though told thoughtfully and reverently, are very attractive and intelligible to children. Mr. W. Adams's *Shadow of the Cross* and *Old Man's Home* have the same kind of merit in an inferior degree; but are by no means free from the same faults. Among books more didactic in their tone, we have found that Abbott's *Young Christian*, and Todd's *Lectures to Children*, and Dr. Hamilton's *Life in Earnest* challenge and keep the attention of more thoughtful juvenile readers. But we must content ourselves with this brief indication of the conditions which good religious books should fulfill; and must



not attempt an enumeration of the many admirable illustrations which might be named of the great improvement which our juvenile literature has undergone in this respect.

IV. Few writers since Dr. Watts have known how to write verses for young children, such as would at once commend themselves to the understanding and linger pleasantly on the ear. Children's minds are so much enriched, and their taste so much improved, by the act of committing to memory good and graceful verses, that we regret there are not more examples of them in our language. The Misses Taylor, in their *Original Poems*, succeeded very happily in adapting themselves to the tastes of younger children; while the author of *Lays and Ballads from English History*, Mrs. Howitt in her *Tales in Verse*, the compilers of *A Poetry-Book for Children*, Mrs. Gilbert and Miss Stodart, have all made important contributions to the higher shelves of the juvenile library. One of the best collections of hymns and sacred songs for this purpose is that of the Rev. John Curwen, so well known in connection with sacred music. We had almost hoped that Mr. Keble's *Lyra Innocentium*; or, *Child's Christian Year*, would prove an important acquisition in this department of our literature; but the book is obscure in sentiment, harsh in versification, and totally unsuited to children. The author's language is too scholastic, and his thoughts, though sweet, too subtle and refined.

It is no part of our present design to speak of books of instruction merely; but it seems right to protest here against the absurd attempts which have of the late been so often made to mix up play with work, and to administer doses of science or of philosophy under the guise of an amusing story. *Philosophy in Sport made Science in Earnest* is a title which is only formally applied to one book of this kind; but in substance appertains to a large group of children's books. The desire to simplify knowledge and to make learning attractive to the little ones, is in itself a right one, and many books written in the most commendable and affectionate spirit are pervaded with it; but it is not unfrequently a misleading one. The results of such

attempts are always mischievous. Children know better than we suppose where the boundary line is which separates learning from amusement; and it is well that they should know it. They are not easily beguiled into supposing that they are at play while they are learning English history in verse, or geography by conundrums, or natural philosophy by scientific toys. They know, and they ought to know still better, that learning is a serious thing, to be set about thoughtfully and with all our hearts, and not to be trifled with. Nothing is gained by giving children *in limine* a low estimate of the effort and self-denial which learning requires. Much is lost on the contrary. It is a great part of education to know how to do one thing at a time, and to concentrate the whole power upon it, whether it be work or play. But this can not be gained so long as the teacher attempts to bridge over by any delusive artifices the gulf which separates them. Moreover, a robust and manly character can never be formed unless some exercise is provided for it in overcoming difficulties. There is too little of the bracing and disciplinal element in our modern education. We want more of the ἀρετή γυμναστική, and a stronger sense of the necessity of effort for its own sake. We do not want prematurely to bind down the young and joyous spirit by the fetters of routine; but it must never be forgotten, that to children the occupation of learning is the only thing from which they are to gain any impressions as to what the serious business of life means, or as to the way of setting about it. Hence it is very desirable that we should not attempt to teach too much or too often; but that when we do teach, we should teach gravely, and without pretending to conceal from the learner that the work is one requiring self-denial, a withdrawal of the mind from mere amusement, and a considerable exertion of whatever powers he possesses. Our books of instruction can not be too simple or too interesting, so long as they are honestly so, and are not simplified by the expedient of evading or concealing the genuine difficulties of the subject, nor made interesting by means of silly and unworthy illustration. It is good for a child to know, once for all, that all the knowledge which is best worth attaining must come to him as the reward of dili-

gent exertion. But he never will learn this so long as knowledge is presented to him as a gilded pill, with a sort of apology for presenting it to him at all, or with a pretense that learning and pastime are pretty much the same thing. He will live to detect this fraud, and perhaps bitterly to regret artifices which, while designed to give him a temporary gratification, have permanently vulgarized and lowered his conceptions of knowledge, and robbed him of the power of steadfast application for life. At the same time, books which stimulate the honorable ambition of boyhood in the pursuit of knowledge, honor, and profitable industry, are of great service in the opening time of life; and for this purpose we have pleasure in recommending a little volume of exemplary biography. It is entitled: *Small Beginnings; or, The Way to get on*.\* It is not pervaded by mere utilitarian motives, but aims to promote moral goodness as well as material success.

We have been dealing but too cursorily and briefly with a great and solemn theme. We wish we could convey to our readers our own strong conviction of its deep importance, or show them how much is to be gained by grown men and women from a reverent and thoughtful study of children, and their works and ways. Indeed, they have much to teach which the wisest of their elders will always be the most glad to hear. It would be well for us if we more frequently contemplated in the spirit of learners their artless joys, their bursts of genuine delight, their simple truth, and their graceful and unselfish love! It is by the study of their yet unformed and unhardened characters and their pure instincts, that we may not only be reminded of what we were once, but also, with God's blessing, be led to understand what we might have been, and what he intended that we should become. Who is there among us who does not need such

teaching? What man is there who looks back on his own life, and traces the history of his own unused gifts, and his wasted opportunities; of his lofty aims, and his ignoble achievements;

"Of talents made  
Haply for high and pure designs;  
But oft, like Israel's incense, laid  
Upon unholy, earthly shrines;"

and who does not turn with humility as well as fond affection to the fresh young souls so new from the hands of the Great Father of spirits; so bright in their promise, and so full of undeveloped power and greatness? Actually weak and ignorant, they are yet potentially strong and wise and noble: and have in them the elements of all which we ourselves have desired to be, but are not.

"Hence in a season of calm weather,  
Though inland far we be,  
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea  
Which brought us hither,  
Can in a moment travel thither,  
And see the children sporting on the shore,  
And hear the mighty waters, rolling ever-  
more."

But to gain this advantage for ourselves, or to do justice to the little ones, it is, in fact, before all things necessary that we should regard them as worthy objects of study; and accept the fact that it is better not to try to mold them to our pattern, but rather to enter with a deeper sympathy into their feelings and their hearts; and to find out what is passing in their minds, and not only what is desirable, but what is actually attainable, to them in the present stage of their history. In short, we shall know in what way to write, or with what purpose to buy books for children, in just the degree in which we enter into the spirit of Him who said: "Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones."

\* London: James Hogg & Sons.

From the Eclectic Review.

## SKETCHES OF LORD MACAULAY.

THE first feeling which the death of our great historian excites in the minds of his fellow-countrymen is a sense of immeasurable loss. He had read enormously, and his memory retained all its impressions with marvelous vivacity. He had not been content merely to travel on the highway of letters—he had investigated all the by-ways of learning—he had loitered in its shady lanes and nooks, he had traced the path of its ditches as well as of its brooks; there was nothing, however minute and apparently unworthy which his curiosity had spurned, which his judgment and imagination could not turn to account, and which his memory, refused to carry. It is natural, therefore, at first sight, to think of the loss we have sustained as illimitable, and especially when we remember two things—that he commenced his history with the expression of a hope to be able to follow its course down to a period within the recollection of persons still living, and that he died before he had even reached that period—the age of Queen Anne—for which he had chiefly prepared. We can not help thinking, however, that such an estimate of Macaulay's loss is quite unjust—that such despair is after all no great compliment to the historian. There is a large sense in which it seems to us that he had finished his work, and truly, if his work had not been finished, he has done enough to command our gratitude and admiration forever. He might have gone on adding volume to volume, but it may be questioned whether these additional volumes would be of equal value with their predecessors. Had he survived to publish eight volumes of his history, these eight would not be twice as valuable as the four which we have now; still less would these eight be four times as valuable as the two which he published first. No history is valuable merely as a record of facts; the chief value of it lies in the interpretation of facts, and Macaulay's history had this further value, that it exhibited a new mode of stating them. But Macaulay's

interpretation of English history is really complete in the first two volumes, and his style is perfectly developed in the same compass. For style, the remaining volumes would be merely a repetition of what we already have in perfection; and for interpretation we should have elucidated, in new scenes and characters, the same Whig view of the English constitution, the same broad survey of state policy, the same ardent patriotism, the same noble tolerance. Facts are manifold, but principles are few and simple. Lord Macaulay might have gone on multiplying his facts to all eternity; but the principles which it is given to one man in a lifetime to seize and illustrate are limited, and we can not help feeling that in what we possess of this great author's work, we have the cream of his mind and the fullness of his power.

Mr. Isaac Taylor has very justly divided thinkers into three classes—the profound, the comprehensive, and the acute. Among the Germans will be found the best examples of thinkers, who are profound without being either comprehensive or acute. The French afford the best instances of thinkers who are acute, but neither comprehensive nor profound. The comprehensive thinkers are chiefly English, and among these we must place Lord Macaulay. His more ardent admirers speak of him as a deep thinker, but in these days any man is said to be deep who is original. Macaulay has given us a correct idea of his depth in his criticism of Lord Bacon's philosophy, where he has missed the mark so completely that we begin to question even that acuteness which was in him as remarkable as his breadth of view. He never advanced any opinions which he did not render plausible by felicity of illustration and a display of learning; but in point of fact, nothing can be more shallow than the attempt to disprove the value of the Baconian logic by showing that unconsciously every man obeys its laws. He, for example, takes the case of a man who had eaten

minced pies at Christmas, and became ill after it. The man proceeds to argue: "I ate minced pies on Monday and Wednesday, and I was kept awake by indigestion all night." Here is one step in the argumentative process. "I did not eat any Tuesday and Friday, and I was quite well"—there is another. "I ate very sparingly of them on Sunday, and was very slightly indisposed in the evening"—here is a fact which makes the case still clearer. "On Christmas-day, I almost dined on them, and was so ill that I was in great danger"—the evidence is growing to a point, and when the patient rejects the idea that it was from the brandy which he took at the same time that he suffered, he feels justified in arriving at the grand conclusion which Bacon terms the vindemiatio, that minced pies do not agree with him. It is evident, therefore, that without any assistance from Lord Bacon, we are all acting on the inductive principles which have been associated with his name. The argument is of the same kind as that which impugns the value of the Aristotelian logic, because people made their deductions long before Aristotle was born, and continue to do so without ever having heard of his name. The objection is very much as if one should deny merit to Harvey because the blood circulated before he discovered that it did, or to Sir Charles Bell, because we moved and felt before he explained the nervous system. The merit of recognizing a process of reasoning which for ages had been overlooked by the philosophers, of analyzing that process in all its details, and of announcing that, in the application of it, we were likely to make greater advances in knowledge than in the study of the deductive process, was surely not small; and Lord Macaulay himself, in the example of the minced pies, represents his unconscious reasons as leaping to a conclusion which might have been erroneous, before he had gone through an adequate induction. "It could not have been the brandy that caused my suffering," says the supposed logician, "for I have been taking brandy all my life without any bad effects." There was yet a contingency for which the rules of the Baconian logic provided, but which had not been foreseen by the unlearned eater of minced pies—the possibility of illness having been produced neither by the brandy nor by the pies, but by the combination of the two; and

it is by an analysis of the reasoning process which observed and would provide against such an oversight, that Bacon conferred a great benefit on mankind. If other examples were necessary to show that Macaulay was not a profound thinker, we might refer to his *Essays on Milton* and on Samuel Johnson. Some may be inclined to put the former out of account as being the earliest essay contributed by him to the *Edinburgh Review*. But they show the character of his thought distinctly, and it must be remembered that in republishing his *Essays*, he announced that the article on Milton contained, as far as expression goes, not a single paragraph which his mature judgment could approve of, while he claimed no indulgence whatever for the principles which he had propounded. These principles, at least in the part of the essay which is devoted to the criticism of the poetry, are as shallow and false as they can well be—as, for example, when he declares that poetry is a sort of madness which it requires a certain unsoundness of mind to be able to appreciate, or when again he follows the exploded theory of Aristotle, in classing poetry and even music among the imitative arts. So in the article on Johnson, he advances the amazing paradox that Boswell wrote the greatest biography in the language, indeed in any language by reason of the littleness of his nature. He was a toady, therefore a great biographer. Mr. Carlyle very justly observed in relation to such a theory: "Bad is by its nature negative, and can do nothing. Whatsoever enables us to do any thing is by its very nature good. Boswell wrote a good book, because he had a heart and an eye to discern wisdom, and an utterance to render it forth; because of his free insight, his lively talent; above all, of his love and childlike open-mindedness. His sneaking sycophancies, his greediness, and forwardness, whatever was bestial and earthly in him, are so many blemishes in his book, which still disturb us in its clearness—wholly hindrances, not helps. Towards Johnson, however, his feeling was not sycophancy, which is the lowest, but reverence, which is the highest of human feelings. Neither James Boswell's good book, nor any other good thing, in any time or in any place, was, is, or can be performed by any man in virtue of his badness, but always and solely in spite thereof." We at once see



the superior depth and truthfulness of Carlyle's view, while at the same time it must be remarked that he does not satisfactorily account for what Macaulay dwells upon as the most noticeable thing in Boswell—that he was not a man to be respected, but rather the contrary. Macaulay boldly accepts that fact; he also willingly accepts the other fact that Boswell's book is an uncommonly good book; and he puts the two together in the statement that the book is very good, because the author is very bad. Carlyle, on the other hand, accepts but one of the facts, namely, that the book is good, and argues from it with invincible faith against the other fact that the man is to be despised. In this he is wrong as well as right. As Macaulay says, we despise Boswell; and as Carlyle says, it is not for what he did. It is for what he did not; it is for his exclusiveness. He worshiped Johnson, and we do not object to that worship. We object to the fact that he was incapable of worshipping more than Johnson, that he would not have written more than one biography, that he was limited to one man, that he wanted the balance which a larger heart, and sympathy with a larger circle of friends would have afforded.

We have ventured to speak thus freely of Macaulay's shortcomings, in the belief that indiscriminate eulogy is not of much value, and that our historian can certainly afford to have his measure accurately taken. If he was not a profound thinker, he was no nibbler and no straggler. He always took a very broad survey of his subject; and his apprehension was intensely vivid, so vivid, indeed, that statements which in other hands would appear to be mere commonplaces, derive from the graces of his diction and the felicity of his illustrations a sort of fascination which gives them an air of perfect novelty and originality. Take the Essay on Machiavelli, for example, and see what the author has made of the very ordinary truism, that circumstances of education must determine the extent of a man's guilt. They that know the right and do the wrong shall be beaten with double stripes, is one most authoritative way of stating this old-world truth. How Macaulay has brought this to bear upon Machiavelli, and shown that he is to be judged not by the standard of absolute morality, but by the code of the society in which he moved, is one

of the most marvelous pieces of writing which even he has given to the world. Every statement that he makes is palpable as day, and yet startles the reader as a perfect novelty. In the first chapter of his history another example of the same wondrous faculty will be found. We refer to the passage in which he puts in a good word for the Church, with all its corruptions in the dark ages. The power then possessed by the Church would in our time be intolerable; and Macaulay makes the very obvious remark that although the extraordinary power of the priesthood in an age of good government would be a curse, it might well be a positive blessing in an age of bad government—that the recognition even in this degraded form of a spiritual and moral force in the world was a boon to mankind in an epoch when brute force was all in all, and the people were divided into but two classes—the beasts of burden and the beasts of prey. He makes the thing appear as clear as possible; and we wonder at ourselves for not having previously attached equal importance to the principle—which it will be observed is at root identical with the view worked out in relation to Machiavelli—that differences of time and place must make a corresponding difference in our estimate of acts, characters, and systems. This very simple law is the key to half Macaulay's system of thought; and as David slew Goliath with two small pebbles from the brook, our historian slays his giant prejudices with very ordinary weapons. His thought in this respect reminds one of the well-known definition of wit:

“Wit is but reason to advantage drest—

What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed.”

He gave the cream of the common wisdom expressed in language, and enforced with illustrations which astonished every one, which arrested every one, which added an interest to the most neglected truths, which imparted importance to the most common sayings, and which, as the philosopher shows us a miracle and a mystery in the most ordinary occurrence, made a marvel and a novelty of opinions that had passed into proverbs and beliefs that were as old as the hills. Perhaps the Essay which displays the greatest subtlety of thought is the one devoted to the consideration of Gladstone's theory of

Church and State. It is written with incomparable ability. Nothing can be more happy than the illustrations, nothing more convincing than his demolition of Mr. Gladstone. But observe wherein precisely it is that his power consists. It is the power of attack. He has a theory to expose, and a counter theory to defend; and the whole art of his exposition lies in the invention of analogies showing the absurdity of the former and the convenience of the latter. His success was so great, that we believe he eventually converted Mr. Gladstone himself. Give him a position to defend, and no man could equal him in the art of marshaling the arguments for or against. In this respect what could surpass the art with which, in the Memoir of Warren Hastings, he identifies Sir Philip Francis with Junius? His power is that of statement. Give him a case, and he will state it with a force and clearness which are unrivaled. His power is thus essentially that of the historian. He records; and, in the mere act of recording, he convinces his reader.

It was less by the power of thought than by the unconscious force of a manly nature, of generous impulses, and of a religious education, that Lord Macaulay took his line. People speak of him as cold and critical. It has even been said that he wanted heart. Such accusations appear to us to be a complete caricature of the man. Those are much nearer the truth who complain of him as being a hot-headed party-man, though we can not indorse even this accusation. That a bias will be found in Lord Macaulay's writings, we frankly admit; but it is a bias such as no man with a heart beating in his bosom is entirely free from. Macaulay had a heart, and, in consequence, he was a good hater and a fervent admirer. There is fervor in all his writings. What can be more ardent than that glowing account of the Puritans in the Essay on Milton? The man whose heart does not burn within him as he reads Macaulay must be cold indeed. If any one doubts his passion, read the *Lays of the Roundheads* in that periodical to which his earliest effusions were contributed. Who, for example, can read this account of Naseby Fight unmoved?

"And, hark! like the roar of the billows on the shore,  
The cry of battle rises along their charging line:

For God—for the cause—for the Church—for the laws—  
For Charles, King of England, and Rupert of the Rhine.

"The furious German comes, with his clarion and his drums,  
His battles of Alsatia and pages of White-hall;  
They are bursting on our flanks—grasp your pikes—close your ranks,  
For Rupert never comes but to conquer or to fall.

"They are here—they rush on—we are broken—we are gone—  
Our left is borne before them like stubble on the blast.  
O Lord! put forth thy might! O Lord! defend the right!  
Stand back to back, in God's name, and fight it to the last!

"Stout Skippon hath a wound—the center hath given ground—  
Hark! hark! what means that trampling of horsemen in our rear?  
Whose banner do I see, boys? 'Tis he, thank God! 'tis he, boys!  
Cheer up another minute, brave Oliver is here.

"Their heads all stooping low, their points all in a row,  
Like a whirlwind on the seas, like a deluge on the dykes,  
Our cuirassiers have burst on the ranks of the accurst,  
And at a shock have scattered the forest of the pikes.

"Fast, fast the gallants ride, in some safe nook to hide  
Their coward heads predestined to rot on Temple-bar;  
And he turns, he flies, shame to those cruel eyes  
That bore to look on torture, but dared not look on war.

"Ho! comrades, scour the plain, but ere ye strip the slain,  
First give another stab to make your quest secure;  
Then shake from sleeves and pockets the broad pieces and lockets,  
The tokens of the wnton, the plunder of the poor.

"Fools! your doubtlets shone with gold, and your hearts were gay and bold,  
When ye kissed your lily hands to your lemans to-day;  
But to-morrow shall the fox, from her chambers in the rocks,  
Send forth her tawny cubs to howl above the prey.

"Where be their tongues that late mocked at  
heaven and hell and fate,  
And the fingers that once were so busy with  
their blades?  
Their perfumed satin clothes, their catches,  
and their oaths,  
Their stage-plays and their sonnets, their  
diamonds and their spades?

"Down! down! forever down! with the miter  
and the crown!  
With the Belial of the Church, and the  
Mammon of the Pope!  
There is woe in Oxford Halls! There is wail  
in Durham stalls,  
The Jesuit smites his bosom, the Bishop  
rends his cope.

"And she of the Seven Hills shall mourn her  
children's ills,  
And tremble when she thinks of the edge  
of England's sword;  
And the kings of earth in fear shall tremble  
when they hear  
What the hand of God hath wrought for  
the Houses and the Word."

In the Lays of the League, and of Ancient Rome, we have more of the same strong passion, and we do not think that we are moved by overweening partiality for our opinions and for the antecedents that we admire most, when we say that for a man of Macaulay's taste, education, and mental habits, to speak as he did of the Puritans, there was absolutely necessary a strong, impassioned nature, alive to the highest influences, awake to the finest music of humanity. The Ironsides and Psalm-singers had their rough, forbidding exterior. To a man of Macaulay's accomplishments and exquisite sense of the ludicrous, the contempt of learning and natural graces which the Puritans professed, their little peculiarities and angularities were sufficiently distasteful. And in point of fact, he has ridiculed these unsparingly. He has jested about the whites of their eyes, about their nasal twang, about their queer names; and in one passage, which we pardon for the sense of humor displayed in it, our readers may remember that he describes the pleasure which the populace took in bear-baiting, then dwells for a moment on the opposition to such cruel sport which the Puritans gave, and finishes off with the rattling statement that, in point of fact, the Puritans, in their opposition to the fun, managed to secure the double pleasure of at once baiting the bear, and baiting the populace. It seems to us that when a man who could be so

amused and repulsed by whatever was deficient or extravagant in the demeanor of the Puritans, nevertheless took their side with all his heart, and advocated their cause with a wisdom and eloquence which convinced the sober, and silenced the flippant, he must have had a sympathetic nature, he must have had a warm heart. Those who judge him differently, must have been deceived by the severity of the chastisement which he bestowed on vice and pretension. They can not have observed that it is quite possible for the most genial natures to be good haters. Why should they not hate? Is it possible for them to love well without hating well? What can be more withering than the scorn with which Macaulay describes the merry monarch who was crowned in his youth with the Covenant in his hand, and died at last with the Host sticking in his throat! Can any thing be more crushing than his denunciation of that Court which, in the intensity of its selfishness, had reduced the ten commandments to two, bidding us to hate our neighbor, and to love our neighbor's wife? But who will accuse Macaulay seriously because he hated wrong, and scorned falsehood? He was not a man who loved to show the finer feelings of his heart; and yet one fact may be related of his private life which clearly indicates the man. Able to leave to his heirs personal property to the extent of £80,000, he evidently enjoyed a considerable income. Those who knew him best declare that he gave away annually in kindnesses and charities more than a fourth and nearly a third of his income. The general public knew nothing of his benefactions; he was not the man to wear his heart upon his sleeve, and to expose what he regarded as sacred. He was a proud but not a vain man, and sometimes did himself an injustice from his determination to let his character stand on its own merits, and to leave his acts undefended from the assaults of the enemy. One instance of this we have in the Windsor Castle business. He dated a letter written to some of his Edinburgh constituents, from Windsor Castle, on the occasion of the Whigs being first called upon to form a Government to replace that of Sir Robert Peel. Their attempt to form a Government was abortive, and great was the ridicule poured upon what seemed to be Macaulay's vanity in dating his letter from a region in which his party

had not yet a secure foothold. This little display of apparent weakness did more to undermine his authority in Edinburgh than all his invective against the bray of Exeter Hall, and all his tenderness for the Roman Catholics. Mr. Thackeray defends Macaulay on the ground that Windsor Castle was not too great a palace for so great a man, and that he was entitled to date his letters from the proudest castle on the face of the earth. He is no doubt right, but there was another defense of Macaulay's conduct which was the simple truth, but which he himself was undoubtedly too proud to put forth in his own behalf. It is this: that writing in Windsor Castle, he would naturally use the paper which he found there; that this paper is stamped at the top of the page in the same way as almost all note-paper is now stamped with some device, or with the writer's address; that the stamp consists of the Royal arms and of the words, "Windsor Castle," and that therefore the historian's letter necessarily, and without any contrivance of his, bore the obnoxious address, and laid him open to the taunts of petty assailants. He was not going to reply to their jibes. He never spoke of himself if he could help it. He is never personal. And this dislike of obtruding himself into his writings gave readers the idea that he was cold and statuesque. It was simply his art. It was the old masterly art of forgetting one's self in one's subject. It is a pity that he has not chosen to republish some of his earlier speeches, delivered before he entered Parliament, and then it would be seen how passionately he could feel, and with what oratorical rage he could speak. In expressing this regret, we are thinking especially of one red-hot speech on the West-India planters, in which, with an ardor which might be even said to have lost itself in the fury of intemperance, he declared that their tender mercies were more cruel than the cruelties of Claverhouse, that their little fingers were thicker than the loins of Alva, that Robespierre chastised with whips, but that they chastised with scorpions. The man who could speak in this way was evidently following the promptings of a generous nature; and what his heart prompted, reason justified and controlled.

In a letter which every body must have read, Lord Brougham advised Macaulay to acquire at any cost the power of speak-

ing readily. It is an advice which should perhaps have been propounded with the caution used by Mrs. Glasse in directing her readers how to dress a hare; first, catch it. How are you to speak easily and rapidly, if you have nothing to say. Macaulay, however, had no lack of ideas, and to him the advice was appropriate. If ever he found himself in want of an idea, his memory could supply him with a fact; and he poured forth with a vehemence which drew from Sydney Smith the wish that amid so much brilliant eloquence we had a few brilliant flashes of silence. He delighted in filling his page with facts, and he brought forward fact after fact which nobody knew, or which every body had forgotten, with the constant formula that it was absurd to repeat such things to the reader, for any boy of the fourth form at Eaton would deserve a flogging if he were ignorant of them. It was with the same delight in the affluence of his knowledge, that he was in the habit of stating a fact not explicitly, but allusively—of putting it in a form which would imply a good deal, and would not all at once be obvious to every reader. We open his Essays at random, for example, and find a statement to the effect, that recently two men had died who, at a time of life at which many people have hardly completed their education, had raised themselves each in his own department to the height of glory. Who are these two? "One of them died at Longwood; the other at Missolonghi." If every Englishman could easily identify the latter with Byron, how many would be able, on the instant, to identify the former with Napoleon? In the Essay on Clive, Macaulay says, in his usual style: "Every schoolboy knows who imprisoned Montezuma, and who strangled Atahualpa." This schoolboy is rather a mythical personage, but a critic might be permitted to say, that he is introduced for the sole purpose of covering and excusing the mention of a few sounding names, Macaulay having the Miltonic taste for words, and loving nothing so much as a sentence in which a number of mysterious syllables tickle the ear without conveying much sense to the mind. So he goes on to say: "But we doubt whether one in ten, even among English gentlemen of highly cultivated minds, can tell who won the battle of Buxar, who perpetrated the massacre of Patna, whether Sujah Dowlah



ruled in Oude or in Travancore, or whether Holkar was a Hindoo or a Mussulman." The influence of such a sentence upon the unconscious reader is far beyond its merits; it rings in one's ears long after we have exhausted and dismissed from our minds the meaning which it conveys. Its effect is precisely that of the word "Mesopotamia," uttered by Whitefield. "Dinna ye mind that gran' word Mesopotamia?" said the poor old woman, who remembered nothing else of the sermon; and it may be recollected that on one occasion O'Connell discomfited an old woman notorious for her resources in the art of vituperation, by calling her in return for her scurrilous epithets, a parallelogram, a hypothenuse, a trapezium, a tangent, a parabola, an ellipse. Macaulay's amazing mnemonic powers helped him greatly in this respect. He could quote to any extent. Hannah More, in letters published the other day, describes him, when a mere boy, reciting the whole of Heber's poem on Palestine at a moment's notice, while sitting over his breakfast. Numerous anecdotes might be told of similar readiness. We give but one, which relates to a gathering, at which Lady Morgan and Lord Carlisle were present, about the time when the houses fell in the Tottenham Court Road, making a great sensation in London. This accident became the subject of conversation in the party to which we refer, and immediately afterwards Lady Morgan, who was too free in her opinions, began to give ample expression to her skeptical tendencies. Macaulay at once turned round to Lord Carlisle, and whispered in his ear the couplet which is to be found in Dr. Johnson's *Description of London*:

"Here falling houses thunder on your head,  
And here a female atheist talks you dead."

How many readers in a thousand are acquainted with that satire? How many that have looked into it remember a single line of it? In Macaulay's way of stating the case, it is a satire which every schoolboy ought to know by heart. In Macaulay, the extraordinary memory was asserted by an extraordinary imagination. The two faculties are sometimes separated; and it is supposed that where the one is strong the other must be weak. He who can bring them into harmony—he who can remember through the imagination—will have always immense re-

sources. In point of fact, most persons do remember through the imagination. They remember, for example, a particular sentence by calling up in the mind's eye an idea of what the page in which it occurs is like. The poet tells us that impressions made upon us through the eye are the most forcible of any; and the way of epitomizing the greatest number of facts, so as to exhibit them in the smallest compass, is by collecting them into a picture. What can be more picturesque than Macaulay's descriptions? Take this as descriptive of the scorn exhibited by the appearance of Sextus Tarquinius:

"A yell that rent the firmament  
From all the town arose.  
On the housetops was no woman  
But spat towards him and hissed—  
No child but screamed out curses,  
And shook its little fist."

Can any thing be more suggestive than the following, which relates to the shores of the Lake Regillus, where the great battle was fought?

"The fisher baits his angle,  
The hunter twangs his bow—  
Little they think on those strong limbs  
That molder deep below.

"Little they think how sternly  
That day the trumpets pealed,  
How in the slippery swamps of blood  
Warrior and war-horse reeled—

"How wolves came with fierce gallop,  
And crows on eager wings,  
To tear the flesh of captains,  
And pick the eyes of kings."

But the question has been raised whether Macaulay, with all his powers of memory, is strictly accurate. And it has even been suggested that he sacrificed truth to his passion for pictorial effect. Consciously we do not believe that he erred in this way; and if inaccuracies are to be found in his work, most of them can easily be corrected. He made William too bright, it has been said; he made Marlborough too dark; he caricatured Scotland; he libeled William Penn; he depreciated the English clergy of the seventeenth century. A number of these instances are brought forward; and then the conclusion is drawn that his work is unreliable—that it may be very amusing, but that it is not the history of England. Now we are not going to defend his inaccuracies, though there are much fewer than

are commonly supposed. But, granting that they exist, we have to point out that they do not interfere with the general merits of the history. Those who take the most serious objection to particular facts are content to do homage to the work as a whole. Here and there a face may not be correctly rendered—a hand may be out of drawing—and the cut of a coat may not be quite in the fashion; but the picture, as a whole, is a faithful one, and can not be surpassed. Nobody presumes to question the general view which the historian has given of English affairs. It is the correct view; and most of the inaccuracies which are laid to his charge have reference to those details which scarcely belong to history, and which he has even been blamed for introducing into the stately compositions inspired by the historic muse. Moreover, whatever slips he has made admit of easy correction. Compare Macaulay with Hume or with Gibbon. Every body knows the spirit in which the latter historians narrated the events that engaged their attention. What antidote is there for the sneers—the covert sneers and sly innuendoes of either the one or the other? Some have even been unwilling to place their histories into the hands of the young. If Macaulay now and then gives a false fact, he

does not give what is far worse—false principles; and we feel that he is at all times a perfectly safe companion, who has left no line which, dying, he could wish to blot. Therefore, when we hear it stated, that Macaulay, whatever he has done, however able his work, however glorious his writing, has at least not written a work which in any strict sense deserves to be called the history of England—that he may be a historical novelist, but that he certainly is not a faithful historian—we beg to point out to the Humes and Gibbons of the past, and ask whether his truthfulness will not bear comparison with them, and whether his infidelities are not infinitely less than theirs? It has been the fashion to pick flaws in all histories, from that of Herodotus to that of Macaulay, and to represent the historian who invents a new mode of stating facts as a mere romancer. These accusations will soon be forgotten; and we shall see only the perfect honesty of the man, the brilliant, but it may be fallible, art of the writer—the sobriety and soundness of the thinker. Macaulay's detractors may rest assured that, come what will, when the names of the historians of England are mentioned, he will be found in the very front rank.

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### RELIGIOUS ASPECTS OF MR. TENNYSON'S POETRY.

In a recent analysis of the first volume of M. Hugo's *Legend of the Ages*, in this Magazine, its writer commenced by some outlines of a comparison between the French poet and the illustrious author of the *Idylls*. One of the most elegant critics of France has lately produced an elaborate poetic portrait of Mr. Tennyson, whose features suggest a conclusion very different from that which was drawn in the article just mentioned. M. Emile Montégut's article upon Alfred Tennyson, read in conjunction with his *étude* upon Victor Hugo, would unquestionably im-

ply that Mr. Tennyson is but the clever and elegant versifier of the extremest English dandyism, while the author of the *Légende* is the poet of passion, of thought and of humanity.

To M. Emile Montégut we are certainly indebted for one or two extremely fine and judicious remarks. That Mr. Tennyson's genius on its epic side has a predilection not so much for heroism in action as for heroism in *reverie*, is a just and luminous observation. It throws light upon the superb fragment of *Ulysses*, soliloquizing by the glimmering sea. It

explains Arthur, wounded to death, philosophizing upon the future; and Arthur, with his fair ideal shattered to pieces, like a vase, in the halls of Camelot, standing in his proud, serene sorrow over his guilty queen. Arthur ever represented as having acted, or being about to act, never in action. Less profound, but even more subtle and original, is the criticism upon those well-known poems which stand nearly at the commencement of Mr. Tennyson's first volume. Tennyson, M. Montégut observes, paints woman not as a whole, but in details. He seizes some delicate play of expression, some passing glance, some evanescent work of light and shadow upon a golden curl, some bend of the neck, some attitude of beauty. This merit he owes in some degree to his models. English beauty is the least classical and most romantic in the world, and therefore that which owes the most to these fugitive details. These ladies, the French critic elegantly says, are "all smiles, all melancholy, or all caprice; Claribel is a shadow; Lilian, a peal of laughter; Mariana, a melancholy look; Isabel, an attitude."

With these exceptions, M. Emile Montégut's essay is but one long and eloquent fallacy. He places Tennyson upon a level with Byron, Keats, and Shelley, in that *unreality* of tone and sentiment which puts the mind in a painful collision with the *factual* world around it, akin to the impression produced by the first draught of the Kantian philosophy, which proves to us that all our knowledge is relative, not absolute; of the phenomenal, not of the real. Yet the very juxtaposition of names implies a fundamental oversight. What has Tennyson in common with those characteristics of the other three, which leave a morbid intoxication, delicious while it lasts, as the fantastic dreams of opium, but as painful in its after effects? Shelley simply pours forth a flood of beauty. The "light of laughing flowers" (to use his own beautiful expression) which he "spreads along the grass," is purposeless as the blaze of crocuses, or soft clouds of anemones, in the woods of spring. He has only three moods. He is absorbed into nature, floating with the cloud, soaring with the skylark, blowing with the flower, drinking in at every pore the silent influences around. Presently this works in his veins like wine, and a wild and desperate love—running up the

gamut from sensuality to anguish—wails out in despair, and a great black cloud called Death muffles up all the stars, and the song sobs away endlessly into the darkness. And at times a third string is struck. The eagle and the serpent wrestle in the air. The sea swarms with fleets. Armies tramp along the land. Prometheus is nailed to the rock by an unjust though almighty decree. Dark, hideous forms steal forth, incest, murder, tyranny, superstition, wrong. And a wild song hurtles through the darkness, against laws, priests, judges, kings, God himself. Keats, too, is the idolater of beauty, or rather enjoyment for its own sake. How he revels over those fruits and cates in *St. Agnes' Eve*. Read his letters. Observe how in one he dwells upon that peach, "like a great beatified strawberry," and analyzes every shade of gratified sensation. It is in a small way the spirit of his poetry.

Beauty for beauty's sake—not moral beauty—is his motto. Finally, Byron, with his narrow, one-stringed violin of passion. He is the very promulgator of that fatal ethical lie, that the intensity of emotion sanctifies its object. Incest then becomes poetical. The fetid stench of passion's expiring embers must be fed with the most precious gems of the imagination. Sunsets must glorify, and oceans sing to, an elderly scamp in *Childe Harold*. The summer nights of Italy, and the blue depths of the Grecian waves are defiled up to their host of stars, and down to their golden sands, by the triumphant young blackguard who is the hero of *Don Juan*. Here, then, we have Shelley the idolater of nature; Keats the idolater of beauty; Byron, the idolater of passion; Byron immoral; Keats *unmoral*; Shelley *antimoral*; or, if we had some other prefix, like a Greek derivative, to express the absolute negative of the received moral principles that govern the world. When a man breathes the same air with any of the three he is intoxicated with scents and colors. When he reels outside the chamber, he feels with a sigh at first that he has been under a delusion. Their world and their heaven are not as God's world and as God's heaven. But why are these poets (from one of whom, however, he may have imbibed that luxury of beauty which he occasionally exhibits) working

"Without a conscience or an aim,"

to be compared to Tennyson? Some "wild and wandering cries"—some "confessions of a wasted youth" may, no doubt, be heard in that stately temple. Possibly, in earlier years, the poet's voice may have sounded nonchalant and dreamy. We can picture him to ourselves wrapped in indolent musings, while

"Heavily droops the hollyhock—  
Heavily hangs the tiger-lily."

But his increasing years have run with an increasing purpose. The spirit of modern philosophy, both physical and psychological, has passed into his mind. He has learned to catch the passionate expression on the face of all science. He has felt the pulse of the ages. He has sorrowed and examined his own heart. Above all, the circle of morality has found its center in Christ our Lord. Yet the impression produced by the most deliberately and deeply moral of all our poets is (M. Montégut being judge) precisely similar to that which is left by those three who are most destitute of all moral purpose.

But the French critic is not content with this general and sweeping assertion. He descends to particulars. Mr. Tennyson, it seems, is too mild and too ethereal for him. He represents the world too much as the Donatists represented the visible Church—a rose without a thorn, a robe without a stain, an ark without a Ham, wheat without tares. "It is not he," exclaims M. Montégut, "who will ever make you dream that there are liars and fools in the world." Inconceivable criticism! More than most even of his sensitive tribe has Mr. Tennyson hated the wolf's black jaw and the dull hoof of the ass. There is a perfect museum of the *genus* fool in Mr. Tennyson's writings. There is the fool critic, who vexes the enchanted garden of the poet's mind with his shallow wit, and withers its green leaves. There is the fool metaphysician, with dead, lack-lustre eye, clenching rounded periods, who "keeps aloof in impotence of fancied power." There is the fool preacher pounding the pulpit on God's good Sabbath, and shrieking out "Anti-Babylonianisms." There is the fool lordling in *Maude*. There are the knaves whom, the *Dirge* seems to tell us, it will be one of the blessings of resting under the eglantine to be troubled with no more. There is the false Vivian.

There is the treacherous-eyed lady in the Princess. There is the canting knave in *Sea Dreams* who drops

"The too rough H in hell and heaven."

The *Idylls* form a chamber strewn with broken ideals. What is its very consummation but the bursting in of reality upon Arthur's fancy of a perfect world within the world? Knavery and folly have smeared the cloth upon the round table with their vile fingers—that is Arthur's sorrow. Once more — when a poet has been, if any thing, excessive in his delineations of the worse side of our humanity — when the point and purpose of his greatest work is to prove that human frailty and sinfulness will ever mar the vision of perfect moral beauty here—is it not strange that this accusation should be recorded against him?

M. Montégut finds Mr. Tennyson's mind tinetured with dandyism. Its most characteristic productions are too like the irreproachable Sir Charles Grandison. His language is a sort of "familiar lyricism," (though what that expression may convey in reference to blank verse we know not.) And, finally, and worst of all—there is little of passionate sentiment in his placid pages.

This last accusation is, no doubt, in some measure, true. Fatima, however, and *Ænone* are amply sufficient to prove that the absence of such passages is in no degree to be accounted for by want of power. It is upon principle that Mr. Tennyson is sparing in such delineations. When such "passionate sentiments" are exhibited it is with the purpose of a lofty morality, not to be clapped, like a strong situation, in a melo-drama, but to be exposed as the accompaniments of an ill-balanced mind in the poem of *Maude*, or of a guilty and polluted nature in *Guinevere*.

But M. Montégut's summing up is inexorably severe. The poet has neglected all the great aspects of his subject. His pieces look like diamonds, but their fantastic brilliance is only in the distance. Breathe upon them and they drop from the spray; touch them and they dissolve. *Guinevere* is a long lamentation; *Elaine* a *reverie* of impossible love; *Vivian* a subtle conversation; *Enid* the expression of a love, suspicion, of a torrent of jealousy.

I will not pause to examine the justice



of this kind of criticism: I will only add a few words upon the climax of these accusations.

"Mr. Tennyson," continues M. Montégut, "has neglected the *religious* character of the history of Arthur and of his companions." Is this true?

If the question is to be answered from the French point of view, which makes religion consist of passionate, pantheistic apostrophes, and of tawdry representations, which resemble the severe and sublime genius of real Christianity rather less than a sugar ornament on a Twelfth cake resembles a gothic Cathedral, Mr. Tennyson is not a religious poet.

Or if the question is to be answered from the point of view of particular schools among ourselves; if it is to be settled by finding out in what number of places the author of the *Idylls* testifies for or against the *Tracts for the Times* on the one hand, or Mr. Spurgeon's sermons on the other, Mr. Tennyson may not be a religious poet.

But if the problem is to be envisaged (as the French would say) from a higher position than that of our cotemporary squabbles, the conclusion that the author of the *Idylls* is a religious poet can not be gainsaid.

An interesting theological *excursus* on Tennyson's theology might easily be written. One might trace first the poet singing in the careless strength of youth to intoxicate himself with music. Then doubt begins to do its work. The analogies of natural science, as it is taught in our great modern schools, terrify and perplex him. The immeasurable antiquity of the earth below, the "silence of the infinite spaces" above, appall, perplex, and abase him. But in the moral law, in the world of thought within, he soon finds something which the world without can not give. The silver chime of the church-bells soothes him like a cradle-song. The Divine wisdom of Him who speaks in the Gospel comes home to his heart and mind. In sorrow, he finds the need of that living, personal, eternal Friend. Loving Him, he loves all His. Mary and Martha are equally dear. One may cling to Him with more personal, spiritual, direct insight; the other may rather pierce through a transparent veil of forms to that which lies beyond. But the poet can love both. That which is clumsily but expressively

termed *unreality*, he can not indeed abide. I think he does not much care to hear

"The snowy-banded,  
Dilettante,  
Delicate-handed Priest intone;"

unless that gentleman is to be found working for his Master against the world and the devil, and then the poet will fence him round with his song. On the other side, I suspect that Cumæan and Etruscan interpretations of the Apocalypse, *warlocking* out of 1867, by aid of more algebra than apostles wot of, are still more distasteful to him. If you put him to it, he will say things quite other from the sentiments which are applauded upon popular platforms. He realizes intensely the presence of the spiritual world round us. He thinks of heaven, not as a place of monotonous rapture, but as a sphere for the development of character, acquired here in toil and effort. Character is in his view like the precious amber found by the Baltic sea, after the conifers from which it exuded are gone forever.

"We doubt not, that for one so true,  
There must be other nobler work to do  
Than when he fought at Waterloo,  
And victor he must ever be.  
Gone, but nothing can bereave him of the force  
he made his own  
Being here."

But I must return to the religion of the *Idylls*. To me at least the *Idylls*, as a whole, give a profoundly religious impression, founded, I think, upon three circumstances.

M. Montégut has observed with dissatisfaction, the shipwreck of noble projects and of holy aspirations in the *Idylls*. Enid is the type of wedded purity and domestic love; but a worm is at the root; a snail slimes the rich leaves; distrust enters in; the blossom will never be what it was before. Elaine, the type of passion, yearning after an ideal, the lily maid, lies pale and shattered upon the barge. Merlin, the type of philosophic wisdom, is deceived by a false woman. Arthur, the type of majesty, is deceived, dishonored, and betrayed. All are "like light vapors," says the critic. And if the world be shadowed forth by the round table, is not this indeed the triumph of a religious poet? It is not always terror that converts a soul. When we find that

all is vanity; that our fair ideals are to be broken; that jealousy and peevishness intrude into the sanctuary of home, as with Geraint; that our Merlins are but men after all; that the Launcelots whom we wildly worship are not for us; when we make such discoveries as these, all these shattered dreams are as "school-masters to bring us unto Christ."

Arthur's painful experience of human nature is also, I think, profoundly religious. Many high and noble natures do not sufficiently believe in the New Testament teaching about the human heart; they expect to regenerate it by their pet scheme, their Round Table; they are disappointed. The poet's line is monotonous, the sculptor's statue is poor, compared with the perfect ideal which floated before them. They could not represent it perfectly, because they were weak in their

materials, in the crumbling stone of human speech, in the hard white marble. So man can not carve out the high ideal of the moral law into action, because he is "weak through the flesh." Not in the pride of triumphant virtue, but sinful, humble, weeping, shall he attain to holiness. Is not this the teaching which Arthur receives?

And thirdly, is not (as Bishop Butler teaches us) the "efficacy of repentance" one of the special lessons which nature can not give us, and which is peculiar to the Gospel? Is not the entire legend, as traced by Mr. Tennyson, a series of altars leading up to the Cross? It is no random line, it is a deep solemn purpose which makes Arthur tell Guinevere of "leaning upon our fair father Christ," and so entering into a home where all things are pure.

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From the London Review.

## OCEAN GEOLOGY OF THE DRIFT.\*

It has been repeatedly charged upon geologists that whilst they are credulous when dealing with scientific questions, they are skeptical in things relating to religious faith. In some instances the charge is merited; but the cases are numerous where it is wholly inapplicable. On the contrary, geologists have often clung to an adopted religious creed, to the injury of their science. Like mountaineers bewildered amid the crevasses of an Alpine glacier, yet unwilling to abandon the ice and take to the rocks, such men have endeavored to force a way through scientific difficulties, rather than

forsake the dogma which occasioned all their perplexity. Geologists of this conservative school only abandoned the path which they tenaciously pursued, when the force of evidence in favor of their doing so became irresistible.

A conspicuous illustration of the above remarks is found in the influence which their scriptural belief in the Mosaic deluge has exercised upon geological writers. This subject has been brought prominently before us by some remarkable discoveries recently made in the north-west of France, raising for the hundredth time grave questions respecting the antiquity of the human race. The deposits in which those discoveries have been made belong to the group known to modern geologists by the name of "Drift," or Newer Pleiocene strata. These deposits already possessed an independent interest of the highest kind, since in them have been made some of the most remarkable discoveries that have rewarded the exertions of geologists. Apart from the recent discoveries of what are supposed to be human

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\* *Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers: a Series of Excursions by Members of the Alpine Club.* Edited by JOHN BALL, M.R.I.A., F.L.S. London: Longman and Co. 1859.

LYELL's *Manual of Elementary Geology*. Fifth Edition. London: Murray. 1855.

*Athenæum*. Nos. 1650-52, 1654, 1655, and 1666. 1859.

*Science in Theology. Sermons preached in St. Mary's, Oxford, before the University.* By ADAM S. FARRAR, M.A. London: Murray. 1859.

relics entombed amongst those of extinct animals, the history of the Drift, could it be faithfully written, would possess abounding interest. A slight sketch of it may supply suggestive thoughts to some of our readers unacquainted with the subject, as well as prepare them for understanding the meaning of the newly revealed facts which bear so important a relation to the subject of biblical chronology.

The idea of an universal deluge has not been confined to those nations which possess and believe in the Bible. Two centuries ago the learned Sir Thomas Browne called attention\* to the familiarity of Egyptian, Greek, and Roman writers with the same conception, which had doubtless reached them through traditional channels. The story of Deucalion was a very faint echo of a history which the Jew and the Christian possessed in its authentic form; hence the erotic Augustan poet unconsciously aided the Jewish historian in diffusing that belief in a deluge, which, as Vernon Harcourt has shown, is now so widely prevalent even amongst savage nations.

It was not probable that a belief so obviously present in the mythic histories of Greece and Rome would lose its force under a Christian dispensation; still less was it to be expected that the earliest geologists would exclude so well-known an agent as the Mosaic deluge from the category of those to which they referred the formation of the world. And we find that, when the absurd cosmogonies of the dark ages were thrown aside, most of the men who thought about the subject referred the few geological phenomena with which they were acquainted to the Noachian flood.

For three centuries this narrow notion rested like a nightmare upon the pioneers of geology. A few thoughtful men struggled to escape the restraints imposed upon them by the credulous schools of Whiston and Burnett. For a time they struggled in vain. At length they succeeded in bursting the bonds; and in some measure the wise inductions already arrived at by Hooke and Ray began to prevail.

But though the time had arrived when the Diluvian hypothesis could no longer be applied to the entire series of stratified rocks, as it had hitherto been, especially

by theologians, it was still retained, even by the leading geologists, in connection with the superficial but wide-spread deposits now known as the "Drift." Geologists had long been familiar with but two great groups of stratified rocks, the Primary and the Secondary; the former including the more ancient, and the latter the more recent, of such as they were then acquainted with. In time an intermediate or Transition group had to be admitted; and, still later, the study of the strata upon which Paris stands led to the recognition of a superficial series, of more modern origin than the other three, to which the name of "Tertiary" was given. But prolonged observation soon demonstrated the existence of an accumulation of still more recent origin than the Parisian Tertiaries. This was composed of sands, gravels, clays, and loams, spread over the earth, apparently in confused disorder, and included fragments of half the rocks under the sun. These masses have so close a resemblance to what are left by modern inundations, as at once to suggest some wide-spread cataclysm in explanation of its origin; and what more probable than that the Noachian Deluge should furnish the required agent? In fact, this was the conclusion arrived at by Dr. Buckland and his earlier fellow-laborers—a conclusion which they embodied in the name "Diluvium," which was long applied to the deposits under our notice.

Let us here, for a moment, break the chain of our narrative, to glance at some facts that are unquestionable, but from which these early veterans drew some questionable conclusions. During the greater part of the Tertiary age already referred to, much of the present known world was under the sea. Many of the mountain chains which poetry celebrates as "the everlasting hills," are, comparatively, but things of yesterday. At the time in question, neither the Alps, the Andes, nor the Himalayas, had raised their aspiring heads. Heaving billows rolled over those peaks which are now the home of the chamois and the condor, and colossal sharks sported among their ocean caves. But at length the time arrived when they lifted their granite crests above the waves, and saluted the more ancient peaks of Cumberland, Scotland, and Wales, which for countless ages had stood like perennial islands amidst a

\* In his *Inquiries into Vulgar Errors*.

changing sea. But long after the Alps thus sprang into being, the plains and valleys of Europe, Asia, and America remained submerged beneath a wide ocean. The crests of the Jura, the hills of Germany, and the Pennine chain, forming the backbone of our own island, were but so many shoals in these pre-Adamite waters; and it was whilst much of the present land was a vast archipelago that the Drift deposits were accumulating on the floor of the ocean. We must not be tempted to dwell on the providence of God revealed by this dispensation; but in passing, we may remind our readers that but for the Drift, much of what is now fertile land would have been dry rock and desert waste. It invested the barren framework of our globe with an extended covering of fertile compost every where favorable to vegetable life. From this deposit we derive our brick clay and our gravels. In the districts remote from the sea it furnishes the principal supplies of sand and boulder stones; and from its clays is obtained aluminum, the metal apparently destined to play an important part in the future domestic economy of our race. It was soon discovered that this deposit contained amongst its inorganic elements the fossil remains of various animals. In the dawn of the science the attention paid to such objects was limited and superficial. Even in 1726 the learned Scheuchzer published in the *Philosophical Transactions* a description of a huge fossil newt, regarding it as the skeleton of a man, "a relic of that accursed race which was overwhelmed by the Deluge." The occasional discovery of elephantine bones in clays and gravel-pits did little more than foster the popular belief in primeval giants.

"Genus antiquum, pubes Titania terrie."

But when the genius of Cuvier had enabled him to reconstruct the extinct animals of the Parisian quarries, and prove the former existence of marvelous quadrupeds that had long ceased to live upon the earth, the fossil bones of the Diluvium obtained a new meaning. From the period when their scientific value was first felt, to the present day, the study of these objects has led to an unbroken series of anatomical triumphs, and revealed marvels which impress us the more from the comparative nearness of the age in which the creatures lived to that which saw the

birth of the human race. In our own country a great impulse was given to these studies by an important discovery made in the year 1821. In the summer of that year, a veteran geologist, still living in the east of Yorkshire, received a hint that the workmen engaged in a quarry at Kirkdale, in the same county, had penetrated a cavern full of curious bones. At the present day such a hint would send any enthusiastic collector flying through the country as fast as steam could convey him; but though an earnest geologist, our veteran friend took no notice of the message, deeming it one of those marvels that are so frequently discovered by imaginative quarrymen. We record the fact, since it shows how little this class of observers was prepared for the discoveries which soon gave the obscure Yorkshire village a world-wide fame. More fortunate collectors, soon on the spot, quickly rifled the cavern; and the objects they brought to light applied the first stimulus to the genius of the late William Buckland. From the publication of his first essay on the cavern in question in the *Philosophical Transactions*, followed soon after by that of his *Reliquiæ Diluvianæ*, still one of the classics of geological literature, may be dated a new age in the study of Drift deposits and of Palæontology. It became obvious that England had once been the home of hyenas, tigers, rhinoceri, and elephants—a giant brood which had long since left these frigid climes for the more genial regions of the East and South.

As is well known, the bones were embedded in mud on the floor of the cavern, which was covered over by the calcareous *stalagmite* deposited by dripping water, impregnated with lime, that trickled through the roof. The cave had been a den of hyenas; and most of the other creatures whose bones were found there, had been dragged in piecemeal to be eaten in quietness. Still believing that the Noachian Deluge had left abundant traces of its action upon the earth, Dr. Buckland concluded that the animals in Kirkdale cave had been destroyed by that cataclysm, and that the muddy deposit in which the bones were inclosed had been left by its retiring floods. He judged rightly that the animals, whose historian he had become, were closely related to those whose bones were found in the *Drift*; and he thought that the



Mosaic narrative equally accounted for the occurrence of both. But the worthy Doctor lived to abandon this opinion. The extensive study of the *Drift*, both at home and abroad, brought to light many new facts of vast importance, and soon made it clear that the deposit was the result of various forces acting through long periods of time. Some of them had been produced under the sea, and others in fresh water; some of the animals had lived under climes like those of the sunny South; others had ranged through forests of pines, surrounded by frozen shores and arctic seas; whilst others, again, survived all those varied influences, and lived under temperate skies, like those which, in spite of rain and fog, still render our island the sweetest spot on earth. In fact, it became clear that what had hitherto been referred to the sudden and brief action of the Noachian Deluge, could not possibly have been the result of any single cataclysm, however vast its extent or mighty its power.

The study of the Drift deposits now became twofold; dividing itself into that of the physical appearances of the mixed material composing them, and that of their organic life, as revealed by fossil remains. We will first glance briefly at the former of these subjects, since it was here that the first gleams of light were obtained, giving the true clue to the solution of the problem.

It was found that, though in many places the Drift had accumulated in irregular masses, in others it was disposed in regular strata or layers, such as could only have been formed at the bottom of tranquil waters, and after a lapse of ages. In some places, as, for example, in many of the suburbs of Manchester, vast deposits of fine sand were found, unmixed with any coarse ingredients. These could never have reached their present resting-place through the violence of stormy seas and rushing waters. They speak of sunny calms and unfathomed depths. Yet, in the midst of these tranquil deposits, the workmen would suddenly come upon some huge angular rock of foreign origin; and which nothing short of a full-blown hurricane could have moved an inch. Remembering the well-known fact, that the transporting power of water is exactly proportioned to the velocity of the current, it was obvious that, under ordinary conditions, the same stream could not

have brought into their present resting-places both the huge rock and the fine sand in which it was imbedded. On the Diluvian hypothesis, the rock was as much out of its place as our Foreign Secretary would have been in command of the Channel fleet, or as his racy satirist was in the pulpit of St. Paul's. That a turmoil of waters could only heap up rubbish in disordered masses, is shown by the results of modern inundations. It would only be when the rushing torrents had settled down into a quiet state, that a formation of sand or mud in horizontal layers could take place, and when, from their diminished force, they had lost the power of transporting heavier substances. How, then, did the huge and isolated rocks reach the positions just indicated?

The virtual absence of the Drift from tropical regions is the next physical fact to be noted. Its northern limit in the southern hemisphere appears to be about the 41st parallel of latitude. In North-America it reaches as far as the 38th parallel. In Europe it scarcely extends so near to the line; but the difference, in all these cases, is small in amount. These limitations combine to indicate that, whatever where the causes producing the Drift, some counter-agent unfavorable to their action operated in warm climates. This fact affords a strong argument against attributing its origin to water in violent motion, since inundations and cataclysms would act as forcibly on the equator as at the pole; the Deluge would not be affected by the state of the thermometer. Allied to this question of extent and distribution, is that of the direction taken by the drifted material. At first, our readers may be disposed to ridicule the idea that we can trace the lines along which rocks were transported at so remote a period; nevertheless, such a process is sufficiently easy. We have already observed that the materials composing the Drift are of the most varied kind, consisting of innumerable kinds of rock and soil. Many of these have been derived from the older strata on which the Drift reposes, just as the stones and pebbles in the bed of a river mainly consist of materials derived from its wasting banks; but in the case of the Drift, these are largely mixed with others, brought from remote localities; and on ascertaining, as may often be done with approximate accuracy, and sometimes with unerring

certainly, whence these were derived, we learn in what direction the transporting force moved.

The Drifts of Yorkshire, and especially of the eastern coast, afford admirable subjects for study, because of the distinctness of the boundaries separating the various rocks. A traveler, starting from Burlington Bay, or the low coast of Holderness, and proceeding to the north-west, would first cross the undulating chalk wolds, and drop down upon the clay vales of Pickering. He would then mount the tabular limestone hills of Malton; and having traversed these, would again descend to reach the red-sandstone plains constituting the vale of York. On this line the tourist would have seen no granites, no slates, no basalts, or ancient lavas. Such rocks abound amongst the lake districts which he would now approach; but as his course would hitherto have led him across Secondary and Tertiary strata, all the older rocks known as "Primary" would be entirely wanting along the line of fifty or sixty miles over which he had gone. But if, as he traveled along, he had observed the Drift beneath his feet, he would not only have found these primary rocks abundant in it, but would have seen that they increased in relative abundance as he moved towards the north-west, and approached the foot of the Cumberland mountains. It follows that many of the stones, which he left strewn the beach at Burlington Bay, must have traveled over a space at least equal to that which he had crossed, since no similar rocks could be found *in their natural situations* at a nearer point. If his scrutiny of the rocks and gravels were a minute one, he would detect amongst them an abundance of brown granite boulders, each of them containing large flesh-colored crystals, like plums in a Christmas pudding. These would become so much more numerous than before as he crossed the low outliers of the Cumberland hills, especially at the western foot of each range, as to raise a suspicion that he was approaching the fountain whence these streams had flowed; and on arriving at Shap Fell, his surmise would be confirmed, since he would there find the axis of the mountain, consisting of precisely the same brown granite, with its large flesh-colored crystals. The rock has so remarkable an aspect, is so different from any thing found elsewhere, that

no doubt can exist about Shap Fell having been the source whence all the granite fragments in question were derived. We thus obtain proof that the transporting force had moved from north-west to south-east, with some deflexions southward, as proved by the occasional occurrence of the same granites in the gravel-pits of Lancashire and Cheshire.

If our traveler now extended his ramble down Teesdale, to the shores of the German Ocean, he would find that an equally instructive walk, from north to south, might be taken along the sea-coast, starting from Hartlepool and the mouth of the Tees. Here he would notice the Drift composed of fragments of the magnesian limestones and coal strata of Durham, mingled with the granites of Shap, the slates of Westmoreland, the gneiss and agates of Scotland, and some minerals that are not known to occur nearer than the shores of Norway. On reaching the sublime precipices of Rock-cliff, composed of ranges of blue liassic shales and iron-shot sandstones, he would find these new ingredients largely diluting the Drift material of more northern origin. Successively passing the sandstone-covered cliffs of Whitby and Robin Hood's Bay, and the limestone ranges of Scarborough and Filey, each new rock would in turn be seen to contribute something to the motley mass. On entering Filey Bay, the white chalk cliffs of Speeton and Flamborough would close his horizon a few miles to the south; but he would find in the thick mass of Drift capping the oolitic rocks of Filey no traces of the flints or chalks seen in such magnificent proportions within an hour's walk from the spot. But on rounding Flamborough Head, and examining the Drift, which runs in low grassy ranges from Bridlington to the Humber, he would observe that chalks and flints had become the chief substances which the cliffs could furnish; and, from this point, they would continue to abound throughout the entire coast-line to the shores of the Channel.

The evidence which his two walks had brought before our pedestrian, would leave no doubt on his mind respecting the direction in which the Drift had traveled. He must have concluded that there had been a steady movement from north to south, and that the transporting force had not acted impulsively, but through vast periods and along defined

lines. Whatever the transports might be, they conveyed cargo after cargo from north to south, spreading them, as they traveled, over the floor of the ocean in successive though often irregular layers. Yorkshire is in this point of view but a type of the rest of Europe. Similar conditions exist throughout the Continent, demonstrating the northern origin of the Drift.

The only marked example in the northern hemisphere, where the rocks have been carried in the opposite direction, or from south to north, is in the plain extending from the Jura mountains to the foot of the Alps. Vast masses of rock torn from the higher Alps have been scattered in profusion, not only over the valley of the Rhone, but over the highest summits of the Jura range. This distribution is so exceptional to that seen in the rest of Europe, as to leave no doubt that it was the result of local circumstances, which are easy of explanation.

The appearances presented by the stones of the Drift afford some important indications of their past history. Many of these are rounded, such, for instance, as had been long exposed to the action of agitated waters, and especially those which had been washed by breakers on the sea-coast. But a large number are sharply angular, rendering it improbable that they had ever been made the sport of the waves. How much rude tossing can be borne with comparative impunity, may, it is true, be witnessed every day at the nearest railway-station. The rapid *glissades* which angular boxes make from the tops of railway-trains and the bump with which considerate officials suffer them to reach the *arête* of the station-floor, makes us marvel at the resisting power with some objects are endowed. But even the mildest treatment leaves its marks behind, and after noting the battered angles of our newest portmanteau, though it have been but once in the soft hands of a railway-porter, we have no faith in the transportation of rocks by violent currents without the latter leaving traces of their action. But the rocks in question bear no such traces. Though often of brittle material, and found hundreds of miles away from their native home, the sharpness of their angles suggests that they might have traveled in a bale of Sea-Islands cotton. The transporting agent

evidently combined force and gentleness, resistless power and a zephyr's breath. Blocks many tons in weight have been carried as easily as the Great Eastern carries her Union Jack, and yet have suffered no more from their journey than they would have done if they had been packed in gossamer, and floated on a cloud.

Many of the stones of the Drift are streaked and grooved with parallel scratches; and when the mass reposes upon rock that is sufficiently hard to retain sculptured impressions, the latter is frequently scored in a similar manner. That these markings on the substratum are not the result of accidental wear and tear is proved by the fact that they almost always follow a regular direction, *which direction corresponds with that along which the blocks have traveled*—namely, within a few degrees east or west of a north and south line. Streaks thus regularly arranged, whatever may be the structure and cleavage of the rock on which they occur, and following the same direction at remote localities, require some common cause which could exercise its forces in the same direction.

About the time when the discovery of the facts just described was rendering it evident that diluvial action could not have accumulated the Drift, Dr. Buckland and Professor Agassiz made the startling announcement that the great valleys diverging from the Peak of Snowdon, had at a comparatively recent period been filled with glaciers, such as stream from most mountains rearing their heads above the line of perpetual snow. Similar evidence was also obtained, proving that the mountains of the Lake district, and of Scotland, had been similarly furnished with icy streams. Three circumstances occurring in these upland valleys testified to the fact just affirmed—namely, the projection from the ground of huge rounded rocks, deprived of all the angles that characterize similar strata at the higher parts of the mountain, the frequent existence of grooved markings on the surfaces of such rocks as were hard enough to retain them, and the peculiar arrangements which the heaps of Drift very often exhibited. Whoever is familiar with those wild regions where

"The glacier's cold and restless mass  
Moves onward day by day,"

is aware that the sides and bottoms of each valley, along which the ice descends, are grooved and scratched in a direction corresponding with that in which the ice moves. These scratches are formed by the ice of the glacier which flows steadily downwards towards the lower valleys. We must not pause to weigh the opposing arguments of Professors Forbes and Tyn- dal, who advance different explanations of the nature of this motion. About the main fact there is no question. As the ice travels onward, stones and earth, falling through the deep cracks or *crevasses* with which it is fissured, find their way between the ice and the rocks over which it glides. Some of these become attached to the under surface of the ice, converting it into a gigantic file, rasping in parallel grooves every surface over which it slides; whilst others, remaining loose, contribute to the production of similar effects, though in a less regular manner. All these interlopers combine to plow deep furrows on the mountain side, and a long continuance of the same action necessarily rounds off all angular projections from the surface of the valley. However hard the rocks may be, in time they become worn into the shapes recognized by Alpine travelers under the name of *roches moutonnées*. Familiar with the results of glacial action amid Alpine valleys, Buckland and Agasiz soon recognized in the phenomena of the valleys of Snowdon the evidence of a similar agency.

Another and more obvious consequence of glacier action is the formation of the *Moraine*. The rocks and stones detached from the mountains rising above the glacier, fall upon the latter, and are carried along with it in its downward course. But a point is soon reached where the warmth of the lower valleys melts the ice and arrests its progress. The depth to which the glaciers descend mainly depends upon local climate, and consequently varies in different parallels of latitude. On the frozen shores of Spitzbergen and Smith's Sound they reach the sea. In Switzerland they rarely encroach upon the lower valleys—such climates as those of Chamouni and the Allée Blanche being fatal to their further advance. At the same time, some limited variations are constantly taking place in their extension. Thus the great Gorner Glacier, descending from the snowy peaks of Monte Rosa, and sweeping past the crags of the Riffel-

horn, is steadily encroaching upon the valley of Zermatt, whilst the Findelen Glacier, a twin ice-stream passing down the northern side of the Hochthaligrat, and entering one of the eastern tributaries of the Zermat valley, is now receding towards its mountain source. In all those cases the rubbish brought down by the ice accumulates at its melting extremity, forming a *terminal moraine*. When the glacier is receding, this moraine is not usually so conspicuous as when it is advancing; because, in the latter instance, in addition to the ordinary moraine, the ice plows up and pushes forward the loose soil, which is thus converted into a huge mound extending across the valley, penetrated only by the stream which always issues from under the melting ice. Precisely similar mounds were found in Wales, in positions where nothing but ice could have placed them; thus all the leading characteristics of glacial action were shown to exist within the Principality. The observations of Professor Ramsay and others have confirmed the conclusions arrived at by their predecessors. There is no reason to doubt that glaciers of vast thickness once streamed down the Pass of Llanberis, extending beyond the western end of Llyn Padarn, and along Nant Francon, as far as the slate quarries of Penrhyn, as well as through the other valleys that radiate from the great central peak of Snowdon. Similar though less extensive evidence has been supplied by various valleys in Scotland: consequently, the fact that the climate of our islands was once sufficiently cold to cover the mountains with perpetual snow, and fill the valleys with ice, is no longer to be questioned. The first discovery of the facts just recorded led many to suspect that the Drift was merely an extension of the *Moraine*. The scratched stones which it contained, and the grooved rocks on which it rested, made such a suggestion natural. But the Drift was far too widely diffused to be capable of being referred to so limited an agency. It was not credible that the greater part of both hemispheres should have been at one and the same time covered with glaciers. Besides, the hypothesis afforded no explanation of the huge rocks already referred to as embedded in stratified sand, nor of the existence of sea-shells in the gravels. But once on the right track, geologists were not long in obtaining the true solution of the pro-



blem. That ice had been largely instrumental in transporting the Drift, was sufficiently obvious; and that water had played some part in the operation, was equally so. Bearing in mind what has just been affirmed respecting the frequency of glaciers in these latitudes, and their descent to the sea-level, it was legitimate to transfer a part of the work from the terrestrial glacier to the floating iceberg. Such a transfer met all the requirements of the case. It provided a resistance transporting force, acting over areas where tranquil seas were simultaneously accumulating the finest sediments; and all who were familiar with the facts to be explained, felt that the problem was solved.

That a large proportion of the icebergs which abound in Arctic seas were once fragments, either of glaciers, or of the belt of shore-ice common in northern regions, was well demonstrated by Dr. Kane, during his melancholy residence in Smith's Sound. The shore-ice becomes broken up during the summer, and, as its fragments float away, they carry off many of the boulders forming the strand to which the ice had been united. Some of the class of glacier icebergs were derived from such glaciers as reached the edges of lofty cliffs, over which they were impelled, until their own weight caused them to break off and fall into the sea. Others were derived from glaciers which, like the enormous one in Smith's Sound, named after the illustrious Humboldt, descended to the ordinary sea-level, and plunged beneath the water. In such cases the upward pressure occasioned by the buoyancy of the ice, breaks off huge masses, which rise to the surface and float away. In both cases the ice left the land laden with the stones that formed their moraines, many of which would be grooved and streaked, and often include rocky fragments of incredible dimensions. Though several Arctic voyagers have observed large rocks attached to floating icebergs, Dr. Kane has furnished the most remarkable evidence of the extent to which ice-rafts are the chartered carriers in these northern regions. Many of the stones carried away by the shore-ice would be rounded by the action of the surf, previous to the strand becoming ice-bound; whilst such as were brought down by glaciers would more frequently be angular. The course which icebergs now

pursue in the Arctic Ocean affords ample illustration of the origin of Drift. They are driven to-and-fro by winds and oceanic currents, until myriads of them escape through Davis's Straits. They then travel southward, in vast shoals, towards the warmer parts of the Atlantic, where they have caused the destruction of many a gallant bark. Entering a warmer climate, they rapidly melt, and as they do so, they strew the bed of the sea with materials brought from the distant north. We now find no difficulty in understanding how the huge rock became embedded in the finer sand. The tranquil depths of the ocean, but gently moved by slow currents, may be depositing sand or mud of the utmost fineness; whilst, overhead, a succession of these icy transports may be dropping into the sandy deposits, blocks, like the Bowder stone or the Teufelstein, which so perplex the travelers to Borrowdale or the St. Gothard Pass. Shielded by the ice in which they had hitherto been embedded, such masses would retain every ridge which characterized them when first torn from their rocky beds; and after their descent through the water, soon becoming inclosed in the soft deposits forming the floor of the ocean, they would be protected from all further wear and tear. Should some future age witness the upheaval of the submarine strata, and reveal these beds to some uncreated race of post-millennial geologists, the stones they contained would be found as sharply angular as at the moment when the melting of the ice abruptly brought their travels to an end.

Of course the above arguments require us to admit that the climate of the globe was once colder than it now is. That it has undergone great changes, no one doubts; and if it were once warmer than at present, there is no reason why it may not at another time have been colder; and we have abundant evidence that it was so. Venetz, Charpentier, and Agassiz, have shown beyond question that, in the valleys of Switzerland, the glaciers formerly reached much lower levels than is now the case. They even think it probable that the valley of the Rhone was once filled with a vast sea of ice derived conjointly from the Bernese Oberland and the Pennine Alps; and which even reached the summits of the Jura, strewing the latter with granites brought from the highest Alpine peaks. We think there

are strong reasons against accepting so startling a conclusion. It is more probable that all the country in question, westward of the eastern extremity of the Lake of Geneva, was covered by the same ocean that rolled over so much of Europe during that period; and that the Alpine glaciers so far extended beyond their present limits, that they all reached this ocean. That such changes have occurred at a time geologically recent, though historically remote, is an unquestionable fact. To inquire into the causes of those changes would be foreign to our present object; we will, therefore, turn to the records of the animal life of the glacial age, which have been handed down to us abundantly—a history more fertile in real marvels than that of *Baron Munchausen* or the *Arabian Nights*.

Were we seriously to tell the rustic whose travels never extended beyond his market-town, that the fields he is engaged in tilling were once covered with forests, the recesses of which were the home of the elephant and the rhinoceros; that in them lions, leopards, bears, and hyenas had lived, feeding upon huge bisons and thick-skinned hippopotami—the man would give his informant but one pitying look before thinking of the nearest lunatic asylum. Yet that such was the case is but a small part of the marvelous history which belongs to the Drift. But before dwelling on some of the special discoveries relating to this branch of our subject, we must make a few remarks on the present distribution of living animals. Our readers will thus learn how dominant *law* is over all the circumstances connected with the distribution of animal creation, and also how constant have been the great phenomena of nature, during past ages, in these leading features.

Zoölogists have mapped out the world into zoölogical regions or provinces. These are regions of variable size, each of which is characterized by the presence of special forms of animal life and the absence of others. Thus Australia is known by its kangaroos, opossums, and a host of allied animals, called *Marsupial*, because furnished with a *marsupium*, or abdominal pouch, in which they nurse their callow young. Africa is characterized by its huge plant-eating mammals, such as the elephant, the hippopotamus, and the giraffe, with clouds of wild antelopes, representing the deer of other climes. Along

with these are the large flesh-eating creatures—the lions and hyenas, which, notwithstanding the comfortable assurances to the contrary of Livingstone and Gordon Cumming, render traveling in that country slightly unpleasant. On crossing to South-America, we find that these creatures have disappeared, and are only represented by llamas and alpacas, suggesting no more alarming associations than Titus Salt and Bradford manufactures. A few small *Carnivora* are dignified by the natives as American lions, whilst some marsupial opossums remind us of Australia. But in the place of the African giants, we have numerous *Edentata*, as they are termed—creatures which have no front teeth, and some of them no teeth at all; the latter living in happy ignorance of that

“venomed stang  
That shoots our tortured gums along.”

The majority of these are animals that feed upon the leaves of trees; and by means of large curved claws, hang amongst their branches. Sydney Smith's description of the sloth, the best-known representative of its class, will be remembered by many of our readers. “He moves suspended, rests suspended, sleeps suspended, and passes his life in suspense—like a young clergyman distantly related to a bishop.” But besides these clumsy sloths, there is a subterranean race of armadillos, which are cased in a panoply of bony mail, and burrow like rabbits into the sandy soil. A third group of toothless ant-eaters, with snouts like prize cucumbers, and tongues like postboys' whips, demolish ants until weary of feasting, themselves, and then, rolling themselves up in their own shaggy tails, sleep in cheery defiance of both wind and weather.

The islands of New-Zealand constitute a province of a very different character. We have often realized the intense disgust of a Meltonian, or a Highland deer-stalker, on closing their first field-day on these islands. The largest land animal that could fall before their rifles would be a bat and a rat; and the last not a native, but, like themselves, an importation. In the bird line, there is the Apterix, a Welsh cousin of the ostrich, whose shortness of leg is compensated for by length of beak; its wingless body, covered with feathers that look like hairs, would leave the

hunter in doubt whether he was pursuing a bird or a beast; and after satisfying himself that he was in chase of veritable game, a sportsman with whom shooting a woodcock otherwise than flying was a worse offense than bribing a voter, would scarcely point his gun at a bird that no setter could flush. These wingless birds constitute the great feature of New-Zealand zoölogy.

In the Gallapagos Islands, a small group on the western coast of South-America, we reach an *El Dorado* of reptiles, where the traveler finds his narrow woodland path disputed by a gigantic tortoise, and his sea-bathing disturbed by the ugly proximity of a long-tailed swimming lizard.

(CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.)

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## VICTOR HUGO'S LEGEND OF THE AGES.

WE have already attempted a general criticism of M. Hugo's poetry, illustrated by some specimens from the first volume of his *Légende des Siècles*. We proceed to the conclusion of our task in reference to the second volume.

That volume contains, we are inclined to think, two pieces, at least, which, in unity of thought and finish of execution, excel every other poem in the present work. But we must confess that the general admiration which every reader can not but feel at the outset of his journey, is severely tried before its termination. There is a grand chaotic confusion about the picture of the Morning of Creation, which reconciles one to the truly French description of Eve. The remorse of Cain is full of fearful power. But as the landscape of history is unrolled by M. Hugo, the spectator at last becomes wearied, if not shocked and disgusted. "You show me," he says to the illustrious poet, "a pallid and fearful phantasmagoria, rather than the genuine legend of the Progress of Humanity. My flesh creeps; I am sick with horror, and stupefied with the fume of blood. You exhibit to me the City of Rome. I recognize the power of the representation; but I see no other shapes than those of murderers and wantons. With a wave of your magic wand, you raise up Spain and her chivalry. I see the siena and the orange-grove. I hear the rustling of the underwood in the savage pass. The stately castle rises before me. The good knight rides mailed through the valley to some deed of high

endeavor. But you blast all the scene with your terrible imagination. A band of ruffians sweeps through the country with crowned blackguards at their head. The land that lies like Eden before them is a howling wilderness behind. A shriek, unutterable, unimaginable, rings out from that nunnery. The villages send up a thick black smoke that blots the radiant lines of the sunset-sky. So is it with every landscape which your genius spreads out. From that Italian palace glide forth two figures—a sweet and sunny child is leaning upon a chivalrous old man. The maidens come and deck the little damsel to do honor to the Emperor whom she is to receive that day. The hall is garlanded with flowers, and glimmers with gold and silver plate. Why must I never think of that child without the associations of perfidy, and blood, and imperial treachery? You show me again the mountains of Switzerland. You make me hear the eagle barking in the air. But it is the same unceasing denunciation of tyranny. The same somber repetition of mean and brutal deeds. I want something more wholesome. In the work of a great poet, I am entitled to look for delight. As I read your poems, I feel wild and savage indignation. I mutter a curse. I clench my fist. I have a tear for Isora of Final; but the sum of my sentiments is not delight—it is unmitigated disgust. History, according to you, is a reeking pool in a slaughter-house. Humanity is summed up in two figures: a gigantic bully, with a golden circlet on

his ruffian-brow, cunning, cruel, sensual; and a gigantic sneak, sobbing and whimpering at his feet. Our race, made in the image of God, is divided in two portions: a few drivers, called kings, with strong lashes, and a myriad of donkeys. Is the progress of man nothing better than this? O poet! you make humanity a compound of the strong scoundrel and the weak lick-spittle. You exhibit him at last emancipated from the law of gravitation, and living in balloons somewhere near the stars. I have no great faith in him after all. A donkey will not cease to be a donkey, nor a scoundrel a scoundrel, because he is lifted up higher than Mount Blanc. The ear of a slave may tingle not less from the blow of a kingly fist considerably above the mountains of the moon than in Austria. Your humanity is not humanity. Your progress is not progress. And your legend is very like a lie. You libel history and its God."

And, together with such a failure in general purpose, smaller defects, which are overlooked in one's first delight with extraordinary genius, become more obtrusive. The versification is, no doubt, strong; but, then, it is rugged in its strength. The Alexandrines are like large rocks in some of our northern Irish districts—gray, heavy, and massive—majestic at first sight, but continued, mile after mile, with rather wearisome monotony. A tuft of wax-belled heather, a trail of wild ivy, a clump of primroses, even a yellow stain of crusting lichen, much more a wild holly, a hazel, or a briar, afford a positive relief to the strong, stern, gray stone. The exaggeration of tone throughout becomes more and more annoying. In England, where all educated men are percolated, so to speak, with classical influences, such exaggeration in a poet of M. Hugo's experience and genius would be perfectly impossible. But in France it is mistaken for power. Mr. Tennyson is said to be weak and passionless just because he is so strong and self-restrained. The constant predilection for war and murder we have before noticed. Hideous, bloody shapes holding scepters shadow every page. There is little repose. Except in *Les Pauvres Gens* there is not much that comes home to us as human—that speaks of those ordinary virtues which beautify the life of man. If a paragon of chivalry is introduced, it is probably to be betrayed and

murdered by an emperor. If a banquet is spread on the dais, it is that one may see red fingers grasping the bowl, and feel a heavy reek of death mingling with the festal odors. The melodramatic turn of the playwright and novelist is too often substituted for the gentler development of the poet. It appears, too, as if M. Hugo possessed, on the whole, rather a fancy which exaggerates tremendously than an imagination of the highest order, in the truest sense of the word. Thus of the steamer in *Pleine Mer*:

"Du dôme de Saint Paul son mât passait le faite."

How poor is this compared with Milton's description of the state of Satan! Milton's comparison tends to the Infinite; M. Hugo's is simply a thumping lie of the Kentucky stamp. And with the exaggerating, he also sometimes exhibits the diminishing effects of mere fancy. We will not have the *dura ilia* to object to:

"Arcturus, oiseau d'or, scintille dans son nid—"

It is so exquisitely pretty. But what shall we say to

"—La lueur lactée,  
La fourmillement des abîmes!"

It is rather a fancy, naturally affluent, swelled out by the physiological effects of a supper upon under-done pork cutlets, than an imagination inspired by its native grandeur. The greatness of the shapes in the primeval world in Eve is not without poetic grandeur; but what shall we say of the "Trump of Judgment," with which the second volume closes? Judæa, Archia, Spain, Turkey, Italy, are traversed. Two perpetual shadows haunt them—wickedness and justice; but wickedness much vaster and more developed than justice;—wickedness how outrageous—justice, when done, how outrageous also! It is the justice of a popular tract, in which the Sabbath-breaker is always drowned, and the swearer always drops down dead. Thus the wicked Ratbert's head is chopped off by an invisible arm, and a sword is said to have been seen drawn through a cloud to wipe away its stain. A critic of the first rank in France may well complain of M. Hugo's rapid transformations of moral facts into phantasmagoric terms.



We must close our list of complaints against M. Hugo by noticing one peculiarity of his style, which to an English ear at least is most unpleasant. This is the iteration of favorite words. The words *sombre, ombre, haillon, hydre, sinistre*, and several others catch the eye on every page.

This ungracious portion of our task need not lead to the supposition that our appreciation of M. Hugo's genius has in any degree diminished upon a more detailed study of the *Legend of the Ages*. In proportion to one's appreciation of those wonderful powers must be his irritation at so often finding them distorted and disfigured by simple caprice and affectation.

Once or twice, however, M. Hugo is worthy of himself. Charmed by his genius, and bound by the spell which he weaves, we surrender ourselves to a great master. In contemplating his work we feel dwarfed in our own eyes, and ashamed to criticise. We stand, as a tyro in painting would stand before a Claude or a Rubens—not to judge, but to study and to learn.

The Pantheistic raptures of "Le Satyre" are beyond our appreciation, and we confess beyond our understanding. "Ratbert" is, we believe, considered, in France, the gem of the whole; and truly that picture of the child Isora, and her knightly grandsire, in their castle—evening by evening coming forth from the chapel, under corridors and pillars peopled with angels mingled with knights, of which the warriors seem to salute the old man, and the spirits the child—is exceedingly beautiful. Pitiful, too—most pitiful—trembling with tears, and darkened with shadows of death, that passage where the brave and unsuspecting soldier looks with love and pride upon the *toilette* of his little darling, preparing to receive the emperor, who murders her, and holds hideous revel in the castle-hall which had been decked to receive him. Yet the horror and atrocity are to much for English tastes. But to our thought "La Rose de L'Enfante" is the most admirable thing in these volumes. The character of Philip, that stern and dangerous monarch, is drawn in a few lines of marvelous power. His slow and cautious nature, vailing its hatred for so many years, and now, at last, sending forth the great Armada, is painted and embodied

rather than described. The conception which links and yet contrasts the father and the child; the strokes which bring out the Infanta's beauty and haughtiness; above all, the poetic art which unites the child's rose with the father's fleet, and the stern moral grouping together the leaves scattered on the pond, and the ships driven on the shores of Scotland and Ireland, are nothing short of marvelous. The piece is not like one of those cathedral windows, its panes cramped together with heavy lines of lead, to which M. Emile Montégut compares Victor Hugo's poetic workmanship: it is cast at a single jet, without speck or flaw. We have attempted to render a considerable portion of it into verse; but we are sensible how much our English heroics want the *verve* and vigor of the splendid original:

"She is so little—in her hand a rose:  
A stern duenna watches where she goes.  
What sees she? Ah! she knows not—the  
clear shine  
Of waters shadowed by the birch and pine.  
What lies before? A swan with silver wing,  
The wave that murmurs to the branch's  
swing,  
Or the deep garden flowering below?  
Fair as an angel frozen into snow,  
The child looks on, and hardly seems to  
know.

"As in a depth of glory far away,  
Down the green park, a lofty palace lay,  
There, drank the deer from many a crystal  
pond,  
And the starred peacock gemmed the shade  
beyond.  
Around that child all nature shone more  
bright;  
Her innocence was as an added light.  
Rubies and diamonds strewed the grass she  
trode.  
And jets of sapphire from the dolphins flowed.

"Still at the water's side she holds her place—  
Her boddice slight is set with Genoa lace;  
Over her rich robe, through every satin fold,  
Wanders an arabesque in threads of gold.  
From its green urn the rose unfolding grand  
Weighs down the exquisite smallness of her  
hand.  
And when the child bends to the red leaf's  
tip,  
Her laughing nostril, and her carmine lip,  
The royal flower purpureal, kissing there,  
Hides more than half that young face bright  
and fair;  
So that the eye deceived can scarcely speak  
Where shows the rose, or where the rose-red  
cheek.

Her eyes look bluer from their dark brown frame:

Sweet eyes, sweet form, and Mary's sweeter name.

All joy, enchantment, perfume, waits she there,

Heaven in her glance, her very name a prayer.

"Yet 'neath the sky, and before life and fate,  
Poor child! she feels herself so vaguely great.  
With stately grace she gives her presence high

To dawn, to spring, to shadows flitting by,  
To the dark sunset glories of the heaven,  
And all the wild magnificence of even;  
On nature waits, eternal and serene,  
With all the graveness of a little queen.  
She never sees a man but on his knee,  
She Duchess of Brabant one day will be,  
Or rule Sardinia, or the Flemish crowd:  
She is the Infanta, five years old, and proud.

"Thus is it with king's children, for they wear  
A shadowy circlet on their forehead fair;  
Their tottering steps are towards a kingly chair.

Calmly she waits, and breathes her gathered flower,  
Till one shall cull for her imperial power.  
Already her eye saith, 'It is my right;'  
Even love flows from her, mingled with af-  
fright.

If some one seeing her, so fragile stand,  
Were it to save her, should put forth his hand,  
Ere he had made a step, or breathed a vow,  
The scaffold's shadow were upon his brow.

"While the child laughs, beyond the bastion thick

Of that vast palace, Roman Catholic,  
Whose every turret, like a miter, shows,  
Behind the lattice something fearful goes.  
Men shake to see a shadow from beneath  
Passing from pane to pane, like vapory wreath,  
Pale, black, and still, it glides from room to  
room,

Or stands a whole day, motionless in its gloom,

In the same spot, like ghost upon a tomb,  
Or glues its dark brow to the casement wan,  
Dim shade that lengthens as the night draws  
on.

Its step funereal lingers like the swing  
Of passing bell—'tis death, or else the king.

"'Tis he, the man by whom men live and die;  
But could one look beyond that phantom eye,  
As by the wall he leans a little space,  
And see what shadows fill his soul's dark  
place.

Not the fair child, the waters clear, the flowers  
Golden with sunset—not the birds, the  
bowers—

No; 'neath that eye, those fatal brows that  
keep

The fathomless brain, like ocean, dark and  
deep.

There, as in moving mirage, should one find  
A fleet of ships that go before the wind:  
On the foamed wave, and 'neath the starlight  
pale,

The strain and rattle of a fleet in sail,  
And through the fog an isle on her white rock  
Hearkening from far the thunder's coming  
shock.

"Still by the water's edge doth silent stand  
The Infanta, with the rose-flower in her hand,  
Caresses it with eyes as blue as heaven;  
Sudden a breeze, such breeze as panting even  
From her full heart flings out to field and  
broke,

Ruffles the waters, bids the rushes shake,  
And makes through all their green recesses  
swell

The massive myrtle and the asphodel.  
To the fair child it comes, and tears away  
On its strong wing the rose-flower from the  
spray.

On the wild waters casts it bruised and torn,  
And the Infanta only holds a thorn.  
Frightened, perplexed, she follows with her  
eyes

Into the basin where her ruin lies,  
Looks up to heaven, and questions of the  
breeze

That had not feared her highness to displease;  
But all the pond is changed, anon so clear,  
Now black it swells, as though with rage and  
fear;

A mimic sea, its small waves rise and fall,  
And the poor rose is broken by them all:  
Its hundred leaves tossed wildly round and  
round

Beneath a thousand waves are whelmed and  
drowned.

It was a foundering fleet you might have said;  
And the duenna with her face of shade:  
'Madam,' for she had marked her ruffled  
mind,

'All things belong to princes—but the wind.'

Another piece which we can not resist  
the pleasure of citing, is "Les Pauvres  
Gens." We heartily wish that M. Hugo  
may be tempted to give us more of this  
gentle and wholesome vein in the volumes  
which he promises:

#### THE POOR.

"'Tis night: within the close-shut cabin door,  
The room is wrapped in gloom, save where  
there fall  
Some twilight rays that creep along the floor,  
And show the fisher's nets upon the wall.

"In the dim corner, from the oaken chest  
A few white dishes glimmer; through the  
shade

Stands a tall bed with dusky curtains dressed,  
And a rough mattress at its side is laid.

- "Five children on that long low mattress lie —  
A nest of little souls, it heaves with dreams;  
In the high chimney the last embers die,  
And redden the dark roof with crimson gleams.
- "The mother kneels and thinks, and pale with fear,  
She prays alone, hearing the billows shout;  
While to wild winds, to rocks, to midnight drear,  
The ominous old ocean sobs without.
- "Poor wives of fishers! Ah! 'tis sad to say,  
Our sons, our husbands, all that we love best,  
Our hearts, our souls, are on those waves away,  
Those ravening wolves that know nor ruth nor rest.
- "Think how they sport with those beloved forms;  
And how the clarion-blowing wind unties  
Above their heads the tresses of the storms;  
Perchance even now the child, the husband, dies.
- "For we can never tell where they may be  
Who, to make head against the tide and gale,  
Between them and the starless, soundless sea  
Have but one bit of plank, with one poor sail.
- "Terrible fear! We seek the pebbly shore,  
Cry to the rising billows: 'Bring them home.'  
Alas! what answer gives their troubled roar  
To the dark thought that haunts us as we roam.
- "Janet is sad: her husband is alone,  
Wrapped in the black shroud of this bitter night:  
His children are so little, there is none  
To give him aid. 'Were they but old they might.'  
Ah! mother, when they too are on the main,  
How wilt thou weep: 'Would they were young again!'
- "She takes her lantern—'tis his hour at last:  
She will go forth, and see if the day breaks,  
And if his signal-fire be at the mast;  
Ah! no, not yet—no breath of morning wakes.
- "No line of light o'er the dark waters lies;  
It rains, it rains, how black is rain at morn:  
The day comes trembling, and the young dawn cries,  
Cries like a baby fearing to be born.
- "Sudden her human eyes that peer and watch  
Through the deep shade, a moldering dwelling find,  
No light within—the thin door shakes—the thatch  
O'er the green walls is twisted of the wind,
- "Yellow, and dirty, as a swollen rill.  
'Ah me!' she saith, 'Here doth that widow dwell;  
Few days ago my good man left her ill:  
I will go in, and see if all be well.'
- "She strikes the door, she listens, none replies,  
And Janet shudders. 'Husbandless, alone,  
And with two children—they have scant supplies.  
Good neighbor! She sleeps heavy as a stone.'
- "She calls again, she knocks, 'tis silence still;  
No sound, no answer—suddenly the door,  
As if the senseless creature felt some thrill  
Of pity, turned, and open lay before.
- "She entered, and her lantern lighted all  
The house so silent; by the rude waves' din,  
Through the thin roof the plashing rain-drops fall.  
But something terrible is couched within.
- "Half-clothed, dark-featured, motionless lay she,  
The once strong mother, now devoid of life;  
Disheveled specter of dead misery,  
All that the poor leaves after his long strife.
- "The cold and livid arm, already stiff,  
Hung o'er the soaked straw of her wretched bed.  
The mouth lay open horribly, as if  
The parting soul with a great cry had fled.
- "That cry of death that startles the dim ear  
Of vast eternity. And all the while,  
Two little children in one cradle near,  
Slept face to face, on each sweet face a smile.
- "The dying mother o'er them, as they lay,  
Had cast her gown, and wrapped her mantle's fold;  
Feeling chill death creep up, she willed that they  
Should yet be warm while she was lying cold.
- "Rocked by their own weight, sweetly sleep the twain,  
With even breath, and foreheads calm and clear;  
So sound that the last trump might call in vain;  
For being innocent, they have no fear.
- "Still howls the wind, and ever a drop slides  
Through the old rafters, where the thatch is weak,  
On the dead woman's face it falls, and glides  
Like living tears along her hollow cheek.
- "And the dull wave sounds ever like a bell,  
The dead lies still, and listens to the strain;  
For when the radiant spirit leaves its shell,  
The poor corpse seems to call it back again.
- "It seeks the soul through the air's dim expanse;  
And the pale lip saith to the sunken eye:  
Where is the beauty of thy kindling glance?

And where thy balmy breath? It makes  
reply:

"Alas! live, love, find primroses in spring,  
Fate hath one end for festival and tear;  
Bid your hearts vibrate, let your glasses ring;  
But as dark ocean drinks each streamlet clear,

"So, for the kisses that delight the flesh,  
For mother's worship, and for children's  
bloom,  
For song, for smile, for love, so fair and fresh,  
For laugh, for dance, there is one goal—the  
tomb.

"And why does Janet pass so fast away?  
What hath she done within that house of  
dread?

What foldeth she beneath her mantle gray?  
And hurries home, and hides it in her bed:  
With half-averted face, and nervous tread,  
What hath she stolen from the awful dead?

"The dawn was whitening over the sea's verge  
As she sat pensive, touching broken chords  
Of half-remorseful thought, while the hoarse  
surge  
Howled a sad concert to her broken words.

"Ah! my poor husband! we had five before,  
Already so much care, so much to find,  
For he must work for all. I give him more.  
What was that noise? His step! Ah! no—  
the wind.

"That I should be afraid of him I love!  
I have done ill. If he should beat me now,  
I would not blame him. Did not the door  
move?

Not yet, poor man!" She sits with careful  
brow  
Wrapped in her inward grief; nor hears the  
roar  
Of winds and waves that dash against his  
prow,  
Nor the black cormorant shrieking on the  
shore.

"Sudden the door flies open wide, and lets  
Noisily in the dawn-light scarcely clear,  
And the good fisher dragging his damp nets,  
Stands on the threshold, with a joyous cheer.

"'Tis thou," she cries, and eager as a lover,  
Leaps up and holds her husband to her breast;  
Her greeting kisses all his vesture cover;  
'Tis I, good wife!" and his broad face ex-  
pressed

"How gay his heart that Janet's love made  
light;

'What weather was it?' 'Hard.' 'Your  
fishing?' 'Bad.  
The sea was like a nest of thieves to-night;  
But I embrace thee, and my heart is glad.

"There was a devil in the wind that blew;  
I tore my net, caught nothing, broke my line,  
And once I thought the bark was broke too.  
What did you all the night long, Janet mine?"

"She, trembling in the darkness, answered: 'I?  
Oh! nought—I sewed, I watched, I was afraid,  
The waves were loud as thunders from the  
sky;

But it is over.' Shyly then, she said:

"Our neighbor died last night; it must have  
been

When you were gone. She left two little  
ones,  
So small, so frail, William and Madeline;  
The one just lips, the other scarcely runs.'

"The man looked grave, and in the corner cast  
His old fur bonnet, wet with rain and sea;  
Muttered a while, and scratched his head—at  
last,

'We have five children, this makes seven,'  
said he.

"Already in bad weather we must sleep  
Sometimes without our supper. Now. Ah!  
well—

'Tis not my fault. These accidents are deep;  
It was the good God's will. I can not tell.

"Why did he take the mother from those  
scraps,

No bigger than my fist? 'Tis hard to read:  
A learned man might understand perhaps—  
So little, they can neither work nor need.

"Go fetch them, wife; they will be frightened  
sore,

If with the dead alone they waken thus.  
That was the mother knocking at our door,  
And we must take the children home to us.

"Brother and sister shall they be to ours,  
And they will learn to climb my knee at  
even;

When he shall see these strangers in our  
bowers,  
More fish, more food, will give the God of  
heaven.

"I will work harder; I will drink no wine—  
Go fetch them. Wherefore dost thou linger,  
dear?

Not thus were wont to move those feet of  
thine.'

She drew the curtain, saying: 'They are  
here.'

"Le Régiment du Baron Madruce" con-  
tains some superb invectives against those  
Swiss mercenaries who sold themselves to  
do the work of tyrants. The pictures of  
Alpine scenery interwoven with the decla-  
mation are very noble:

"When the regiment of the Halberdiers is  
proudly marching by,

The eagle of the mountains screams from out  
his stormy sky;

Who speaketh to the precipice, and to the  
chasm sheer;

Who hovers o'er the thrones of kings, and  
bids the caitiffs fear.



King of the peak and glacier; king of the cold,  
white scalps—

He lifts his head, at that close tread, the eagle  
of the Alps.

O shame! those men that march below. O  
ignominy dire!

Are the sons of my free mountains sold for  
imperial hire?

Ah! the vilest in the dungeon, ah! the slave  
upon the seas,

Is great, is pure, is glorious, is grand com-  
pared with these,

Who, born amid my holy rocks, in solemn  
places high,

Where the tall pines bend like rushes when  
the storm goes sweeping by;

Yet give the strength of foot they learned by  
perilous path and flood,

And from their blue-eyed mothers won, the  
old, mysterious blood;

The daring that the good south wind into  
their nostrils blew,

And the proud swelling of the heart with each  
pure breath they drew;

The graces of the mountain glens, with flowers  
in summer gay;

And all the glory of the hills, to earn a lack-  
ey's pay.

Their country free and joyous — she of the  
rugged sides—

She of the rough peaks arrogant, whereon  
the tempest rides:

Mother of the unconquered thought and of the  
savage form,

Who brings out of her sturdy heart the hero  
and the storm;

Who giveth freedom unto man and life unto  
the beast;

Who hears her silver torrents ring like joy-  
bells at a feast;

Who hath her caves for palaces, and where  
her chalets stand—

The proud old archer of Altorf, with his good  
bow in his hand.

Is she to suckle jailers? shall shame and  
glory rest,

Amid her lakes and mountains, like twins  
upon her breast?

Shall the two-headed eagle, marked with her  
double blow,

Drink of her milk through all those hearts  
whose blood he bids to flow?

Say was it pomp ye needed, and all the proud  
array

Of courtly joust and high parade upon a gala  
day?

Look up; have not my valleys their torrents  
white with foam—

Their lines of silver bullion on the blue hills  
of home?

Doth not sweet May embroider my rocks with  
pearls and flowers?

Her fingers trace a richer lace than yours in  
all my bowers.

Are not my old peaks gilded when the sun  
rises proud,

And each one shakes a white mist plume out  
of the thunder-cloud?

O neighbors of the golden sky! sons of the  
mountain sod!

Why wear a base king's colors for the livery  
of God?

O shame! despair! to see my Alps their  
shadows fling

Into the very waiting-room of tyrant and of  
king!

O thou deep heaven! unsullied yet, into thy  
gulfs sublime—

Up azure tracks of flaming light—let my free  
pinion climb;

Till from my sight, in that clear light, earth  
and her crimes be gone—

The men who act the evil deeds—the caitiffs  
who look on.

Far, far into that space immense, beyond the  
vast white veil,

Where distant stars come out and shine, and  
the great sun grows pale."

M. Hugo's critics in France consider that he possesses one faculty in a preëminent degree—the faculty of Homer and of Milton—which enables them to select those names of persons and of places that, by some subtle affinity, are most proper for poetry, and to invest them with brief but expressive predicates, full of picturesque or historical meaning.

We can not conclude without again giving expression to the same sentiment with which we closed the first volume. The poet of Humanity *must* fail who kneels not at the feet of Christ. Who does not feel that this work is truncated and extravagant—a splendid dream of inspired madness rather than an earnest effort of true moral and intellectual greatness? This Legend of History closes with a glimpse into the future. The "Twentieth Century" is its fourteenth section. It is taken up with "Pleine Mer" and "Pleine Ciel." Then comes an *extravaganza*, "Hors des Temps. La Trompette du Jugement." The nations, after all their battles and turmoil, at last find repose. How does the reader suppose? Why, by being emancipated from the law of gravitation!

"Défaite brusquement par l'invisible main,  
*La pesanteur*, liée au pied du genre humain,  
Se brisa, cette chaîne était toutes les chaînes!  
Tout s'envola dans l'homme les fureurs, les  
haines,  
L'ignorance et l'erreur, la misère et la faim,  
Le droit divin des rois, les faux dieux Juifs  
ou guébres."

And again—

"Hors de la pesanteur, c'est l'avenir fondé."

Taking advantage, we suspect, of Madame de Staël's fine saying, that "there is a point at which the genius of Newton and that of Homer meet," the poet observes of this ballooning of the twentieth century in its intellectual results:

"On voit s'envoler le calcul de Newton,  
Monté sur l'ode de Pindare."

As to its spiritual effect:

"Il mêle presque à Dieu l'âme du genre humain."

We do not know whether any of this strange rhapsody is derived from those mentioned by Cicero in his Tusculan Questions, who held that the soul, disengaged from the body by death, must rise to the higher regions of the air on account of its extreme tenuity. The rarity and pureness of its nature these dreamers maintained must cause it to soar above the grosser atmosphere of the earth, until it comes to a height where it finds the density and temperature congenial to itself. M. Hugo tells us that our race in this aeronaut condition will be emancipated from hunger. These philosophers added, that the soul, in its elevated position, will want nothing, "being nourished and sustained by the same things where-with the stars are nourished and sustained." Had the muse of this great poet been baptized in Christianity, it would have exchanged its wild and puerile affections for eternal truths. For perpetual murders and battles we should have had themes more consonant with the heart of man. St. Bernard and St. Louis would have filled the place occupied by Ratbert and his favorite prelate. The Past would have had less terror; the Future, how much more hope! Standing on the altars of Calvary, in the Personal victim expiring on the Cross, the poet would

have seen at once the exhibition of perfect virtue, and the Reconciliation, which is the hope of our fallen race. Taught by the first, he would have known and recognized the genuine aspect of moral beauty from its likeness to that archetype. Bowed down in gratitude before the second, his anticipations of the recovery and glory of our humanity — crowned, emancipated, and "enskiéd" — would have had a more solid basis than this vision of impossible balloons. For a vague philosophy of the Absolute and Infinite, for a God—if God he can be called—who is a dreadful Immensity, we should have had one, who indeed

"Full of himself, Almighty sate, his own  
Palace, and without solitude alone,"

yet leans down his ear to all his children's prayers, and manifests to them his eternal love by the sacrifice of his Son. He would have gained, we venture to think, in power over the heart of man, and in poetical beauty, not less than in truth. Would that from this land of an open Bible these words of a poet no less illustrious than himself might reach M. Hugo: "It is not without grief and indignation that I behold that divine science employing all her inexhaustible riches of wit and eloquence on the confused dreams of senseless fables and metamorphoses. Amongst all holy and consecrated things which the devil ever stole and alienated from the service of God, there is none that he so universally and so long usurped as poetry. It is time to recover it out of the tyrant's hands, and to restore it to the Kingdom of God, who is the Father of it. It is time to baptize it in Jordan, for it will never become clean by bathing in the waters of Damascus."\*

\* Cowley.

A PAINFUL RUMOR has been the topic of conversation in literary circles during the past week. It appears that three large chests full of manuscripts, left by the celebrated Dr. Geo. Hicke, the deprived Dean of Worcester, were consigned to his bankers after his decease. Owing to the dissolution of the firm, the premises have been lately cleared out, and the whole of these valuable documents committed to the flames in one of the furnaces at the New River head!

THE PROPOSED GREAT EXHIBITION IN 1862.—The project, originated by the council of the Society of Arts, of holding another Great Exhibition in London, in 1862, has, we are told, received countenance and support "from the highest quarters, both at home and abroad." The council, it is stated, are actively engaged in completing the preliminary arrangements for this grand international undertaking, and we are promised "very shortly" a public announcement on the subject.

From Titan.

## BEATRICE RINGTON.\*

"In youth we do false worship to false gods  
Formed from our fancies, and we think we love!  
Our hero dashed from his frail pinnacle,  
We weep! our tears wash clear our eyes—we see!  
From henceforth are content to love a man,  
No demi-god, no hero, but a man:  
Truth, faith, affection, the good gifts we prize."

### CHAPTER V.

A MILD September afternoon; a quiet sea-side scene; a level strip of sheltered beach, with sunny water rippling in murmuringly; sand, sea, sward, steeped in a soft radiance.

Mrs. Smith sits leaning against a superannuated boat, knitting. Fleda plays with shells at her side, and sings a low song to her ain sel'.

Close to the edge of the water, Beatrice and Eldon pace up and down slowly, she leaning on his arm.

"Are you tired, Beatrice?" Eldon asked.

"No; I feel strong and well this evening. Eldon, now you must tell me all."

"Do not care to hear it, dear. I have little to tell; nothing good."

"I must hear it. Tell me now, while I feel as if nothing could ruffle this beautiful peace."

"You want to know what passed between me and—and—Tyremain when you were ill?"

"Yes."

"I did not see him or hear of him for a great many days after that evening. I did not leave you, and he did not come to the house, though it was known far and wide that you were very ill—at the point of death, as we cruelly feared. One day when you were at the worst, I met him on the hills. I was riding home from Kingcross, where I had been to summon Dr. Beale. He was strolling on with that dreamy face of his. I hated him when I saw his unconcerned look. But I was

quiet; I am when I am very angry, you know. I told him you were dying. For a moment he looked startled and shocked, but he answered absently that he was grieved. If ever I felt the passion that makes men murderers it was then. But Beatrice, I remembered that you had thought you loved him, and I was gentle, and patient. I asked an explanation of his position with regard to you. He said he had none to give, and did not know what needed explanation. I was patient still. I told him that if you lived, if you indeed loved him, and if he desired to make you his wife—if he loved you—I would welcome him as a brother, and stand his friend through life." Eldon paused long. Beatrice pressed one hand tight and close against her heart before she could say, "Go on," quietly.

"Beatrice, forgive me; I can not think of him without anger. He is a heartless egotist, an unprincipled——"

"Hush! do not speak so; that pains me, Eldon."

"Well, bare facts then. He hardly seemed to hear all I said, but when I had finished he scornfully thanked me, but he had no intention of marrying. He said Nature was his wife; he should not fetter his genius by earthly ties; he believed that you understood him, and that you had made no such mistake as I had done. As a poet, he had loved and worshiped your beauty, and—but I need tell you no more of the sophistical stuff he talked."

"No; this is enough, Eldon. Thank you, good, true brother."

"Beatrice, you must come home; you look pale."

"I will go, Eldon; do not be sad about

\* Concluded from page 553.

me, and do not think angrily of him. It is true that you did not understand—that I did not. I shall be very happy. I learned a great many things when I looked death in the face, and I feel quite changed. I trust that I shall never again be tossed about as I have been. I think, Eldon, that I have cast anchor in a safe haven at last. See how nautical my phraseology is getting, from being here so long," she added, with a faint smile. Eldon stumbled a little as he led his sister up the beach and the cottage garden walk; his eyes were rather dim.

That night, after long looking out over a quiet sea, with a face as quiet, Beatrice sought out that disused little green and gold book, and after much scrutiny of its written pages, wrote on the last blank page but one:

"I suppose that it is my womanly love of completeness that impels me to write the end, where I wrote passages of progress. It was a sharp blow; a pitiful Father has made sharpest pains shortest. If I had loved worthily, and he I loved were dead, then there could be no end: I would just go on loving till my death. It seems to me that love can only end when it has been lavished on a phantom—the phantom fading, the love returns to the heart that loved. How can I feel so calm? Shall I by and by have my veil of peace torn aside? I trust in God no. Perhaps I never loved him. I can pray for him as pitifully and as earnestly as a mother for an erring child; but I shall never again even fancy that I love him. I, too, was an erring child—how proud and ambitious! I dreamt of gazing at my own flattered reflection till I grew like unto it. This was to be the aim of my life! I thought to be an impersonated inspiration, a sibyl, a Muse—not a simple loving woman loved again. The mirror became cloudy; I started afrighted from a passionate perversion. The mirror only showed prophetically what might have been; for I was but a woman desiring love, wearying of mystical worship. Infinite thanks to God, who has lovingly chasteneth me, who watched my weakness, and was my strong defense."

Miss Rington was very much changed, people said, when she settled at home again. That was not very soon, for the winter and spring after her illness were spent abroad.

"Do you see any great change, Mrs. Smith?" Eldon asked, coming home from a round of visits, during which the remark had been repeated to him often.

"No change you need mind, Mr. Rington. I think your sister is now looking more thoroughly healthy than she has ever done since I have known her."

"I am very glad; she certainly does seem well." The kind brother looked glad and happy.

"I always thought Beatrice"—till lately Mrs. Smith had seldom used her Christian name—"would be better if she led a quieter life, quieter as to her mind I mean. I told her so, but she said I was mistaken; that she needed to be in earnest, desperate about something, and, failing other occupations, must study hard and improve herself. That flighty Mr. Tyreman worried her dreadfully with his German, music, poetry, and startling talk. She's very excitable, and it would have killed her to be with him daily for long, I think; there was no peace when he was present, and I have seen her sink down thoroughly exhausted when he has left."

"And she leads a different kind of life now, doesn't she?"

"Yes; she teaches Elfreda, attends to the house, makes friends with the poor people round, and goes to bed of a night tired enough to sleep well; instead of with a head so full of thoughts and fancies as to keep her awake more than half the night through. Now she bids fair to become a healthy, active, sensible woman."

Eldon smiled. Ay, she might be a "healthy, active, sensible woman"—what better could she be? Yet something more than this his beautiful young enthusiast would surely remain. There had never been much sympathy between Mrs. Smith and Miss Rington; latterly they had approached a little nearer. Eldon watched these approaches as presages of good—why, he hardly knew, save that Mrs. Smith was almost as warm a friend to Mr. Anniston, as was little Fleda.

"Christmas will be here soon," Eldon remarked, as he stood with his arm round Beatrice, watching the country whitened by the first fall of snow. "Last winter we were abroad, and had no real English Christmas."

"Now we seem likely to have severe weather."

"Yes, Beatrice;" he turned his head from her and looked out intently. "I



should like to ask Henry Anniston to spend his Christmas with us. He has a lonely life now since his uncle's death. May I ask him here?"

"It is hard that you should be kept apart. Yes, ask him. And, Eldon, I will go and stay with Aunt Fenton a little while; you know how she wants me." Beatrice spoke with tremulous earnestness, and without looking at her brother.

"I could not ask Anniston on condition of losing you. Do you dislike him so much, Beatrice, that you can not be in the same house with him?" Eldon asked sadly.

"No, it is not that, Eldon. I do not dislike him; but if he still cares for me, as you say, I can not meet him yet."

"I believe I was right in my estimate of his faithfulness."

"Then, Eldon, either do not ask him, or do let me go."

"Eldon moved his arm from round her, and stood looking out into the gray day gloomily. He did not see the changes that came over Beatrice's face. She wavered irresolutely where she stood, then turned away, and sat down to bend over her work. After a few moments of unbroken silence, she glanced at Eldon, then went to him. Standing behind him and leaning her cheek against his shoulder, she said:

"Do not look so sad, Eldon. You do not understand me; I must explain. If Mr. Anniston did not care for me any longer, if I knew that he loved some one else now, I should be very glad to see him, but——"

Eldon had turned and taken her hand, and she faltered beneath his observant look, then went on bravely, "But if we met now, he still caring for me, I might grow to care for him, and——"

"A most desirable catastrophe. I wish nothing better."

"No, Eldon, listen. I mean that I might like him well enough to consent to marry him. I might mistake my own heart, thinking that I could make him happy, and it would be a mistake. I could not make him happy in some things. I am not worthy of him yet."

"Hey! of that he would be the best judge. If he were content——"

"Indeed, no. No woman ought to marry a man, true and faithful as you say that Mr. Anniston is, unless she is sure that she loves him with her whole power

of loving. Eldon, I will not meet Mr. Anniston yet, not till I am more sure of my own heart. I may soon be able to try myself. I do not think you need fear the result."

"But——"

"And, Eldon, I *will* go to Aunt Fenton's, and he will come here. It is so hard that you should never see your friend, and Fleda and Mrs. Smith will enjoy his coming. There are other reasons why I should like to pay this visit."

"You shall go, Beatrice, though I do not much like Mrs. Fenton or her friends; but you are no child now."

"No child, indeed! I am becoming an elderly person. I am three and twenty, Eldon," Beatrice answered, smiling rather sadly.

"And you are changed, Beatrice."

"Much?" she asked, with a glance at the mirror that seemed to expect to detect wrinkles and gray hairs."

"Very much, Beatrice: you are more sweet, more womanly in the best sense, more beautiful than you were a few years ago."

"Eldon, you flatter me."

"He doesn't," Fleda, who had just come in, cried. "It is all true; every one says so;" and she threw herself upon her sister with childish vehemence.

Beatrice kissed her fondly, then went away to cry a little very quietly as she prepared for her visit to the Fentons—a visit which at her heart she felt a dreary exile. She had to go at once, while the roads were passable, as every one prophesied a continuous fall of snow, and the ways were narrow and rough.

## CHAPTER VI.

"We are expecting an old admirer of yours, Beatrice," Mrs. Fenton said, as she sat watching her fair niece's toilet, on the afternoon of her arrival.

"Do you mean Mr. Tyremain?" Beatrice asked quite composedly.

"Yes. Are you surprised?"

"I knew he was in the neighborhood, but I did not know that you were acquainted with him."

"We are not at present, though I have seen him. A friend is to bring him. These lions are not particular as to who lionizes them. He is making a triumphal progress after his last book; why, I don't

know, for he receives compliments with a scornful contempt, as if the offerers insulted him. This goes down well now, but people don't put up with that sort of treatment long. Mr. Tyremain has been to America lately, to try a new life in a new world, but he rushed back again disgusted. There are all sorts of stories told about him: that he is in love, but has vowed never to marry, etc. etc. He is generally envied, and I should think, to judge from his look, is sufficiently miserable, even for a poet."

Beatrice made no remark, and Mrs. Fenton questioned:

"You knew him very well, Beatrice? He is distantly related to your father's family."

"Yes; and we saw a great deal of him at one time."

"I wonder I never heard you speak of him."

"It was during the summer you were abroad that he was most with us."

"Ah! it is possible that what I have heard said is true then."

"What may that be?" Beatrice arranged her hair on a cheek that confessed no extra tinge of color.

"Have you seen Mr. Tyremain's book?"

"No."  
"It contains a series of poems—the gems of the volume—all addressed to one lady, mostly descriptive of her beauty, and his feelings towards her in different places and under different circumstances. I have been told that my niece, Beatrice Rington, is the beauty so addressed. Is it likely?"

"It is possible."

"There are poems called 'Evening,' and 'Morning,' 'By the Seaside,' and 'In the Moonlight,' which some people rave about, (partly because they can't understand them, and wont say so I think.) But, Beatrice, it is too bad if he really mixed up his idealized portraits of you with the love-nonsense written to the Beauty of his poems; for he is not too particular in his expressions, and intimates that the mysterious Beauty loves him passionately, and so on. I do not think I can forgive him that; it does a girl harm to be talked about as you will be."

Beatrice sat down; a little weariness and a little scorn in her face. She only said:

"I am sorry; Eldon will not like it."

"Never mind Eldon; I was not thinking of him, but of any man who may wish to marry you, Beatrice. This is the worst of knowing such kind of people; they have no scruple about abusing the confidences of private life; they make use of any thing, however sacred, as so much *matériel*—one is never safe. If I had known this, young Tyremain shouldn't have come here; he must be quite an unprincipled person." Mrs. Fenton was talking herself angry as fast as she could. Beatrice answered:

"Mr. Tyremain is, I think, mistaken in his notions of right, but he strives to be true to his own idea of what he is as a poet; there is some merit in that. His book will do me no harm, Aunt Fenton. I have done nothing wrong, though I have done many foolish things. It *will* do me harm to have a fuss made."

"I believe you are right, child, and we must take things quietly." As Beatrice rose, saying that she was ready to go down, Mrs. Fenton surveyed her curiously, then said:

"There is some excuse for him. You are very handsome, Beatrice; I do wonder you have not married. Eldon keeps you mewed up too much. The last year has improved you wonderfully—given your figure and manner just the something they wanted. But I am forgetting; it is just dinner time, and I am not ready. Go down to the drawing-room, my dear, and amuse yourself with glancing over Mr. Tyremain's book, if you are sure it won't vex you; it lies on my work-table."

Beatrice was not sorry to be dismissed. The large drawing-room was empty, and only lighted by a blazing fire. Once or twice she thoughtfully paced up and down it, now in shadow, now with the fire-light flashing on her silk and jewels. Then she paused by her aunt's work-table, placed in the snuggest fireside corner; she sank into a luxurious chair, and took up that daintily-bound volume which she somewhat dreaded to open.

There was quite light enough. Beatrice read page after page, and a crimson spot on each cheek burnt brighter and brighter with indignation and shame at her former admiration of what she now thoroughly disliked. Independent of all personal feeling, there was so much in the matter and manner of those poems which her mature taste strongly contemned.

Presently she looked from the book to see Mr. Tyremain advancing slowly up the room. He had not recognized her, and started when she spoke. Could he be so fortunate? The flickering light might have deceived him, but he could not be mistaken in the voice. His whole face kindled, and his eyes flashed upon her one of the old glances. She spoke again, and something in the quiet voice checked his excitement. Perhaps he was mistaken in thinking he spoke to Miss Rington. She had taken a new name; perhaps was the Mrs. Fenton to whom he was to be introduced? The mistress of this house?

"Mrs. Fenton is my aunt. I am Beatrice Rington," she answered.

A servant came in and lighted the lamps. Mr. Tyremain looked anxiously at Beatrice when the blaze of soft light fell full upon her. She could not suppress a slight smile; he saw it, and said softly, with a sigh:

"Yes, you are altered."

"I believe that I am in every way."

Her dignity of manner stopped the words forming on his lips; but his look said quite enough of his admiration of whatever change he discovered.

"Mrs. Fenton recommended your Poems to my notice," she said, seeing him glance at the book still lying on her lap.

"Had I dared, their dedication to you should have proclaimed them yours to all the world."

Mr. Fenton's entrance, and soon after his wife's, stopped the conversation. Mr. Tyremain had chosen to precede the friend who was to have introduced him, so Beatrice did him that service. Mrs. Fenton entertained her guest with mingled compliment and criticism. Beatrice turned her attention inward. Had this sudden meeting moved her? Only in a manner which showed her yet more plainly than ever how all her sentiments had changed. She fell into a thoughtful mood; but when she became conscious how often Mr. Tyremain's eyes rested upon her, roused herself, lest he should misinterpret her thoughtfulness. A few other guests arrived; dinner was announced, and Beatrice found herself seated at table, and replying with sufficient animation to Mr. Fenton's remarks on the weather, and other exciting topics.

Presently a Mr. Laine, a gentleman

whom she had met before, led her to the statement and defense of her own somewhat peculiar opinion of a lately published and much-admired book.

During the discussion, Mr. Tyremain was silent, very inattentive to his hostess, watching Beatrice's face.

"In soliciting support, I perhaps acknowledge myself vanquished; but I must ask you, Tyremain, if you can allow such treason to pass unchastised?" Mr. Laine said.

So challenged, Mr. Tyremain exerted himself. He strove to dazzle and perplex Beatrice, and so entangle her; but she would not go out of her depth—her calm simple manner of maintaining her own opinion baffled him. He felt conquered, though he was hailed a victor. His brilliant wit and fine-drawn subtleties were universally applauded; but he was any thing but content, while Beatrice would only say, with a quite smile:

"Be satisfied with your triumph, Mr. Tyremain; you know that we women are obstinate, and not to be convinced by reasoning."

When Beatrice went to the piano that evening Mr. Tyremain followed. He asked her for music she used to play, songs she used to sing, some of them his own composition. She sang what he asked for, or excused herself because she had forgotten, in a way that pained him equally. There was no blushing hesitation; nothing that told of agitation, or of memories of pain and passion.

"You did not sing this as you used to do, Beatrice," he said reproachfully, pointing to a poem of his she had sung; saying her name tenderly and timidly, so low that no one else could hear him.

"Perhaps not; I do not admire it as I used to do. I am altered in trifles, as well as in greater things. I have left many things behind me forever—fancies and follies."

She spoke low, but with cold distinctness; then turned away to address Mr. Laine. She left the piano to seat herself by Mrs. Fenton.

"You can take care of yourself, I see, Beatrice," her aunt remarked, as she noted the girl's stately demeanor and Mr. Tyremain's look of discomfiture.

"She is angry and resentful; any thing is better than indifference," Mr. Tyremain said presently, the old half-smile of conscious power flickering on his mouth; but

he doubted the truth of this comfortable assurance when he found from experience that it was more a want of sympathy between them than any animosity on Beatrice's part that kept him from making any way with her.

During the next few days new guests were constantly arriving. Mr. Tyremain, who chose to be brilliant, and to make a display of his versatile gifts, fascinated every body, and was besieged by the flatteries of ladies, young and middle-aged; but he watched Beatrice with an unvarying intentness that grew absolutely painful to her, and was undisguised enough to attract the notice and provoke the comments of the whole circle. Once or twice, too, there was a touching earnestness in the humble solicitude of his manner towards her that made Beatrice's heart ache; it was in such strange contrast with his demeanor to every one else, with his former demeanor to her. Miss Rington was envied and condemned by all the poet's court of devoted admirers.

Beatrice grew very weary of her gay banishment, and longed for quiet and home. She had had no letters from Eldon, and felt sick and sad of heart—inclined to accuse Eldon of unkindly forgetting her, now that he had the society of his friend.

She had been from home nearly a fortnight, when she sat at her work in the breakfast-room one morning, plunged so deep in thought, that, one after one, the numerous party had gone away without disturbing her.

Mr. Tyremain had long watched for such an opportunity of finding her alone. He came to her now, threw himself beside her, and seized her pale hands in a passionate grasp.

"Beatrice! you have avoided me cruelly; at last I have you. You must not seek to get free!"

She sprang up in affright, for he looked very wildly earnest; but he still held her hands.

"I have tried life without you; it will not do. I need you—you are my fate, my inspiration! My genius flags and faints apart from you. Beatrice, you shall be my wife."

"Never!"

She wrenched her hands free, and drew away from him with evident repugnance.

"I do not love you. Even now you are selfish and unmanly; you do not speak as a true, brave man would."

"Hear me, Beatrice," he pleaded desperately, feeling the jewel he would clutch about to elude his grasp. "Is your soul narrower, your spirit meaner than it was? No, beautiful Queen Beatrice! you are grander, lovelier than ever. Though the world sneer, you should feel that it is an exalted lot I offer you, to be a poet's love, life, wife. Beatrice, Beatrice! mount the throne, reign over the nations, do not taunt me with the little I have done. I tried to live with half a soul; I need you, beautiful muse, for a wife. Then the world shall fall and worship—Beatrice, I love you; be my wife!"

Beatrice grasped the back of a chair; a shuddering thrill went through her. His words now had a different tone from his former vague raptures. This was a trial. She turned a white face pityingly towards him, and said very gently:

"I do not love you, and I can not be your wife. I am sorry if I give you pain; I suffer too. If you are generous, let me go—spare me."

She tried to pass him, but he stood in her way and held her.

"It can not be true; by Heaven, it shall not!" he said. "Girl! you do not know your own heart! The same fate that gives you power over my genius appoints that you shall be mine; dare not refuse."

"This threatening tone is cowardly. Sir, I command you to let me pass!"

"One question first." He looked fiercely into her face, and crushed her hand between his thin fingers. "Do you love another?"

"I do! You have no right to ask; but I do. Now, sir, let me pass!"

"Ay; go!" he said sneeringly, throwing her hand away. "It's little worth; you are not what I thought you. You are, like the rest, no queen, no muse—a paltry woman!"

Beatrice went away, sped to her own room, and locked herself in. She wanted to think. That confession of hers had crimsoned all her former pallor; yet was it true? It had escaped her involuntarily. She had never made any such acknowledgment even to herself before. She turned her thoughts from this perplexed subject; they busied themselves with Mr. Tyremain; she wondered over his future;



prayed that God would guide him home to himself at last. How strange it was to look back upon a time when he had been her ideal! when she had revered and done homage to him, thinking him a hero—*more* than a man; now she held him as something less than a *true* man. Clear among all perplexities was the conviction that she had never loved him with the one love; that her enthusiastic devotion could never have matured into the love a wife should bear a husband; that it was but one of true love's many counterfeits. It was well, amidst so many shifting quicksands, to have found one small firm rock to rest upon.

A light tap at the door roused Beatrice.

"A letter, my most fair solitaire!" Mrs. Fenton announced. "Mr. Laine, one of your trusty knights-errant, has ridden through the deep snow to the post for this and his own."

"From Eldon at last!" Beatrice took it with a sigh of content.

"A lengthy and weighty dispatch, then, no doubt; so I leave you to read it in peace. By the by, do you know where our poet is?"

"I left him in the breakfast-room not long since."

"Ah! I heard that. You two were there alone; so I didn't interrupt. Child! what a color you have! Is it so, after all, my grave niece? Well, I won't bother you; but how will prudent Eldon like to have a penniless poet for a brother-in-law?"

"Aunt Fenton, you are quite mistaken! I do not love; I shall never marry Mr. Tyremain!"

"My dear Beatrice! you take jest very earnestly; but it is evident to all that the poet can not say: 'I do not love Miss Rington!' May you be merrier when we meet again!"

When the door closed on Mrs. Fenton, Beatrice moved to the fire to read her long letter in peace and comfort.

One part of that letter she read over and over again, apparently finding it difficult to comprehend. It was this:

"I have delayed writing because I did not care to speak to you sooner of what most deeply interests me at present. You could not have returned from Aunt Fenton's immediately, and I preferred that you should imagine me happy in the society of my friend. Henry Anniston

has not been here. You remember hearing of the contested will affair. Anniston had law and equity on his side, and would of course have won. Unfortunately for him, he accidentally became acquainted with his opponent, Mrs. Lornford, a widow lady, with a large family of girls—nine, I believe! The widow is a worthy but weak woman. She was led to dispute old Anniston's will by a rascally relative of hers. Losing her cause, she would have been plunged into a sea of debts and difficulties, would have been utterly ruined. I believe that the mother's weak despair affected Henry less than the quiet heroism of the elder daughters; one of them especially must be a truly noble girl, from what he says of her, and he has seen a good deal of them all. Well, to make a long story short, Anniston withdrew his claim! In consequence, the most absurd stories are afloat. The widow is considered as a long-oppressed and suffering angel: good, generous Anniston is set down as a rogue and a coward, who feared to have his roguery discovered! Anniston attempts to write me as cheerfully as usual; but there is an undercurrent of weariness in his letters. He owns to being ill; he talks of giving up his profession, and of going to America in the spring to try a backwoodsman's life! The Lornfords will be neighbors of ours; they are coming to live at the Elms, which has been untenanted since the Careys left it."

Yes! there was matter for pained and anxious thought in Eldon's letter. Beatrice left her fireside corner for the window-seat, sat gazing out upon the dreary prospect of dud-colored snow stretching dingily away to meet the leaden-hued sky at no very distant boundary. She seemed to prefer looking at the dismal day, and growing chill and pale, to basking in the cheering warmth of her fire.

When she stirred it was to write to Eldon—a short letter, which it took her very long to write; there were so many pauses of grave meditation, its phrases were so carefully weighed. She told him that she was tired of being away, and wished he would fetch her home at once; as his friend was not with him, she hoped that he missed her enough to want her back again. By the time her letter was quite finished, the weird, wan twilight had stolen on.

Beatrice fought against the depression

that came over her very drearily. She had her fire replenished and her room lighted, then made her toilet, and joined the party down-stairs.

"It must have been, as I said, a long and weighty dispatch, Beatrice," Mrs. Fenton exclaimed; "the reading it, and, I suppose, replying to it, has kept you from us the greater part of this dull day."

"My room was so warm and comfortable, Aunt, there was little temptation to leave it."

"In the name of this good company, I thank you for the compliment," Mr. Laine said, placing a chair for Beatrice, and seating himself beside her; "but I have been as unsocial, only in absenting myself I suffer instead of inflicting suffering." He added in a lower, graver tone: "Your letter was from Mr. Rington; so, no doubt, you've heard the news. Henry Anniston is your brother's intimate friend; is he not?"

"Yes; they have been friends for many years."

"Isn't this will affair a terrible thing for poor Anniston?"

"Why terrible?"

"It is enough to blight his prospects for life. It is not the loss of the fortune and property only — that would be bad enough."

"What other injury has Mr. Anniston done himself?"

"Why, don't you see, it will interfere with his professional career; a kind of suspicion attaches to his honesty, or——"

"How so?" Beatrice interrupted, with a flushing cheek.

"Why," Mr. Laine rejoined in rather an embarrassed tone, "people in general don't believe in disinterested generosity carried to such an extent."

"Some people do; Eldon does."

"And Eldon's sister, I dare say; but then you are Anniston's friends. What I mean is this: people will naturally say: Either the property was or was not his; if it were his, he must be woefully wanting in legal knowledge and skill not to have been able to keep it; if it really pertained to Mrs. Lornford, he has been trying to defraud her of her rights. That's how the world will look at it. I am heartily grieved for Anniston, I know him well enough to be sure that he meant well."

"He should be much obliged to you for that opinion, Mr. Laine!" Beatrice said, turning full upon him. "What

would you have done if you had been in Mr. Anniston's position? Remember, just to make the thing as little Quixotic as possible, that Mrs. Henry Lornford, the mother of nine daughters, would have been left penniless and deeply in debt; that Mr. Anniston is a young man, with no one dependent upon him, with the full use of all mental and physical faculties. What would you have done, Mr. Laine?"

Mr. Laine bent his head and mused. Looking up, to find Beatrice keenly watching him, he smiled somewhat sadly, and said: "Your glance compels frankness; I believe, Miss Rington, that I should have done nothing so grandly simple, so manfully thorough, as your friend has done."

Beatrice smiled upon him graciously as she answered: "I hope that you are mistaken in your judgment of yourself."

"In my mind I was seeking about for some middle course," Mr. Laine continued. "There is no satisfactory one; I feel what true delicacy Mr. Anniston's conduct evinced. Yet, had he gone on and conquered, and then made a handsome settlement on the vanquished party, the country would have rung with praises of his unparalleled generosity."

"And the Lornfords would have been burdened with a heavy consciousness of obligation," Beatrice interposed.

"It is strange that a man of essentially unpoetic nature (so, at least, I have always thought Anniston) should unhesitatingly, as it were instinctively, act with such refinement of delicacy."

"What do you mean by 'essentially unpoetic'?"

"Here we tread on contested ground. You remember our argument on the first evening you were here, Miss Rington?"

"Yes; I tried to prove that whatever is true has its poetic aspect. A truthful nature will never be wanting in real refinement. It seems to me that it is those who blunt their instincts by sophistries and falsehood, confuse themselves between real and unreal things, who oftenest sin against good taste."

"I can quite agree with you there. I am sure you have noticed, too, that most proofs of truest heroism are as in this case, passive; this giving up instead of giving, for instance. One wants to get deep to the roots of things before one can fully recognize this!"

"And we are getting too deep for a

drawing-room," Beatrice said, trying to speak carelessly. "Mrs. Fenton is puzzling herself as to the subject of our conversation, I can see. Who is that beautiful girl who entered just now? she is sitting by my aunt," Beatrice asked, partly to change the conversation, partly from real interest.

"Mrs. Henry Lornford's daughter; one of them, rather," a gentleman standing near replied; "an heiress! See how our poet eyes the new-risen star; he has been lost all day in a snow-drift, it was believed!"

"I like the face, but I do not think it beautiful," Mr. Laine said. "I believe her second sister is considered much handsomer."

"It is to be hoped that poetical justice may confer a handsome Miss Lornford and a handsome fortune on Henry Anniston!" the other gentleman observed.

"People say that he has paid this Miss Longford a great deal of attention; but what 'people say' is generally untrue!" Mr. Laine replied.

"I should like to make Miss Lornford's acquaintance," Beatrice remarked, rising. She crossed the room to where Mary Lornford sat, looking quietly shy and uncomfortable.

Mrs. Fenton was busy talking to her other neighbor, so Beatrice introduced herself.

"I was sure that it must be you," Miss Lornford said frankly, as Beatrice seated herself by her. "I think I should have known you any where."

"Why?" asked Beatrice, smiling and perplexed.

"I have so often heard of you—from—from some one who used to know you very well. It was so kind of you to come to me. I was longing to know you; but I should not have had courage to cross this room as you did. We are used to such a quiet life. I came here with Mrs. Carey; we are going to live where she used to live; and I hear that it is not far from your house."

"No; the Elms is not far from us. I suppose some of your sisters are still young; and I have a little sister who will be very glad of young companions."

"Elfleda—Fleda?"

"That is her name," Beatrice answered.

She took Mary Lornford under her protection for the evening, soon making her feel more at her ease. Mary was very

grateful, and talked freely to Beatrice; but it happened that Mr. Anniston's name was not mentioned between them.

"She has a lovely face," Mrs. Fenton said, discussing the new acquaintance in Beatrice's dressing-room that night—"that Mary Lornford, I mean; but she has no manner, no style. You seem rather taken with her. If you are inclined to play the good Samaritan, you can do a great deal for these Miss Lornfords. I hear that Clara, the second sister, is very beautiful indeed; it is the oddest thing that these Lornfords should come into old Christopher Anniston's property—isn't it, Beatrice?"

"It is strange!" Beatrice answered; she knelt before the fire, warming her pale hands.

"Of course young Anniston will marry one of the nine Miss Lornfords. I always used to think that sly Eldon meant to keep you for his friend, Beatrice; but, of course, *now* that is out of the question, and I never thought well of the scheme, Mr. Anniston was such a very ordinary young man. Well, good-night, niece, I see you are half-asleep already."

"Good-night, aunt," Beatrice sighed a sigh of great relief, when the door closed behind Mrs. Fenton.

#### CHAPTER VII.

How glad Beatrice was to see Eldon's kind face next day but one after she had dispatched her letter to him. She did not know how much she had been wearying for him and home, till she experienced the delicious sense of repose it gave her to have him with her, taking care of her again.

Mrs. Fenton and her guests made loud lamentation, and accused Eldon of tyranny and selfishness when he carried off Beatrice in triumph. Evening found her resting in the easiest chair in the snuggest corner of her own drawing-room, the object of Elfleda's thousand caresses and pretty attentions, of Mrs. Smith's motherly cares, and of Eldon's grave solicitous observance.

"It is so very good to be at home again," Beatrice said, with a sigh of content, putting her hand into Eldon's, when they two, left alone, drew closer to each other and the clear burning fire.

"It was high time you returned, Bea-

trice," Eldon answered; "you look worn and ill, the worse for the change."

"I was not meant for a fine lady, evidently; these few weeks of fashionable life have been more than enough for me," she said, smiling. "I shall enjoy our quiet home-life all the more for the contrast," she added; then sighed again involuntarily, and fell into deep meditation, not heeding Eldon's anxious watchfulness of her face. She started a little when he asked:

"Which Miss Lornford was it who was at the Fentons one night?"

"The eldest; Mary, her friends called her; she has a very lovely face, as Sir Lancelot says of the Lady of Shalott," Beatrice answered gayly; "a very sweet face, too, and seems to be a most amiable, sensible woman."

"Some of her sisters are handsomer, I understand; but it is Mary whom I have heard spoken of most; I have heard her so very highly spoken of." After a pause Eldon asked: "And she made a favorable impression on you, Miss Lornford, I mean? She seemed amiable and sensible?"

"Most certainly; I liked her very much; I do not often say that so decidedly of people I have only seen once."

"I am very glad you can say it," Eldon passed on to some quite far-off subject. During the long fireside talk that ensued, Henry Anniston's name was not even casually mentioned. Beatrice wanted to know many things about him, and she asked nothing. It was true that the brother and sister had much besides to talk about. Eldon commented upon Mr. Tyremain's presence at Mrs. Fenton's, on the change that had taken place in his manners and appearance. He asked Beatrice how he had behaved towards her.

Beatrice simply told her brother the whole truth; he had a right to know it.

"I expected this," Eldon said; "I have heard that Tyremain means to marry, that he has altered his creed."

Both brother and sister fell into a reverie now, only stirring from it to wish good-night and go to rest.

As it happened on this first evening, so it befell during many other conversations between Eldon and Beatrice, Mr. Anniston's name was not mentioned. How could Beatrice help wondering why? Formerly Eldon had been ready enough to talk of his friend. Beatrice knew that Eldon received several letters from Mr.

Anniston, but he did not volunteer any intelligence beyond the most concise replies to Elfreda's occasional questions. The longer this silence and reserve lasted, the more difficult it was to break through.

Eldon himself was graver than his wont; sometimes he was positively dejected. It was strange how much and how covertly he and Beatrice watched each other.

Through mutual friends they often heard Mr. Anniston spoken of as being engaged to a Miss Lornford; but their informants did not agree as to which sister was the one selected. The Lornfords were expected at the Elms in spring. Eldon must know whether or no there was any foundation for such reports; but he neither confirmed nor contradicted them.

Spring came on. Elfreda found primroses in her rambles. On the morning, when she triumphantly brought home the first violets, Eldon had received a letter from Mr. Anniston, which marvelously brightened up his face and mood.

"At last I have extracted this much from him; he promises not to leave England without visiting us here," he exclaimed joyfully.

Elfreda made noisy manifestations of delight. Eldon leaning towards Beatrice, asked quietly:

"You will not run away this time, Beatrice?"

"There can be no occasion," she replied coldly, turning from him.

Eldon smiled to himself somewhat triumphantly. Beatrice could not understand his excessive light-heartedness during the next few days; so she tried to keep herself from thinking and growing nervously perplexed about the matter.

Not long after another letter from Mr. Anniston announced that he was coming the very next day. The vessel he thought of sailing by left at an earlier date than he had expected.

"It is very strange that Mr. Anniston should still intend going to America, if he is engaged to a Miss Lornford," Mrs. Smith remarked, on the afternoon on which that gentleman was expected.

"Perhaps, after all, he is not engaged to a Miss Lornford. Indeed, I think I may say positively that he is not," Mr. Rington answered. That sentence, and the look she met from her brother's eyes, wonderfully ruffled Beatrice's calm com-



posure. Eldon did not look calm, though he spoke in such a measured voice.

"Do you think there was no foundation for the report we heard, then?" pursued Mrs. Smith.

"Oh! quite foundation enough."

"How people *will* talk about these things; it really ought to be prevented; so much mischief is done," Mrs. Smith said energetically. Mr. Anniston delayed to appear. The long spring twilight faded. It was past Elfleda's bed-time, but her eager petition to sit up to see her friend was not to be denied.

"Beatrice! when will he come! Has any thing happened, do you think? Isn't it very, very late indeed?" were questions Elfleda poured out at intervals.

"Suppose he has gone right away to America, without coming here at all?" That was the crowning horror suggesting itself to Floda's imagination.

When Beatrice answered only, "Suppose he has!" Elfleda grew indignant at her indifference, and vehemently asserted her conviction that he would come; because he had promised, and he never broke his promises.

Beatrice sat by the table at work: she had had the lamp lighted, though all the windows were still unclosed; she could not bear idleness and her own agitated thoughts. So she sat there, her hands eagerly busy and the soft light falling full on her broad white brow and shining hair. Eldon paced up and down on the verandah, outside the windows; pausing every now and then to listen; looking in now and then to say a few words to soothe Floda's impatience.

"Mrs. Smith, do you think he will remember me?" the child asked, turning from Beatrice to seek a more interested listener. "You know it is—I don't know how many years since he saw me, and I am so grown and altered!"

Elfleda seemed full of terror at this sudden idea of being forgotten.

"Mr. Anniston doesn't forget people he is fond of, you may depend upon it, even if they are changed a little," was the old lady's consoling reply.

"He is come!" Eldon now exclaimed, hastening through the drawing-room towards the gate. Elfleda stood hesitating a moment whether to follow, or to be dignified and wait where she was; then she bounded after Eldon.

Mrs. Smith went to the house-door;

Beatrice sat still and worked on steadily, bending her head a little lower.

In a few moments Eldon and Mr. Anniston came into the room. Beatrice, as she rose to shake hands with him, noted that he was paler and graver-looking than formerly; but spite of its deepened lines, his face retained the same indescribable freshness and openness of expression. He approached Beatrice with a slight hesitation of manner, but the hand she held out was clasped with the same heartiness as of old; there was the old beaming look in his eyes as, for a moment, they looked right into hers.

Yet after the first greeting, she was made to feel a change in his bearing towards her, a something of formality and distant respect foreign to his frank nature, and painful to her, as it seemed to tell of estrangement. It is always painful to become conscious of diminution of regard, esteem, friendship, what you will; it pains our pride if nothing more.

Elfleda was quite satisfied that *she* was not forgotten. Beatrice busied herself at the tea-table which had so long stood ready for the traveler. A slight accident had detained him, nothing of any moment, but it had caused delay and now served as a useful topic for conversation.

"It is like old times to have you here again!" Eldon said, as they settled round the tea-table.

Rather an unfortunate remark; old times were not very pleasant to recall.

"I have my little fairy here grown into a young lady, to remind me that time has passed and changes have taken place since I was here last," Mr. Anniston replied. "I have grown old since then; I think Floda might find gray hairs on my head if she looked for them sharply," he added, smiling.

Beatrice resumed her work when she had lost the occupation of tea-making; Elfleda went to bed, and the two friends fell into serious conversation, touching on many topics, Eldon questioning Mr. Anniston as to his hopes and intentions in going abroad.

Beatrice listened: Mr. Anniston talked as of yore in a plain, manly, cheery strain, some things he said betokening deeper thinking, perhaps, than she had ever before given him credit for; but still it was the same Henry Anniston who spoke, hardly the same Beatrice who listened: there was no longer the strange mixture

of contempt and liking for the speaker, any more than there was the scorn of such merely sensible, matter-of-fact talk, and the restless longing for what was imaginative, wild, "original." No; all Mr. Anniston said served to strengthen the restful feeling of satisfied confidence with which he inspired her. She grew quiet and at ease, forgot herself and the perplexities of her dignity and doubt; she could look up brightly and answer composedly when Eldon addressed her. There was a relying tone in all Mr. Anniston said, which induced reliance on the person who said it. Mr. Anniston could not make a long visit; he still had many final preparations for his emigration to attend to, the frequent allusions to his departure saddened the whole party, save Eldon, who paid little heed to them, in whom they seemed to provoke mirth.

The fair spring days were all too short, each one was more dearly prized than the former, yet departed as swiftly and unrelentingly. It was lovely weather and there much lingering out in the soft twilights, spending of whole days in the woods, or on the hills. Eldon was always planning something. Mr. Anniston was ever attentive and watchful, yet he preserved a distant respect towards Beatrice, under the influence of which she grew graver and more constrained, though she struggled hard to be friendly and unembarrassed.

"Why will you go to America? Why can't you stay here? Fleda demanded suddenly one evening, after a long and quiet inspection of her friend. He started, but he answered, smiling:

"I am a poor man now, Fleda, with a fortune to make, if I care to possess one. 'The world is all before me where to choose,' and I think it best to try a perfectly new life."

"A poor man!"

"Ay; but you need not look shocked. I am not a beggar, am not likely to want food and clothing, and I have no particular reason for caring to be otherwise than poor."

"Eldon! Mr. Anniston shan't go, shall he? we won't let him."

"I can't prevent his going, Fleda. He is an obstinate fellow."

"Who can prevent it? can any one?"

Eldon felt an irresistible temptation to be mischievous; besides, this nonsense must end; they must understand each other.

"Ask Beatrice," he said softly.

Mr. Anniston started; the blood rushed to his temples as he glanced up eagerly. Beatrice darted a look of indignant reproach at her brother, and left the room.

Mr. Anniston's face was deadly white to the very lips as he said:

"No one wishes to prevent my going, Fleda, save you." He kissed the child passionately. Mrs. Smith soon after hurried the little lady off to bed. Beatrice did not return that evening; and the two friends were left alone. Mr. Anniston was pained at Eldon's ill-timed levity, deeply concerned that Beatrice should have been annoyed, yet Eldon offered no explanation—none was asked for.

Beatrice met Mr. Anniston with a blushing face and downcast eyes next morning. He hardly dared think what the new timidity of her manner might mean.

"I have letters to write this morning," Mr. Anniston said, after breakfast. Beatrice was arranging flowers by the window; Fleda had brought in a basketful.

"Write them here," Eldon answered; "I shall be engaged in the library for an hour or so; Fleda will be at her lessons; and I do not suppose that Beatrice will interrupt you."

They were left alone; Beatrice bent over her flowers, Mr. Anniston over his writing-table.

"It is of no use!" he exclaimed, after some minutes had elapsed.

Beatrice looked up to meet his fixed and intense regard. He threw down his pen and came to her side.

"May I have some of those violets?" he asked.

"Certainly."

"But will you give me some?"

She dropped some into his extended hand, but did not look up.

"A parting gift!" he said sadly.

She did not lift up her eyes, but tears dropped from them. Then Beatrice's face was crossed by a blinding blush as she thought, "What if I repeat Fleda's question: 'Why do you go?'" "I do not know that he any longer loves me?" she said to herself, or those words would have been spoken. She turned pale now. How she longed to lean her head down among her flowers, hide her face and weep, striving to drown the pain that gnawed at her heart. Mr. Anniston held the violets in his hand very regardfully,

and still stood near Beatrice. He watched the flitting about of her trembling hand till the last flower was adjusted in its place; then he took the vase from her, and set it where he knew it was meant to go.

Beatrice's occupation gone, she knew not what to do. She stood by the table playing with leaves and bits of flower-stalks scattered there. He came back to her side.

"I am afraid I may seem very presumptuous," he said. "I hardly know what I dare say or do. I meant to be too proud and independent to suffer myself to think such thoughts now that I am a poor man; but—what did Eldon mean last night? It was not Eldon's wont to jest unkindly. Is he changed, or——"

"It is not Eldon who is changed," Beatrice said, flushing and trembling; she, the beautiful woman, felt humble, and a very child.

"Is it Eldon's sister who is so generous, so noble, that she gives me *now* what she refused me when I was prosperous? Beatrice do you love me?" He took her hand and drew closer to her, feeling how she trembled.

"I am not generous or noble," she said, speaking passionately now. "I am not worthy of you; yet, if you love me still, you *must* not go away." She hid her face upon his arm.

"I do love you still," he said, bending over her; "God only knows how well." She was pressed very close in a steadfast embrace.

A slight noise outside sent Beatrice flying to her own room. Mr. Anniston went into Eldon's study. Eldon sprang up; the two friends clasped hands. Then they sat down to talk, but Mr. Anniston laid his folded arms upon the table, bent his brow down upon them. He was thoroughly subdued by this great unlooked-for happiness.

"'All's well that ends well,' old fellow?" Eldon said, in a rather unsteady voice. "God in heaven bless and prosper you!" he added earnestly.

When tidings of the engagement between Henry Anniston and Beatrice reached Mrs. Fenton, she came to the Ringtons far more inclined to scold and console than to congratulate.

"Nothing could have surprised me more, Mrs. Smith," Mrs. Fenton began

before Beatrice appeared. "A girl like Beatrice! a woman rather! to throw herself away in this manner! Now, if it had been that gifted creature, young Tyreman, I could have understood her infatuation, though I should have regretted it; but——"

"Here is Miss Rington!" Mrs. Smith interrupted; but Mrs. Fenton ran on in much the same strain.

"And how the man could dare propose to you *now*, I can't imagine, Beatrice!" she wound up by saying.

"Aunt Fenton, Mr. Anniston did *not* dare think so meanly of me as to believe that his want of fortune could make any difference. Besides," she added, smiling, (she was too happy to be indignant long,) "I am not quite sure that Mr. Anniston did propose to me."

"My dear, don't say such shocking things. Now just tell me what *could* attract you in Henry Anniston?"

"Aunt, he is thoroughly good and true, and he loves me so well," she answered softly. Then to change the subject, she added:

"But I hope that you will soon hear of an engagement that will please you better. Eldon very often rides over to the Elms, now that Mary Lornford lives there."

"I am a poor man's wife! *You* did misjudge me, Eldon," Beatrice Anniston whispered in sweet saucy triumph to her brother, when he first visited her at her home.

"Nay! she is a very rich man's wife!" her husband said.

On the very last page of her green and gold-clasped book, Beatrice Anniston wrote thus:

"In youth, it seems to me that we women are too much attracted by the glitter of intellectual gifts, or of the tinsel appearance of them. We must fancy a man to be *more* than a good, true man, before we can give him the love of our imaginations. The chance is, that we live to find him somewhat *less*. When we have gained experience, we learn to value chiefly that before despised solid gold of goodness. Simplicity, truthfulness, steadfastness, are the qualities that win our hearts. The girl worshiped some imaginary hero, the woman worships only God, and loves some good man, not after the manner of the girl's passion, but with

quiet, enduring household love. Household love! dear words! a love that knows no jar and fret, but is rest and peace. This is not the love of dramatists, poets, and novelists, because it is too sacred, its depth defies expression, its quiet truth is impossible of representation, its perfection mocks at the imperfection of lan-

guage. It is the next holiest thing to the love of God."

This little book was shown by Beatrice to her husband; he smiled contentedly over that last page; then, at her wish, the little book was put upon the fire. Sitting hand-in-hand they watched it burn.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

### REVOLUTIONS IN ENGLISH HISTORY.\*

THE volume before us is a vigorous attempt to condense into a popular form the stores of knowledge we have recently acquired about English history. While the historian and the professed scholar will always study the subject from original authorities, it is obvious that the general reader must content himself with obtaining the conclusions which the researches of others have made upon it. In history, as in other intellectual products, few only have the ability or the leisure to examine masses of rude material, and to mold them into their proper shape; and the many must be satisfied with considering the results which the minds of others have evolved and reflected. This may be regretted, but can not be helped; and accordingly, though books such as this of Dr. Vaughan will never supersede historical study properly so called, they are not the less of much value as popular interpreters of history. Looking at his volume from this point of view—that from which the author wishes it to be contemplated—we do not hesitate to pronounce it of great merit as regards thoughtfulness, method, and composition. Its design is less to portray the striking scenes of the national life of England, than to answer the question, "What is it that has made her what she is?" what, rejecting all that is casual and accidental, have been and are the essential elements of her civilization? Surveying the vast field of English history, Dr. Vaughan proposes to himself the object

of Tacitus: "Ut non modo casus, eventusque rerum, qui plerumque fortuiti sunt, sed ratio etiam causeque noscantur." In accomplishing this purpose, so far as he has gone, he has displayed no little ability and learning; and, although we differ from him in some of his opinions, and believe that, in some respects, he has not justly estimated the influences which wrought out our early English history, we think that he has given us a very valuable analysis of the causes which, from the age of Cæsar to that of Henry the Seventh, have operated on the destiny of England. So comprehensive a review, indeed, is no where else to be found; though, in several not unimportant particulars, we think that it has miscalculated the true significance of events and institutions, and the subject may have been treated in some of its details more fully and distinctly by other writers. Here, however, from the nature of the case, we can not expect a uniform richness of knowledge, or a judgment invariably free from error; and Dr. Vaughan's shortcomings in these respects will be readily excused by competent critics. With regard to the style of this volume, it is very clear, easy, and popular; and, though here and there we detect in it an echo from Lord Macaulay, it is sufficiently natural and original. We might also note a few faulty words and phrases, but, on the whole, it is a good specimen of that "undefiled English" of which Dr. Vaughan is justly a great admirer.

From the age of Cæsar to that of Henry V., the main characteristic of English history is, as Dr. Vaughan observes, the Revolution of Race, and all that is com-

\* *Revolutions in English History.* By R. VAUGHAN, D.D. London: John W. Parker and Son. 1859.



prehended under that term. During that long period of fourteen centuries, England was overrun and conquered by a variety of races, whose union at length made up the English nation, and whose laws, institutions, habits, and tendencies, wrought out the framework of its polity. Since 1400, England has undergone immense alterations; her empire has been extended to all parts of the world, her religion has been considerably modified, her social fabric has been civilized and refined, and her government and constitution have been molded into those majestic forms which now command the envy and admiration of the world. But striking and important as these changes have been, they are only the developments of that order of things which really was established in England when the various Roman, Celtic, Saxon, Danish, and Norman elements in her society were fused into a common nationality, when she was placed under a parliamentary system, when her inhabitants were made law-worthy and freemen, and when the language of Hall and Wycliffe attained its predominance. Before that time the future of England was unsettled, and at several periods of her history it seemed uncertain whether she would not be completely Romanized, or whether she would not be made a province of France, or whether she would not become a great European and continental power with comparatively foreign language and institutions. But since that time her destiny has been assured, her position in the world has been fixed, and her social and political constitution "is to the constitution under which she flourished five hundred years ago, what the tree is to the sapling, what the man is to the boy—the alteration has been great—yet there never was a moment at which the chief part of what existed was not old." If, therefore, we would understand the England of Elizabeth and the Stuarts, of George the Second and of Queen Victoria, we must trace out the different causes which made her what she was about the close of the fourteenth century: what she owed to Roman civilization, what to the Celtic aborigines, and what to her Saxon, Danish, and Norman invaders and conquerors; and how the influences of these different streams of race concurred to mold her peculiar individuality. This can only be done by a careful review of the composition, character, in-

stitutions, and social life of the races which ultimately mingled in her people; and to this accordingly Dr. Vaughan has turned his attention in the volume we are about to examine.

Lord Macaulay tells us in his brilliant manner, that the Celtic inhabitants of ancient Britain were little superior to the "natives of the Sandwich Islands." Mr. Hallam, also, in his account of the Middle Ages, is rather inclined to depreciate the importance of this race as an element of the people of England; and Dr. Arnold emphatically asserts that "her history does not begin till the white horse of the Saxon appeared on her hills." In opposition to these authorities, Dr. Vaughan has shown successfully that even before the invasion of Cæsar, the Celtic natives of Britain had merged from mere barbarism; that when the island was really subjugated by Agricola, it bore the marks of much civilization; and that the Celtic element in its population survived the Saxon conquest in a far greater proportion than has generally been suspected. This is one of the best parts of Dr. Vaughan's work, and we think that he has fully established his theory. Strabo, writing in the age of Cæsar and Augustus, tells us that the natives of Cornwall and the Scilly Islands were rich in flocks and herds and in mineral wealth, and were dressed after a fashion not at all akin to barbarism. Even Cæsar, who depreciates the Britons as much as possible, describes them as a race well practiced in war, whose formidable chariots attested their mechanical ingenuity. During the century that elapsed before the invasion of Agricola, Celtic Britain had grown into a comparatively opulent country, that maintained a regular commerce with Gaul and the Netherlands, that was thickly covered with towns and villages, and that was subject to a scheme of government and religion.

"The Britain," says Dr. Vaughan, "which did ultimately submit to the authority of Rome, was certainly a country of considerable industry and wealth. If the Britons of Cæsar's time were wont to delight in human sacrifices, to paint or stain their bodies in barbarous fashions, and to have the wives of a family in common, nothing of this would seem to apply to the Britons described by Tacitus and Dion Cassius. This is a fact of importance in relation to our early history, and should be marked by the student."

And as Celtic Britain was more power-

ful, more civilized, and more populous, than usually has been allowed, so Dr. Vaughan shows with much learning and argument that it long struggled vigorously with the Saxon invader; that down to A.D. 900 it can not be said to have been subdued, and that the Celtic race amalgamated more fully with their conquerors, and thus have tintured more deeply the people of England than some of our historians have admitted. This is Dr. Vaughan's conclusion on this point, which obviously is of no small importance:

"The fact that the Britons kept together along nearly the whole of the western side of the island from Cumberland to Cornwall, and the small traces of the British tongue along the parallel territory on the eastern side of the line, would seem to suggest that the effect of this memorable collision was that the natives relinquished the one half of their land entirely to the invader, but retained firm hold on the other half. It is not probable, however, that the population of any of the Saxon states was without a considerable admixture of British blood. The keels of the Saxon freebooters can hardly be supposed to have brought settlers in sufficient numbers, and of both sexes, to warrant such an opinion. Greatly more was done ere long upon the soil than can be explained on such a supposition. That a large admixture of this kind took place along the border lands which separated the two races, is unquestionable."

We shall here only remark that Dr. Vaughan might have added to his reasonings on this subject that the English language we actually speak and write contains no less than three thousand words of British origin—a fact which corroborates strongly his opinion.

In one sense, however, Celtic Britain has no relation with the England of the present day; and, on the whole, its influence upon the actual English nation is somewhat indirect and conjectural. The confederacy of the British clans that once spread over the island has long ago become a thing of the past; and not a vestige remains of Druidism except, here and there, its gigantic altars. It is, therefore, of no paramount importance with reference to the state of English civilization, to discuss the antiquities of Celtic Britain; and Dr. Vaughan has fulfilled his object by establishing the fact that the Celtic element never ceased to have much weight in the population of England. It is in the effects of the Roman conquest of Britain that we first find the more positive

influences which contributed to make up modern England, and to mold her laws, institutions, government, and society. As is well known, Celtic Britain was subdued by Agricola; for about three centuries and a half it was part of the Roman Empire; and from the Grampian Hills to the Land's End it was "shaped into the elegant and servile form of a Roman province." During this period Paganism was extirpated; Christianity in a more or less corrupt form became the popular faith; the Christian Church with its regular polity was established in Britain; Roman colonies and municipal towns spread over the country; Roman roads traversed the length and breadth of the land; Roman arts and products were widely disseminated; and "there can be little doubt that contracts in general were governed by the doctrines of the Roman law, and that the Roman municipal regulations very generally prevailed in the towns, which were numerous, and many of them in a flourishing condition." The question thus arises, how much of this noble civilization took permanent and thorough root in Britain, and, surviving Saxon, Danish, and Norman invasions, established itself as a principle of the national organization? How much of our actual constitution, political, legal, ecclesiastical, and social, may ultimately be traced to a Roman origin?

Lord Macaulay denies that, after its desertion by the Romans, Britain retained any traces of the Roman empire; and Gibbon tells us that "the arts and religion, the laws and language which the Romans had so carefully planted in Britain were extirpated by their barbarous successors." On the whole, this is also the opinion of Mr. Hallam; and Dr. Vaughan inclines to it, though he takes care to dissent from the sweeping assertion, that the scanty and superficial civilization which the Britons had derived from their southern masters was *effaced* by the calamities of the fifth century. We admit the weight of these authorities; and yet are disposed to agree with Mr. Spence, in his masterly treatise on the origin of Equity, that the influence of the Roman empire in Britain survived to a far greater extent than has been usually supposed; that many of the customs and institutions we are disposed to ascribe to Saxon and Norman originals may really be traced to Roman sources; and that much of our actual polity and

laws has been derived from the imperial system. It seems to be extremely probable that the Saxon Witanagemote and County Court may have found their prototypes in the synods of the Church; that the franchises acquired by the towns of England in Norman and Saxon times may have been merely a revival of Roman municipal institutions; that several of the ideas of feudalism arose from the Roman law as regards patron and client and the tenure of colonial lands; and that the policy of the Norman conqueror, in many respects, imitated the constitutions of the Roman emperors. If we ascribe the planting of Christianity in Britain, not, as seems probable, to any preacher or apostle, but to the legionaries and auxiliaries of the Roman army, the debt of England in this respect will be still more increased: and if, as Dr. Vaughan has argued satisfactorily, the Christian Church of Britain survived the Saxon invasion, and the mission of Augustine merely restored its authority, we must at once admit the immense influence which imperial Rome has had upon the destiny of England. That influence indeed can scarcely be exaggerated if the Church really sprang from this origin, since not only has its moral power been conspicuous in every phase of English history, but from the age of Bede to that of Cranmer the clergy have had an important part in forming the legislative, ecclesiastical, and judicial institutions of our polity. Whatever doubts, however, there may be as regards the Imperial or the Papal foundation of the Church in England, we can not agree with Dr. Vaughan that "England owes nothing to the municipal laws of Rome; that our laws are all from ourselves; that they were born with us, and have lived and grown with us." On the contrary, the more we examine its source the more we shall be convinced that the municipal law of England is at bottom the civil law of Rome, of course largely penetrated by foreign elements; and that all the boasts of Lord Coke and the writers of his school, as regards the aboriginal character of English law, can not stand the test of modern discovery. On this branch of the subject, therefore, we differ in some respects from Dr. Vaughan, though we acknowledge that he shows much learning about it; and his account of the actual state of Celtic Britain under Roman government appears to us accurate

and impartial. Great as have been the advantages of Roman civilization when assimilated with a free government, it must not be forgotten that the rule of Rome in Britain was that of a deadening despotism.

"The fidelity, the courage, and the national spirit which had characterized the Britons in their rude state were all deeply impaired. The men of substance were flattered, baited with pleasure, and rendered harmless by such means; and while the industrious furnished the conqueror with a revenue, the adventurous were made to replenish his armies in distant provinces. Such was the general policy of Rome. Britain was used so long as it could be used, and was abandoned when it could be used no longer. It had been civilized into helplessness, and it was then left to its fate."

From the fifth to the close of the eleventh century England was the battlefield of three races of invaders, each of which brought new elements of individuality into the country, and, at length, commingling with the Celtic Britons, about 1400 A.D. composed the real English people. The Saxons issuing in swarms from the forests and marshes of Upper Germany, overran England during three hundred years, and notwithstanding a fierce resistance, succeeded in planting themselves in that part of the island which extends from Edinburgh to Devon towards the eastern sea. The vanquished Britons held their ground in the west of the country; but though intermixed with their conquerors within the Saxon pale, this portion of England henceforth became essentially Saxon, and to this day retains completely the Saxon character. After many generations of war and barbarism a great Saxon monarchy was at length established from the Frith of Forth to the mouth of the Exe; and a line of Saxon kings held sway in this region under a polity in which the old German customs were blended with the laws and institutions of Rome, and were tempered by the influences of the Church and of Christianity. The form of this polity has never been effaced, it assimilated thoroughly with the English nation; though it yielded to the Norman Conquest, it ultimately overcame it; and down to our own times it is the basis and mold of the present kingly commonwealth of England. Its growth and development, however, were to be severely checked; and from the ninth to the eleventh century, Saxon England was ex-

posed to a terrible scourge which long retarded its progress, and for a time changed the nature of its government. "Large colonies of Danish and Scandinavian pirates, distinguished by strength, by valor, by merciless ferocity, and by hatred of the Christian name, established themselves on the eastern shores of the island, spread gradually westward, and supported by constant reinforcements beyond the sea, aspired to the dominion of the whole realm." In the fierce and protracted struggle that ensued, it seemed long doubtful whether England would not lapse again into her barbarism; and in fact her civilization was quite arrested, and her social development was kept back by the stern trial of the Danish invasions. But at length, after six generations of strife, the Danes and Saxons began to coalesce into one people; the Saxon polity, after a season of interruption, became again the regular government of England, and the traces of the past were only seen in the infusion of a new race into the English nation. In fact, the Saxon element predominated over the Danish; and though the latter has had a marked influence on the population, it has not materially affected the language, and it never made any lasting inroads on the Saxon polity. Scarcely, however, was England once more settled when she fell a prey to a third race of invaders, who, for a long time, subjugated her inhabitants, established throughout the country new and arbitrary institutions, supplanted to a great extent the old Saxon form of government, and to this day have left their mark upon our civilization. The Norman conquest was the last great revolution of race which England has as yet witnessed; and though many of its effects have now disappeared, and there is reason to suppose that they have been exaggerated; they were not the less of paramount importance.

Thus from the fifth to the twelfth century, the History of England is emphatically that of the changes of her inhabitants. What were the influences, the peculiarities, the customs, and the laws which these different races brought with them? and in what degree have they had effects upon the England of this day? And first, as regards the indirect operation of religion, language, population, and general character, which, far more than actual institutions, determine the real destiny of a

nation, it seems probable, as we have already stated, that England owes to Roman Celtic Britain the preservation at least of Christianity during two centuries, if not entirely the conversion of the Saxons, and that the Roman laws and habits of dealing penetrated deeply into the Saxon polity. But, on the other hand, after the sixth century, Celtic Britain, within three fourths of its limits, became essentially Saxon England; and the characteristics of the Saxon race formed the peculiar features of the people. The worshippers of Odin, indeed, adopted the religion of Vortigern, but they marked it with their peculiar spirit; and Saxon Christianity, we are assured, was something very different from that of the Roman Celtic nation. The Saxon Church, though placed high in the state of England, was certainly not a dominant priesthood; it was emphatically a national institution, sharing power with the laity, but controlled by the law; and the faith of Egbert and Alfred, of Athelstan and Ethelbert was penetrated by that spirit of freedom which characterized Odinism as distinguished from Druidism. In language England became essentially Saxon within the limits of the Saxon kingdoms; and though here the Celtic race continued in great numbers, the Celtic tongue gradually died out, and the two races formed virtually a Saxon people. So deeply rooted, indeed, was the Saxon element in this part of England, that it was not much influenced by the Danish admixture; and although it was greatly disturbed by the Norman Conquest, it overcame ultimately even this invasion, and established itself as dominant within its own territory. Here, then, even in the eighth and ninth centuries, we find the germ of the English nation as it now exists: the Saxon tongue is the parent of actual English; the Saxon religion is akin to English Protestantism; and after the lapse of a thousand years, the Saxon character is that of the English people. The Celtic race has had little influence on that character; the Danish has coalesced with it; the Norman has transfused it, but yielded to it; and freedom from superstition, love of law, reverence for usage, and zeal for self-government and liberty, are now, as in the days of Alfred, the peculiar marks of the English nation.

With respect to positive laws and institutions, the influence of the Saxon is



no less conspicuous. In the Saxon polity, as it appears towards the close of the eleventh century, we can trace many of the features of our actual constitution, ecclesiastical, civil, and social. Much of that polity was doubtless due to a Roman origin, but it was built up by Saxon hands, and it bears the stamp of Saxon spirit. We must refer our readers to Dr. Vaughan's excellent analysis of it in its social, judicial, and political organization, and must confine ourselves to one or two remarks with regard to its operation in our history. Under the Saxon kings the authority of the clergy was great; they possessed a large share of the Saxon soil; their bishops sat in the Witanagemote, and were assessors in the county courts; but the Church was never an exclusive priesthood; it was thoroughly pervaded by lay influences; and, as we have said, it was peculiarly a national institution. The executive power lay in the monarch; but he could enact no law without the assent of the Witanagemote; and although he enjoyed an ample revenue, he could not of himself impose any taxes; he had not the prerogative of his Norman and feudal successors; and his functions as the supreme judge were closely circumscribed by the local courts of the country. The Witanagemote, though not a representative assembly, nor probably of a popular character, was not the court of an exclusive aristocracy; and in the County and Hundred Courts justice was administered with comparative impartiality, by a procedure not unlike to that of modern English law. It is, however, in the social institutions of Saxon England that we see the strongest resemblance to our actual constitution. The law abhorred slavery; and the Saxon ceorle was as law-worthy and independent as the more opulent thane and franklin. The principle of mutual reliance and responsibility penetrated society—that noble principle which still stamps the Saxon race wherever it spreads throughout the world. No arbitrary division of classes existed in Saxon England: the ceorle could become a thane, and the thane a ceorle; the law was supreme over all orders in the people; and though something of a feudal character was impressed upon the nation, it never degenerated into feudal tyranny. No one can fail to observe how strong is the resemblance between this state of society and that of

modern England; and although the polity of England is now assured by long centuries of trial and experience, it seems certain that the broad lines of its freedom were first laid down in the Saxon period of our history.

As a specimen of his narrative powers, which, of course, are seldom seen in a work of this kind, we transcribe Dr. Vaughan's picture of the close of the battle of Hastings, which for two centuries rang the doom of Saxon England:

"Through six hours the death-strife had been protracted, and there was no sign of victory on either side. The Duke now remembered the success of an early hour of the day, when chance drew some of the Saxons from their position. He resolved to attempt doing by stratagem what had then been done without forecast. He arranged for the apparent flight of a large division. The unsuspecting Saxons rushed on the rear of their enemies, heaping taunt and sarcasm upon them with every blow. But presently the Duke gave the signal to halt and to form his lines. The Saxons now saw their error. The fate which had befallen the advanced division in the morning, now befell a much larger number in the evening. The loss thus sustained by the English was great, irretrievable, but neither party seemed to have seen it to be so. Many extraordinary deeds were done by heroic Saxons when this dark hour of the day had come. But no names are mentioned; that honor was reserved by the Anglo-Norman writers for the distinguished men of their own race. William, it is said, had eagerly sought for Harold, and once fell upon a bold Saxon thane, supposing he had found him. The thane beat in the helmet of his assailant, and would have changed the future of English history, had not the attendance of the commander came to his deliverance. Thus did hope and fear rock against each other through that live-long day. Even as the sun is going down, a body of cavaliers, with the brave Count Eustace at their head, are seen flying in the direction of the royal standard; and as the Count bends towards the ear of the Duke in passing, to say in a subdued voice that retreat is unavoidable, the blow from a pursuing Saxon falls between his shoulders, sends the blood from his mouth and nostrils, and he sinks to the ground. It was this Count Eustace who had saved the life of the Duke in the morning. But to William retreat was worse than death. He looked to the point where Harold's standard was yet seen, surrounded by the flower of his army. Were there no Normans left who could rush in then and seize that ensign? Some twenty men of rank volunteered to lead the way thither. The greater part of them perished. But their work was done. The archers had raised their bows higher than before; the fatal arrow pierced the eye of the King. His two faithful brothers, Gurth and Leofwin, fell by his side.

Soon only the dead and dying of King Harold's army were on the plain. As the darkness came once more to the quiet earth, it fell on thane and peasant, on ecclesiastics and nobles, thickly strewn together. But they had done their best in defense of their own home-land. Among the armed combatants who there fell were an English abbot and eleven of his monks. England is not to have another Saxon king, is never to see another Saxon army."

The effects of the Norman conquest in England were immense; and after the lapse of eight centuries, are still discernible in the nation. From 1066 to 1265 they changed the character of life in England; and although from this time forward they became weaker and weaker, they have deeply penetrated our Constitution. Though William never rested his title upon the sword, and always preferred to govern by the laws of England, it is certain that he converted the Saxon monarchy almost into a tyranny, and that he exercised a power and prerogative which had been unknown to his predecessors. He engrossed enormous tracts into his own demesne-lands; established the principle that the soil of England was held mediately or immediately from the Crown, and drew the bonds of feudal tenure more closely over his vassals than had ever been known even on the Continent. At the same time he abolished the Witanagemote, converted it into the Norman Aula Regis, which approximated to a judicial Privy Council; and making use of the Church as an instrument of power, increased its position in the state, endowed it with more than its former possessions, and furnished it with a system of separate judicature. How despotically, on account of these changes, the Norman kings of England were able to rule, during the next two centuries, every line of Magna Charta attests; and the Constitutions of Clarendon prove to what extent the legislation of William and his successors, conjoined with other favorable circumstances, exalted the power and influence of the Church and clergy. At the same time, the battle of Hastings, succeeded by civil war and confiscation, reft most of the land of England from the Saxon aristocracy, degraded them to the status of tenant-holders, and planted in their stead a haughty Norman baronage, who, however they were kept down by their Norman rulers, were too often free to domineer over the race they had con-

quered. And as for the lower orders of the people—the ceorles and villain of the Saxon age—they were to a great extent reduced to predial slavery; they became the property of their feudal owners: in Saxon phrase, they were no longer law-worthy; and although they never sank so low as the commons of France, there is no doubt that they underwent a disastrous revolution. Concurrently with these great changes, we read of the enactment of barbarous forest laws and game laws; of terrible penalties exacted from the Saxon race, if ever they attempted to rise in rebellion; and of legislation drawing a deep and impassable line of demarcation between the conquerors and the conquered. In dress, in language, in civil rights, and in ideas, the Norman aristocracy of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries differed widely from their Saxon subjects; and there is no doubt that Sir Walter Scott's portraits of the Front de Bœufs, and the De Bracys, of the Cedrics and the Athelstanes, who lived in England in the days of Richard the First, are, in this respect, true copies of history. Thus the mingling shadows of despotism and of a severe Feudalism, with the super-added evil of government by caste, overhung the England of our early Norman kings; and it is not strange that the Saxon thane, reduced to vassalage, and the Saxon ceorle bowed down in servitude, should have long rued bitterly the day of Hastings, and have long sighed for the laws of the "good king," Edward. Dark, however, as this picture undoubtedly was, it was not without its brighter side, which gave some promise of hope for the future. The aggrandizement of the Church proved some check on the Norman monarchy; and more than once, in this evil time, the clergy interposed in the interest of the down-trodden Saxons. The great power of the Crown restrained the Norman barons, in many respects, from tyrannizing over their Saxon dependents; and the complete centralization of justice in the king afforded a readier appeal to the Aula Regis than had been the case in Saxon times. At the same time, the local judicatures of the Saxons were scarcely in any respect interfered with; and in the County and Hundred Courts the administration of justice by freemen preserved the image of the old Saxon polity. Externally, too, it can not be doubted that the Norman conquest

added much to the strength and dignity of England. The vigor of the feudal system made the Executive more compact and formidable than it had been, and supplied the Crown with ample military forces. The Norman kings and baronage of England introduced many elements of greatness and splendor into the country, and made it familiar with a noble architecture, with stately games, and with chivalrous manners. The Church of Becket and Langton brought the Saxon land into closer relations with European civilization; and in this respect even its vassalage to Rome was not without a national advantage. Nor was the intercourse which the Norman conquest created between France, England, and the Continent — an intercourse which the Crusades afterwards greatly increased — without a most important effect in forming the source of our early commerce.

We agree with Dr. Vaughan, upon the whole, in his account of the effects of the Norman conquest, though, perhaps, his dislike of Papal Rome has induced him to undervalue the beneficial operation of the Church in one of the darkest epochs of our history, and we are disposed to think that his portrait of the Norman aristocracy is somewhat charged with depreciating shades. During the two centuries from 1200 to 1400, these effects were almost completely mitigated, and the land of Norman tyrants and barons, in which every Saxon was a churl or a slave, became again the land of free Englishmen, under the control of a comparatively regular government and law, and with settled franchises and privileges. It is true that in 1400, as in the days of John, a prince of Norman race sat on the throne, that the Norman blood predominated in the English aristocracy, that the spirit of Norman chivalry was strong in the nation, and that many of the Norman institutions had taken permanent root in the country. But the influence of wars in which they had bled together, the results of intermarriage and local union, and the beneficent power of a common faith, had broken down the barriers between the Norman and Saxon races, and had united them in language and close relationship. The consequence had been that a new people had been formed in England, of Saxon stock, with a powerful Norman graft; and that the features of the old Saxon polity began visibly to re-

appear, though greatly tempered and modified by Norman and other elements. The Church of Henry the Second and of John still held its state; but although unquestionably its influence had been most salutary, its pretensions had been curbed by several parliaments, its moral power was beginning rapidly to decline, and as in Saxon days, it was viewed chiefly as a national institution. The more despotic powers of the Crown and the chief lords had been retrenched by the great charter, which also had declared the principle rights of English freemen, and was not quite a dead letter given to the masses of peasant villains. This class, too, had been manumitted to a great extent, and before the commencement of the fifteenth century, had generally risen to the status of free laborers and artificers, whose condition, Dr. Vaughan, like Mr. Hallam, thinks was one of considerable ease and comfort. From 1265, the Parliament of England had held its sittings, akin to the Witanagemote, though a representative body; and before a hundred years had passed away, it had vindicated its great rights of making laws, of levying taxes, and of punishing state offenders. The Norman *Aula Regis* had given place to the Supreme Courts of Westminster, and had transmitted to these august tribunals the centralized authority it had monopolized. No doubt this institution was by no means Saxon; but in other respects the Saxon system of local judicature obtained and flourished through the country, and it had received additional strength from the establishment of a magistracy and from the arrangement of jury trial. In the mean time the common law of England had been reduced into a regular science, and though fashioned in the main after the civil law, and Norman in its dialect and procedure, it was filled with the free Saxon spirit in its disregard of class distinctions and privileges. By 1400, too, the towns of England had acquired much importance; the glory of her commerce had dawned; her position as a naval power was becoming assured; and in the works of Chaucer and Wycliffe "appeared the first faint dawn of that noble literature, the most splendid and durable of the many glories of England."

Dr. Vaughan's account of this great revolution is very learned and interesting, and though the exact sequence of its events can not now be detailed, his pic-

ture of it is lifelike and vivid. Speaking generally; his analysis of legal and constitutional changes is less accurate and trustworthy than his treatment of social and ecclesiastical questions within the period we are now examining. His chapter on the political life of England from the death of John to the accession of Henry the Fourth is not so full and clear as we could have wished; and we can not assent to his assertion that Edward the First was not a real law reformer. The reign of that monarch witnessed the establishment of the common law and its tribunals, the institution of our magistracy and coroners, and the enactment of several of the most important statutes which have ever occupied the parliaments of England. On the other hand, no writer that we are acquainted with has delineated so accurately and pleasantly as Dr. Vaughan, the social, industrial, and intellectual life of this epoch, the condition of the poorer classes, the growth of the towns of England, the spread and organization of her commerce, and the gradual development of her nautical resources, and the tendency and nature of her mediæval learning. Of course it is impossible to transcribe all he has written on these subjects, but the following passage gives an idea of the estimate he has formed of the England of the fourteenth century:

"We may say that two great principles—taxation solely by authority of Parliament, and the representation of the commons as essential to the constitution of a parliament—were recognized for all time to come in the reign of the first Edward. English liberty, indeed, was nothing to that monarch; he ceded no vestige of it willingly. He would have crushed it in all its tendencies had he been permitted. But the course of events in England had long been such as to train the people in political knowledge; and the two principles above mentioned, which the policy of this king had tended to make so precious, may be said to have embodied two of the weighty lessons which the nation had now thoroughly learned. With these new ideas, property seems to acquire a new sacredness, and law a mere authority. Neither the kings of England nor the baronage of England may, henceforth, touch the property or the power of Englishmen except according to law; the law takes precedence of both—both owe to it obedience—all owe to it obedience. Knight and baron, burgess and freeholder, subject and sovereign, have their ground in this respect in common. According to maxims which have now become accredited and familiar, will is no where law, but law is every where in the place of will.

The English yeomen of those days, and many below them, thought and spake and debated concerning these maxims. So did the merchants in their guilds; and so did the men of handicraft, when they gathered about their homely hearths, when they gathered in their local courts, or assembled as fraternities in the manner then common to men following the same calling or mystery. The educating power of such influences might be seen every where. To congregate was to learn, and there was scarcely any other way of learning. Even in the Universities more knowledge was obtained from the lips of living men than from books; and there could be no greater mistake than to suppose that the people of England in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries cared little about politics. Concerning politics as a theory or a science they thought little, but concerning government as a matter immediately affecting their personal liberty and personal gains, they were keen observers and keen disputants."

We must also commend Dr. Vaughan's description of the status of the Church at this epoch—of the triumphant struggle of the English parliaments with the See of Rome, as disclosed in the memorable statutes of provisors—of the arrogance and corruptions of the priesthood, and the gradual decline of their authority amongst the people—and of that marked revolution in opinion in England between the twelfth and the fifteenth centuries, which slowly restored in the general mind the Saxon ideal of the Church system. We think, however, that Dr. Vaughan has done scant justice to the good effected by the Church during this period—to her powerful moral influence in an age of feudal tyranny—to her tendency to efface the odious distinctions of race—to her perseverance in abolishing slavery—to her encouragement of learning and agriculture—and to her position as a mediating influence between all classes of her subjects. At the same time, about the year 1400, it is certain that her pretensions, as an emissary from Rome, and that the conduct of her regular clergy had become extremely distasteful to the nation; and that a spirit was abroad which already contemplated to reform her nearly according to the old Saxon pattern. Wycliffe was the highest embodiment of this spirit; and Dr. Vaughan thus details his doctrines, which are singularly akin to those of the present Church of England:

"According to the doctrine of Wycliffe, the Crown was supreme in authority over all persons and possessions in this realm of England—



the persons of churchmen being amenable to the civil courts in common with the laity; and the property of churchmen being subject to the will of the king, as expressed through the law of the land, in common with all other property. Nor was it enough that he should thus preclude the Papal Court from meddling with secular affairs in this English land. According to his ultimate doctrine, the pretense of the Pope to exercise even spiritual jurisdiction over the Church of England, as being himself the Head of the Churches, should be repudiated as an insolent and mischievous usurpation. The whole framework of the existing hierarchy he describes as a device of clerical ambition; the first step in its ascending scale, the distinction between bishop and presbyter, being an innovation on the polity of the early Church, in which the clergy were all upon an equality."

Thus, towards the close of the fourteenth century, we see clearly the forms of the people of England, and of the English constitution, composed of many different elements and forces, emerging from the long chaos of several revolutions. It is true that centuries are yet to elapse before that polity shall have been perfected on its present type; and Limited Monarchy, Parliamentary Government, a National Church, and an equal law shall have

become the sure inheritance of all Englishmen. Villeinage has not yet disappeared from the soil; the liberties of England have not yet been secured; and in the fifteenth century, which, as Dr. Vaughan observes, was one of retrogression on the whole, the power of the Church was much augmented, and the State was rent by civil wars. During the Tudor era, and down to 1688, the influence of the Crown enormously increased, while that of the aristocracy dangerously declined; and there were seasons when the government of the country appeared likely to become a despotism. Finally, the Reformation is yet to come, fraught with many results of great importance to the people and the destiny of England. But notwithstanding those manifold changes, and the slow but immense revolution in society between 1400 and 1688, the English nation from this time preserves its form; and the great lines of the English polity and institutions continue without ever being effaced. We shall not, however, anticipate Dr. Vaughan in his work; so, cordially commending this volume to our readers, we leave for the present his interesting subject.

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From the Eclectic Review.

## THE FIRST ARCTIC EXPEDITION TO THE NORTH-WEST.

THE Arctic voyages of the mariners of Elizabeth stand foremost among the heroic achievements of mankind. In our own day all the resources of the world's first maritime power have been strained to the uttermost to arm our sailors against the perils of the ice and darkness. They go forth with the most admirable instruments and appliances of science, and with charts and observations which embody the result of three hundred years of daring and successful toil. But these men went out with a gallant hardihood into unknown regions, in mere fishing-boats, slightly manned and worse provisioned, sailing out, like the daring Vikings of old, with steadfast courage, into the bosom of the Arctic night. Sir Edward Belcher's splendidly equipped searching expedition,

and Martin Frobisher's two boats, "between twenty and five-and-twenty tunne apiece," well mark the difference—not, thank God, in courage, skill, and self-devotion, but in equipment—between the mariners of Elizabeth and our own. These Arctic sailors were the true successors of the Scandinavian sea-rovers, the most daring seamen whom the world has ever seen; who, battling with those stormy Northern seas, which were more terrible to Roman courage than the array of Cimbric battle on the plains of Italy, found high and joyful excitement in the conflict, and owned no masters even in the fiercest tempests which beat upon those ice-bound coasts. It is no exaggeration to speak of the joy, the fierce exultation, of the Northmen in their perilous conflicts with

sea and storm. Read *Beowulf*, read the *Heimskringla*, and you will see how this people found in the Northern Ocean the only enemy with which they felt themselves fairly mated; and there they learnt a contempt of minor perils, and a joy in difficult adventure, which has infused its noblest element into the blood of the most sober, sensible, and industrious, but when pushed, the most daring and terrible nation of the earth. I often think of the sublime picture of the death and burial of the old Scyld, son of Scef, the father of Beowulf, with which that grand old epic opens. That people must have had a splendid imagination, the root of all high daring, who could bury their heaven-sent chief like this:

"At his appointed time, then, Scyld departed, very decrepid, to go into the peace of the Lord: they then, his dear comrades, bore him out to the shore of the sea, as he himself requested, the while that the friend of the Scydlings the beloved chieftain, had power with his words; long he owned it. There upon the beach stood the ring-prowed ship, the vehicle of the noble, shining like ice, and ready to set out.

"Then they laid down the dear prince, the distributor of rings, in the bosom of the ship, the mighty one beside the mast; there was much of treasure, of ornaments, brought from afar. Never heard I of a comelier ship having been adorned with battle-weapons and war-weeds, with bills and mailed coats. Upon his bosom lay a multitude of treasures, which were to depart afar with him, into the possession of the flood. They furnished him not less with offerings, with mighty wealth, than those had done who in the beginning sent him forth in his wretchedness alone over the waves. Moreover, they set up for him a golden ensign high overhead; they let the deep sea bear him; they gave him to the ocean. Sad was their spirit, mournful their mood. Men know not, in sooth to say, (men of wise counsel, or any men under the heavens,) who received that freight."—*Beowulf*, (*Kemble's Translation*.)

Thus the Northmen took possession worthily of those stormy seas. Thus, too, the patriarchs took possession of Canaan, by making it the burying-place of their dead. This distinction between the Roman and the Saxon courage is very worthy of attention. Roman courage would dare any thing for duty or in pursuit of notable and sufficient ends. It could stand calmly at its post under the lava-floods of Vesuvius, or leap full-armed into a yawning chasm, for its country and its gods. But that daring which loves peril for its own sake, and mad with the excitement of the

conflict, woos danger as a bride, belongs to the Northern races alone. There are many brave races among the modern European people of romance origin; French, Spaniards, Italians, have never been charged with backwardness when daring deeds had to be done. But to this day the Englishman's love of adventure, the joy he takes in perilous enterprises, for the sake of the excitement, and the high occupation of the faculties which they afford, is a mystery to these peoples. *Un Anglais* is always regarded and treated abroad as a man who may break out into a kind of adventurous mania at any moment. The old Berserker *furor* still survives among us, though in a milder form—*teste*, Mr. Wills on the edge of the Wetterhorn, or Dr. Tyndale guideless on the peaks of Monte Rosa or Mont Blanc. So these stormy oceans, by a kind of elective affinity, belong to us. Our ancestors took possession of them royally; and down through Alfred, Athelstan, Knut, Harold, the Lancastrian house, Edward IV., to Elizabeth, passed of right the scepter of the narrow seas. In those ages, English maritime enterprise was but limited. There was little to tempt it forth into the broad ocean; but the changeful climate, the frequent storms, the long winter nights, and the perilous rock-bound coasts of these Northern regions, tended to nurse that skill, daring, and love of maritime adventure which broke out at last, when the field was prepared, into the enterprises which I am about to chronicle, and which won, in one brief generation, the naval mastery of the world.

In a former paper we have traced the history of oceanic discovery from its dawn in the days of the kinsman of our Lancastrian kings, Prince Henry of Portugal, to the commencement of Arctic discovery in the reign of Elizabeth. The idea of a nearer path to the gem and spice regions which Gama and Columbus had laid open to European enterprise and commerce, was the inspiration of the daring mariners who forced the barrier of the Polar zone, and led the van of the most brilliant exploits of modern times. Commerce was the genius of discovery; but imagination cast a halo of splendor even around the traffic and barter of that romantic age. Science has long since occupied the place of commerce as the genius of Arctic discovery; but the stately dame may ac-

knowledge her debt to her homelier sister without shame. "First that which is natural, then that which is spiritual," is the law every where. But the men who led the expeditions — Frobisher, Davis, Baffin, Hudson, Button, Fox, and James, were knight-errants of the most exalted school. The honor to be won through danger and difficulty was their cynosure; they left the profit to the stay-at-homes who furnished the expeditions, and who looked for some substantial recompense in spices, gems, and gold. At any rate, Martin Frobisher, the pioneer of Arctic discovery, had a hero's soul in him, and inveighed as bitterly against the narrow souls and the timid hearts of the traders, as the brawniest of our muscular Christians could rail at the dogmas of the accepted gospel of free trade. Frobisher the first of our Arctic mariners—the first in time, the first in honor—seems to have been a north-countryman, from near Doncaster. From those parts too one day the Pilgrim Fathers would cast wistful glances at the New World. Drake was a south-countryman, from Devon, as were most of the naval heroes of Elizabeth's reign. A very interesting account of the man, and of the origin of the enterprise, is given by one Master George Best, or Beast, as some write it, who was engaged in the voyage. Our readers will like to have it in his own words. After a long exordium to prove the Arctic zone habitable, he proceeds: "Which thing being well considered, and familiarly known to our General, Captain Frobisher, as well for that he is thorowly furnished of the knowledge of the sphere, and all other skillies appertayning to the art of navigation, as also for the confirmation he hath of the same by many years' experience, both by sea and land, and being persuaded of a new and nearer passage to Cathaya than by Capo de Bona Speranza, which the Portugals yearly use; he began first with himself to devise and then with his friends to conferre, and laid a plain plot unto them, that the voyage was not only possible by the north-west, but also he could prove easy to be performed. And further he determined and resolved with himself to go make full prooffe thereof, and to accomplish or bring true certificate of the truth, or else never to return again: *knowing this to be the only thing of the world that was left yet undone whereby a notable mind might be made*

*famous and fortunate.* But although his will were great to perform this notable voyage, whereof he had conceived in his mind a great hope, by sundry sure reasons and secret intelligences, which here for sundry reasons I leave untouched, yet he wanted altogether means and ability to set forward and perform the same. Long time he conferred with his private friends of these secrets, and made also many offers for the performing of the same in effect unto sundry merchants of our country, about fifteen years before he attempted the same, as by good witness shall well appear. But perceiving that hardly he was harkened unto by the merchants, which never regard virtue without sundry certain and present gains, he repaired to the court, from whence, as from the fountain of our commonwealth, all good causes have their chief increase and maintenance," (that was before the establishment of the circumlocution office,) "and there laid open to many great estates and learned men the plot and sum of his device. And among many honorable minds which favored his honest and commendable enterprise, he was specially beholden to the Right Hon. Ambrose Dudley, Earle of Warwick, whose favorable mind and good disposition hath always been ready to countenance and advance all honest actions, with the authors and executors of the same. And so, by means of my lord's honorable countenance, he received some comfort of his cause; and by little and little, with no small expense and pain, brought his cause to some perfection, and had drawn together so many adventurers, and such sums of money, as might well defray a reasonable charge to furnish himself to sea withal. He prepared two barks of twenty to twenty-five tons a piece, wherein he prepared to accomplish his pretended voyage. Wherefore, being furnished with the foresaid two barks, and a small pinnace of ten tons burden, having therein victuals and other necessaries for twelve months' provision, he departed upon the said voyage from Blackwall, the fifteenth June, A.D. 1576."

The first entry in the log-book is as follows: "The eighth being Friday, about twelve of the clock, we wayed at Deptford, and set sail all three of us, and bare down by the Court, where we shotte off our ordinance, and made the best possible show we could. Her Majestie beholding

the same, commended it, and bade us farewell with shaking her hand at us out of the window. Afterward she sent a gentleman aboard of us, who declared that Her Majestie had good liking of our doings, and thanked us for it, and also wished our captain to come to Court the next day to take his leave of her. The same day, towards night, Mr. Secretary Woolley came aboard of us, and declared to the company that Her Majestie had appointed him to give them charge to be obedient and diligent to their captain and governors in all things, and wished us happie success."

They had an easy and prosperous course N.W. till on the eleventh of May, they sighted land in lat.  $61^{\circ}$  N. "It rose," says the log-book, "like pinnacles of steeples, and all covered with snow." This was evidently the southern part of Greenland. They attempted to land, "but the great store of yce," and the heavy mists forbade. In a great tempest off this coast, the pinace, with four hands on board, (fancy the hardihood of taking her there,) foundered, and all perished. The Michael mistrusting the matter, privily conveyed herself home again—there were laggards and traitors then as now—where she arrived safely, and reported the Gabriel with Frobisher lost. Alone now in the Gabriel, the first Arctic mariner stood on to accomplish his enterprise. The accounts of the expedition are but meager; they are far less full, and therefore less interesting, than the narratives of the men, hardly his equals, who followed on the same path. We have what may be called the log-book of the ship, and the brief narrative drawn up by Mr. Best, or Beast, as he stands on the ship's registers, who sailed in the expedition. There is further a MS. in the Cottonian Collection in the British Museum, now unhappily much damaged by fire, in the handwriting of one Michael Lok, who advanced £800 out of the £2400 which the expedition cost. In that MS. there is a little anecdote of Frobisher, which is invaluable as a revelation of the man's character, and of the extent to which his modest but daring spirit held the mastery over the crew.

"On the thirteenth July, in the rage of an extreme storm, the vessel was cast flat on her side, and being open in the waste, was filled with water, so as she lay still for sunk, and would neither wear nor steer with any help of

the helm, and could never have risen again but by the marvelous work of God's great mercy to help them all. In this distress, when all the men in the ship had lost their courage, and did dispayr of life, the captain, *lyke himself*, with valiant courage stood up and passed alongst the ship's side in the chain wales, lying on her flat side, and caught hold on the weather leech of the foresail, but in the wether coying of the ship the foryard brake. 'To ease her the mizen-mast was cut away, but she still rolled heavily, so that the water issued from both sides, though withal without any thing floating over. Soon the poor storm-buffeted bark was put before the sea, and all hands were set to work to repair damages.'"

Hakluyt adds another anecdote to the same effect, under the date September seventh: "We had a very terrible storm, by force whereof one of our men was thrown into the sea, but he caught hold of the foresail sheet, and there held till the captain plucked him in again." A true captain; if any thing was to be done, he was the man to do it; if any peril was to be met, he was the man to face it; if any honor was to be claimed, he was the last to challenge it. There is something almost sublime in the courage and conduct of the captain of that little boat, standing on through storm and ice into the bosom of those unknown Arctic seas. "The worthy captain, notwithstanding these discomforts, though the mast was sprung and the topmast blown overboard with extreme stress of weather, continued his course to the N. W.; believing the sea must needs at length have an ending, and that some land should have a beginning that way; and determined, therefore, at least to bring a true proof what land and sea the same might be, so far, N. Westwards, beyond any that hath ever been discovered." He stood on to some purpose across the mouth of the straits, to which John Davis was so soon to give his name, and struck the American coast in latitude  $62^{\circ} 30'$ . Working up to  $63^{\circ} 8'$ , he found himself at the mouth of an inlet, "a great gut, bay, or passage," which he entered joyfully, believing that the Western Passage was found to Cathay. "This place he named after himself, Frobisher Straits, like as Magellanus in the S. W. end of the world, having discovered the passage to the South Sea, where America is divided from the continent of that land which lieth under the South Pole, and called the same Magellan's Straits." He sailed sixty leagues up the inlet, which



was afterwards, through a kind of blunder, rebaptized by the name of Lumley, and found that the difficulties of the navigation increased as he advanced. At the extreme point where he landed he fell in with a "salvage people," whom he likens to Tartars in appearance. They used canoes made of seal-skins, with a kind of wood within the skin, and in shape in some respect resembling the shallops of Spain. "One of the natives, after a boat with five men had been captured by treachery, was caught by a stratagem, whereupon when he found himself in captivity, for very choler and disdain, he bit his tongue in twain between his mouth; notwithstanding he died not thereof, but lived until he came to England, and then died of cold which he had taken at sea." The summer being far spent, Frobisher having collected much valuable information for the guidance of future expeditions, resolved to return. He weighed from the mouth of the straits on the twenty-sixth of August, and made Harwich safely on the second of October.

He was received in England with distinguished honors. "He was highly commended of all men for his great and notable attempt, but specially famous for the great hope he brought of the passage to Cathaya." But happily for discovery, something more precious than even the spices of Cathay seemed to be likely to rise out of the expedition, and led to its renewal the following year.

There are two versions of this curious story; which shows how our ancestors found, as we find, the great magnet of migration to be gold. One account of it is in Hakluyt, and runs thus: The sailors of course brought home with them all kinds of curious things from these unknown regions, and among these curiosities were some pieces of stone "like sea cole in color." The wife of one of the sailors by chance threw one of these pieces on the fire, and when it became heated quenched it with vinegar, "when it glistened with a bright marquesett of gold." Then it was given to the gold refiners, who assayed it and reported it to be "gold ore, and very rich for the quantity." The other version of the story is Lok's. He says in the MS. above referred to, that he obtained a piece on board Frobisher's ship, and took it at once to a refiner, who gave a bad report

of it. Lok, however, (apparently resolved to find gold in it,) took a piece of the ore to one John Baptista Agnello, who proved more accommodating, and found gold three several times; a grain of which it would seem Lok delivered to Her Majesty. Great excitement arose thereupon. But there was no insane rush to the gold-fields. Men did not mob in those days as they do now. There is a staid and deliberate deportment in the men of all classes, which shows "the man" in grand contrast to those gregarious families of the brute creation, to which in these days he seems to esteem it an honor to be conformed. Still there was reasonable energy and haste. Three ships were furnished at a cost of forty-four hundred pounds, of which zealous poor Michael Lok, if his wailings "from the Fleete Pryson in London" are credible, was left to make up fourteen hundred pounds. A royal ship this time—the *Aid*, of two hundred tons burden—carried Frobisher with one hundred persons, "thirty gentlemen and soldiers, and the rest sufficient and talle sailors." Our old friend the Gabriel, carried eighteen, and the Michael, sixteen men.

They left Blackwall on the twenty-sixth of May. Frobisher, having kissed her Majesty's hand, was dismissed by her with "gracious countenance and comfortable words. On the twenty-seventh, at Gravesend, aboard the *Ayde*, we all received the communion by the minister of Gravesend, and prepared us, as good Christians towards God, and resolute men, for all fortunes; and towards night we departed unto Tilburie Hope." On the seventh of June they touched at the Orkneys, of which the captain gives a graphic but dismal picture. He says: "The inhabitants were very beastly, and rudely in respect of civility; their houses are poor without, and sluttish enough within, and the people in nature thereunto agreeable." However, they were a canny people then as now. Frobisher says, with a sly touch of humor: "Yet they are not ignorant of the value of our coine." On the sixteenth of July they were off the mouth of the straits, where they remained till the twenty-third of August. On the way Frobisher made the sagacious observation that the ice mountains, which they passed, the size of which filled them with amazement, "were bred in the sounds, or some land near the pole; and that the main sea

never freezeth, wherefore there is no mare glaciale, as the opinion hitherto hath been." They occupied the time while in the straits, not in pushing discovery, but in searching for gold ore, Frobisher being expressly directed by his commission, "to search for the ore, and defer the discovery of the passage till another time"—a direction which, like a brave and loyal captain, he implicitly obeyed. In his former expedition he had lost five men and a boat through the treachery of the Esquimaux. He was deeply anxious to get news of them, and used all kinds of stratagems to entrap the wary natives, but with small success.

"At our first arrival, after the ships rode at anchor, our general, with such company as could be spared the ships, in marching order entered the land, having special care, by exhortation, that on our entrance thereto we should all with one voice kneeling upon our knees, chiefly thank God for our safe arrival; secondly, beseech him that it would please his Divine Majesty long to continue our Queen, for whom we, in this order, took possession of the country; and, thirdly, that by our Christian study and endeavor these barbarous peoples, trained up in paganism and infidelity, might be reduced to the knowledge of true religion and the hope of salvation through Christ the Redeemer."

Thus they took possession of the country. "In the name of God, Amen," meant something on those men's lips. The place where they landed they named "Mount Warwicke." As they returned to their boats they saw some natives, who, with cries like the roaring of bulls, seemed to desire conference. With due circumspection, Frobisher and another met two of the natives, one of whom, for lack of better merchandise, "cut off the tail of his coat, and gave it to the general." The general tried to seize him, but he was too nimble, and escaped. Regaining their bows and arrows, they shot, and wounded the poor general ignominiously in the rear. A general skirmish ensued—the savages fled—when an Englishman, one "Nicholas Conger, a goode footman, and unencumbered with any furniture, having only a dagger at his back, overtook one of them, and being a Cornish man, and a good wrestler, showed his companion such a Cornish trick, that he made his sides ake against the ground for a month after, and so being stayed, he was taken alive, and brought away." Frobisher, to his great sorrow, could learn

nothing of his men. They then stood over the straits to search for ore, and they found something which looked like it; but, on trial, discovered the truth of the proverb, "That is not all gold that glittereth." Farther on, however, they found a substance which gave them greater hope; and also a dead fish, having a horn two yards long, which being, of course, the unicorn's, they brought home, "and reserved as a jewel for the Queen's wardrobe." The floating ice in the strait greatly troubled them; "whoso maketh navigation in those countrys, hath not only storms, winds, and furious seas to encounter, but also many monstrous and great islands of ice, a thing both rare, wonderful, and greatly to be regarded." In a place which they called York Sound, there was further skirmishing with the natives, and two women were seized. "The one being old and ugly, our men thought she had been a devil, or some witch, and her buskins were pulled off to see if she had cloven feet or no." Being comforted on that head, "they let her go, seeing she was old, and of an ugly hue." The other was young, with an infant at her back. The infant was wounded in the skirmish, and the surgeon applied salves. The woman, "not acquainted with that kind of surgery, plucked those salves away, "and exhibited a pretty kind of surgery which nature teacheth," and, "by continual licking of her own tongue, not much unlike a dog, she healed up the child's arm." The two captives were brought together. The narrative of their demeanor to each other is very touching. They marked them well, and were struck with the woman's singular modesty and propriety; a modesty which, as Christian gentlemen, they had the manliness to respect, in notable and noble contrast to the habits of the early adventurers of Spain. From them Frobisher heard that his men were alive, and he wrote a letter—the first correspondence of the Arctic regions—which he sent on shore, hoping that by some good chance it might fall in their way. Here it is word for word:

"In the name of God, in whom we all believe, who (I trust) hath preserved your bodies and souls among these infidels, I commend me unto you. I will be glad to seek by all means you can devise for your deliverance, either with force or with any commodities within my ships, which I will not spare for your sakes, or any thing else I can do for you. I have aboard of

theirs a man, a woman, and a child, which I am contented to deliver for you, but the man which I carried away from hence last year is dead in England. Moreover, you may declare unto them that if they deliver you not, I will not leave a man alive in their country. And thus if one of you can come to speak with me, they shall have either the man, woman, or child in power for you: and thus unto God, whom I trust you do serve, in haste I leave you, and to him we will daily pray for you. This Tuesday morning, 7th Aug. 1577."

The men, however, never appeared; and the season being far spent, and two hundred tons of ore being on board, the general resolved to make good his return. "Forty gentlemen asked to march up and survey the country," but Frobisher, "well considering the time he had on hand, and the greedy desire our country hath to a present return of gain, resolved to return, and leave the rest to be, by God's help, hereafter well accomplished." On the twenty-second of August, "making a bonfire on the highest mount in the island, and firing a volley in honor of Lady Anne, Countess Warwicke, whose name it beareth"—you see here the hearty and jovial spirit of the English—they weighed for home. They had a trying and stormy passage. On the first of September, the *Aid*, "lying a-lull," in order not to outstrip her consorts, was most grievously buffeted with the waves. "Afraid of being swamped, they got her before the wind, and ran. The next day being calm, they found the rudder was reft in twaine, and almost ready to fall away." Dismayed by this discovery, they braced their energies to repair the loss. They "flung half-a-dozen couple of the best men overboard, who, taking great pains, under water, driving planks, and binding with ropes, did well mend and strengthen the matter, though the most part returned more than half-dead out of the water." This was the last severe trial. On the twenty-third September the *Aid* made Milford Haven, the *Gabriel* made Bristol, the *Michael*, some northern port, with the loss of one man by sickness, and one man washed overboard, of which the night before he had a strange premonition in a dream.

"The thirtieth of August, with the force of the wind, and a surge of the sea, the master of the *Gabriel*, and the boatswain, were stricken both overboard; and hardly was the boatswain recovered, having hold on a rope hanging over-

board in the sea; and yet the bark was laced fore and after, with ropes a breast high within boorde. This master was called William Smith, being but a young man, and a very sufficient mariner, who, being all the morning before exceeding pleasant, told his captain he dreamed that he was cast overboard, and that the boatswain had him by the hand, and could not save him. And so, immediately upon the end of his tale, his dreame came right euilly to passe; and indeed the boatswain, in like sort, held him by one hand, having hold on rope with the other until his force fayled, and the master was drowned."

Frobisher hastened overland to Court, where he was received with great honor and joy. "The Queen delighted to find that the matter of the gold ore had appearance, and made show of great riches and profit, and the hope of the passage to Cataya by this voyage greatly increased." This was the report of a special commission appointed to investigate the subject. The Queen gave the name of "*Meta incognita*" to the newly discovered country, and it was resolved to send out an expedition in the ensuing year, thoroughly furnished for the establishment of a colony there.

This third expedition was by far the most important and imposing of the three, though it had the slightest issues. It consisted of fifteen ships, which assembled at Harwich on the twenty-seventh of May, and sailed on the thirtieth of May, 1578.

The captains assembled at Court to take leave of the Queen, who gave to Frobisher "a faire chain of gold."

The first misadventure was the foundering of the bark *Dennis*, of one hundred tons, with the frame of the house for the colonists on board. This vessel received such a blow from a rock of ice that she sunk down therewith in sight of the whole fleet, her crew being with difficulty saved by the boats of the other ships. After the loss of the *Dennis*—which seems to have been regarded as an evil omen in the fleet—they met with a "sudden, terrible tempest" from the S. E. Having weathered the storm, they found themselves encompassed by the ice-pack, "having left much behind them thorow which they had passed, and finding more before them thorow which they could not pass. In this perilous situation each man did the best he could for the safety of his ship. "Some of the ships, where they could find a place more cleared of yce, and get a little berth of sea roome, did take in

their sayles, and there lay adrift; other some fastened, and moored anker upon a great island of yce; and again, some were so fast shut up, and compassed in amongst an infinite number of great countreys and islands of yce, that they were faine to submit themselves and their ships to the mercy of the unmerciful yce, and strengthened the sides of their ships with junk of cables, beda, masts, planks, and such like, which being hanged overboard, on the sides of their ships, might better defend them from the outrageous sway and strokes of the said yce." Very amazing to them was the noise made by the churning of the ice in a tempestuous sea. "Truly it was wonderful to see and hear the rushing and the noise that the tides did make in that place, with so violent a force, that the ships lying a-lull were turned sometimes round about, even in a moment, after the manner of a whirlpool; and the noise of the stream no lesse to be heard afar off than the waterfall of London Bridge." It appears that in the stress of the weather they lost their reckoning, and that Frobisher was aware of it, but would not even hint it to his followers, less they should be disheartened, and desire to return. At length, after great perils, in which the hardy and consummate seamanship of the various captains conspicuously appears, the whole fleet assembled in the Countess of Warwick's Sound, about the middle of August, and preparations were at once commenced for accomplishing the object of the expedition. It was proposed to leave one hundred men there to colonize the country, there being no notion at that time in England of what the winter temperature of the lands about the mouth of Davis's Straits might be. Poor Hudson's fate, and the terrible sufferings of Captain James, let some light in upon that in the succeeding reigns. But the foundering of the Dennis, with the house on board, mercifully defeated the plan. The provisions, too, for the one hundred men were not forthcoming in sufficient quantity; "so, for these and sundry good and sufficient reasons, it was resolved that no settlement should be there this yeare." On the thirtieth of August, a council was held, and it was resolved to return as fully laden with ore as might be; but on the morrow the thirty-first, the fleet was fairly blown out to sea by a tremendous storm, and scattered. The homeward

passage was most tempestuous; "many of the ships were dangerously distressed, and severed almost asunder;" but the whole of them arrived safely at length, at different ports and at different times, the last on the thirty-first of October, 1578.

The adventures of the several ships are full of the deepest interest, did our space allow us to dwell on them. Captain Best, in the *Anne Frances*, showed singular hardihood. I give an extract from his narrative—it must serve as a sample of the rest. He had the materials of a small pinnace on board his ship, with the important exception of nails. He had the boat put together as well as he could manage it, and resolutely determined to explore the straits, as the ship could not pass. He found it difficult to get volunteers. "But manful and honest John Gray" volunteered to accompany him, and several at once followed his example; though the carpenter who put it together affirmed that he would not venture in it for five hundred pounds. They set forth; the rest I must give as far as I can in their own words:

"On the nineteenth, Captain Best, accompanied by Captain Upcot, of the *Moon*, a worthy compeer, and eighteen hands, embarked in the small pinnace, in prosecution of the hazardous voyage that was in contemplation. 'Having only the helpe of man's labor with ores,' and encountering much difficulty and danger in forcing their way through ice, they accomplished, by the twenty-second of August, between forty and fifty leagues, and entered, as they imagined, the Countess of Warwick's Sound; but the identity of the place is not clear. Wherever they were, however, a variety of circumstances concurred to involve them in sore perplexity. On landing, the adventurers found great stones set up, as it seemed, by natives for marks. They also found crosses of stone, as if Christian people had been there. Reëmbarking, and pulling along the shore, they noticed a smoke of a fire under a hill's side, 'whereof they diversely deemed.' Human figures then appeared in the distance, but too far off to be distinguished. Drawing nearer, the people ashore wafted, or seemed to waft, a flag, but the natives were wont to do the same when they saw a strange boat. Anon the perplexed mariners perceived certain tents; and they made the ensign to be 'of mingled colors, black and white, after the English fashion.' This discovery rather increased than diminished their amazement. No ship was to be seen: no harborage was known of in the vicinity. Besides, it was not the practice of the English to visit those parts. Apprehension ensued. It was feared that by storms some ship had been



driven up, or in some dense fog had missed the way—that the people had been wrecked and spoiled by the natives, by whom it was conjectured might be ‘used the sundry-colored flagge for a policie to bring others within their danger.’ The resolution of the party was immediately taken. ‘They determined to recover the same ensign, if it were so, from the base people, or else to lose their lives, and all together. But, in the end, they discerned them to be their countrymen, and then they deemed them to have lost their ships, and so to be gathered together for their better strength.’ On the other hand, ‘the companie ashore feared that the captaine, having lost his ship, came to seek forth the flete for his reliefe in his poor pinnesse, so that their extremities caused eche partie to suspect the worst.’ Under these circumstances, Captain Best took the precaution which prudence dictated. On nearing the shore, he ‘commanded his boate carefully to be kepte afloate, lest, in their necessitie, they might winne the same from him, and seeke first to save themselves; for every man, in that case, is next himself.’ But no strife, he observes, followed the meeting of the two parties. On the contrary, unbounded delight predominated. ‘They hailed one another according to the manner of the sea, and demanded, *What cheer?* and either party answered the other, that *All was well*; whereupon there was a sudden and joyfull outshoute, with greates flinging up of caps, and a brave voly of shotte, to welcome one another. And truly,’ it is observed, ‘it was a most strange case to see how joyfull and gladde every partie was to see themselves meete in safety againe, after so strange and incredible dangers: yet, to be short,’ the narrator devoutly remarks, ‘as their dangers were greates, so their God was greater.’”

The poor pinnace came to grief on the way home. She foundered at sea almost the moment after Captain Best and the adventurous crew who had embarked in her were received safely and joyfully on board. The other ships met with an abundant share of the special difficulties and dangers with which recent narratives of Arctic discovery have made us familiar. There is a dreary monotony of danger and suffering in the records of Arctic navigation, which stretch through near

three hundred years. Frobisher led the van—McClintock, completing Franklin’s work, has closed it, for a time. We have given our readers a brief sketch of the first Arctic trilogy. It ends, for the time, in disappointment and confusion. As far as its immediate object was concerned, like all the rest, it failed. But I venture to think that it ended in a high success, if the daring and hardihood of her sons is the glory of a country, her chief defense in war, her sinew of strength in an honorable peace. In this school many of the men were trained whose nimble and daring seamanship bewildered and outmaneuvered the most renowned captains of Spain at England’s Salamis. Frobisher, Fenton, Best, the heroes of these expeditions, were all there, foremost among the champions of England and the Gospel. Victors in such a strife as I have endeavored to picture, to them it was but merry sport, “a morris dance on the waters,” to scatter and shatter the grandest armada which Europe has ever sent forth on the seas, and to challenge for England that naval supremacy which has never yet been disputed by an equal, and never will be—let them build ships as they like—while the world endures. One broad feature in the history of Arctic enterprise is the pious and God-fearing character of the men who have made themselves its heroes. There is here a grand and almost unbroken unity from Frobisher to Franklin. Bibles, and books which may be the companions of godly men, are the most notable of the relics of our gallant countrymen which bestrew those dreary regions; and I extract from the sailing orders of Frobisher’s squadron, Article eight, which contains the watchword: “If any man in the fleet come up in the night, and hale his fellow, he shall give him the watchword, ‘Before the world was God;’ the other shall answer him, if one of ours, that ‘after God came Christ, his Son.’”

From the Dublin University Magazine.

## VONVED THE DANE—COUNT OF ELSINORE.\*

### CHAPTER V.

#### THE PAINTER OF SVENDBORG CASTLE.

At the south-eastern extremity of the large and fertile Danish island of Funen is situated the little port of Svendborg, a pleasant old town of about four thousand population, cosily nestled on the shore of a fine semi-circular bay, across the entrance to which lie two long, low, narrow islets, respectively called Thorø and Taa-singe. Two or three years prior to the time of this narrative, a young, wandering artist, who called himself Bertel Røvsing, came to Svendborg, where he lingered month after month, supporting himself by obtaining occasional employment as a portrait-painter. He appeared to be a poor, friendless, solitary man, but little or nothing was known of his prior history and connections, for he replied with much reserve and evasion to any question concerning them. Nevertheless, he was liked by the people who had any intercourse with him, for he was, albeit melancholy and eccentric, unquestionably a gentleman in the true sense of the word, and highly gifted in his profession.

Some little distance to the south of the town there is a spit of land which projects into the sea, forming a sort of natural breakwater in that direction. On the rocky extremity of this promontory the Barons of Svendborg in olden time built a magnificent castle, now a mass of picturesque ruins, majestic even in decay and desolation; only two or three rooms are yet habitable.

It happened that the steward of the then Baron of Svendborg, when on a visit to the town, heard of the poor stranger artist, and of his remarkable talent as a portrait-painter; and being a kind-hearted man, not only employed him to paint his (the worthy steward's) semblance on canvas, but also gave him permission to occupy, rent-free, the aforesaid habitable rooms

of the old castle—an offer which Bertel Røvsing very gratefully accepted. And thus it was that the young man soon became locally known and spoken of as "The Painter of Svendborg Castle."

One of the rooms in the old castle might be termed especially the studio and home of Bertel Røvsing. It was long, narrow, and lofty, with groined ceiling, and lighted by a mullioned window looking close down on the sea. Internally it was an antique, dreamy place, profusely decorated with many a quaint and characteristic article. Here were real books—not mere ghosts of volumes, like those of to-day—but tomes of mighty size, embodying the life-labors of Thoughtsmen; old rusty swords, which had doubtless performed doughty service in their time; hemlets, breastplates, gauntlets, etc., all much defaced and time-worn; gloves, guitars, and tapestries. In one corner of the room stood an antique oak table, carved at the ends, and with twisted legs terminating in feet cunningly chiseled into the semblance of dragon's heads, and on this table reposed the skull of a female, on the polished brow of which was written: "Go, get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her though she paint an inch thick, to this favor must she come at last!"

A great number of cartoons, sketches, and paintings (the latter in every degree of progress, but hardly one of them actually finished) were scattered about the room. All bore the impress of genius of an original and highly powerful character, and their subjects—with the exception of a few delicious love-scenes—were teeming with diablerie and marvelous romance. Not a little daring poetry was evinced in the conception of some of these themes; and however a professional critic might object to the extravagance of their nature, and the many incongruities and minor faults of their execution, he could not honestly withhold his praise from the bold conception, the dramatic cast of the figures—their striking grouping—their originality and fine effect.

\* Continued from page 549.

This array furnished no mean index to the mind and tastes of the painter. He was obviously gifted, ardent, metaphysical, and ambitious; versed in the lore, and deeply imbued with the spirit of bygone ages; partial to wild, fantastic subjects, and habituated to blending the real with the ideal—the homely with the exquisite—the prosaic with the intellectual—the fleeting Present with the symbols of the Past.

And the person of the man himself? He was about twenty-five years of age, with noble, strongly-marked features, a fine, although not very high forehead, and big, dark, hazel eyes, wildly blazing in their expression. His hair was coal-black; his complexion was very dark, or dusky, yet clear and healthy; and altogether he looked much more like an Italian than a Dane. As to his attire, it was literally of the fashion of the middle or at least of bygone ages; and yet, see him in his studio, and you would vow that he only dressed in keeping with the surrounding objects.

Not very long after Bertel Røvsing had established himself in the old castle he was employed to paint the portrait of a certain local magnate, one Herr Hans Jacob Ström. This worthy burgher was reported to be as rich a man as any in Svendborg—yea, or within a circuit of five Danish miles thereof: and they are equal to some three-and-twenty English. He was owner of farms and homesteads, corn-fields and pasturages, cattle and flocks; he kept the largest dry-goods store in the town itself; and he was owner of two brigs and a schooner employed in foreign voyages, and several coasting jægts. Besides all these sources of wealth, he maintained a branch mercantile house at Kiel, in Holstein, under the management of his only son. He had one other child—a daughter—who kept his house at Svendborg, for the old merchant had long been a widower. It was the general opinion of the wise men and sage women of Svendborg, that Hans Jacob Ström loved his daughter Olüfina (for such was the maiden's name) more than any thing else in the world—except money. Indeed Herr Ström, although in the main a good enough man, was decidedly worldly-minded, and too much devoted to the practice of heaping up riches for his heirs to spend. So every body

said; and what every body says must be true.

Herr Ström was undoubtedly a great man; and, like other great men, he had the weakness to wish himself yet greater than nature intended. Possibly this latent feeling induced him to order his full-length portrait to be taken on a colossal scale, so that whereas the living Herr Ström stood exactly five feet five inches in his stockings, he required his semblance on canvas to measure seven feet three inches from the sole of the foot to the crown of the head, that being just one third more than his real stature, and to be bulky in proportion. The young painter might have a strong private opinion on the subject, but he was too prudent to object, especially when he found that Herr Ström was willing to pay for his portrait exactly in proportion to the number of square feet and inches of canvas it covered. And so Bertel Røvsing set to work, and in due time produced a most imposing picture of the worshipful Ström in his robes of office (for he happened to be chief magistrate of Svendborg that year;) and in order that there might be no present doubt as to identity, and also for the special information of posterity, the name, "Hans Jacob Ström" was painted in thick white letters an inch and a half high at the foot of the portrait by the particular desire of the owner. The precaution was probably unnecessary, for every body who came to view this *chef-d'œuvre* in the line of portrait painting, (and nearly all the people of Svendborg saw it in turn,) vowed and protested that it was an amazingly true and striking likeness. So, moreover, thought Hans Jacob himself, and in the pride of his heart he actually paid the artist the sum agreed upon without more than one or two muttered remarks about the expensiveness of works of art as compared to objects of utility; for, as he truly observed, this piece of painted canvas cost him the price of a yoke of oxen or a good ship's boat. Taking this prosaic and practical view of the transaction, Herr Ström was assuredly justified in speaking of the portrait as an act of extravagance on his part.

Unfortunately one act of extravagance very frequently leads to another; and so it did in the present case. Prompted partly by paternal affection and pride, and partly, it may not unfairly be presumed, by the

maiden herself, the rich merchant resolved that his daughter should in turn sit for her portrait, and thanks to the good sense of Jomfrue\* herself, it was determined that her person should be represented on canvas precisely its natural size.

O short-sighted Hans Jacob Ström! evil was the hour when you weakly came to this decision! Was there no far-seeing friend to whisper of the possible danger which might result from this portrait-taking affair? Wise art thou in thy generation, as a money-getting man of business, O Hans Jacob Ström! and yet wilt thou in this matter approve thyself a most egregious ninny! Let graybeard Time decide!

Jomfrue Olüfina Ström was beyond cavil the most charming young lady of one-and-twenty that the whole island of Funen could boast. She was blooming as a rose; sweet as the hawthorn blossom; lovely as the Houris idle poets dream of, meerschau in hand. In sober prose, Olüfina was really a very fine, plump, and handsome young lady; and what was far better, she was an exceedingly amiable, warm-hearted creature. Her father, however sordid in most respects, (as doubtless became the magnate of Svendborg,) begrudged nothing on her behoof, and therefore she had been expensively educated at Copenhagen, at the deservedly celebrated Pensionnat og Dannelses Institut of Madame Skindelv, where she was taught every lady-like accomplishment by first-rate instructors. The fond dream of her father—ah! what fond, foolish dreams do fathers indulge in!—was to wed her to some suitor of rank, for the old merchant proudly knew that he could give her a magnificent dowry, and he fancied that she was worthy, as indeed she was, to become even a countess, if Heaven so willed.

Alas! as the inspired Ayrshire plowman quaintly tells us:

"The best-laid schemes o' mice an' men  
Gang aft a-gley!"

Jomfrue Olüfina duly sat for her portrait; and it is really surprising what an extraordinary number of long sittings she underwent without a single murmur or expression of weariness.

\* Jomfrue—literally "young lady," but exactly equivalent to our English word "Miss."

Olüfina was a stong-minded, sensible, prudent Danish girl, it is true; but she was also a genuine daughter of Eve, and possessed a very fair share of sensibility and of capability to conceive a passionate affection for one worthy of her. At the very first sitting she saw that the young painter was no ordinary dauber, but as regarded his profession, a man of genius, who only required time and opportunity to command the world's homage. At the second sitting she felt her bosom throb with a mingled feeling of admiration of the handsome form and intellectual features of the painter, and pity for his hard destiny in having to toil, unaided by friends or fortune, up that steep hill, at the summit of which shines Fame's bright yet illusive star. At the third sitting she was firmly convinced that Bertel Røvsing was not only a genius, but a modest, amiable, noble-minded young man, and the victim of undeserved poverty and obscurity—in a word, the Football of Fortune. Moreover, her curiosity was mightily piqued concerning his past history, and the mystery which obviously enshrouded the same. At the fourth sitting she felt, not without a blush and an instinctive tremor, a warm friendship for him. Ah! you know the witty French proverb: "L'Amitie est l'Amour sans ailes!" Yes, Friendship is Love without wings; but those wings will soon grow and expand, never doubt! At the fifth sitting the destiny of sweet Olüfina Ström was decided. She fell hopelessly head over ears, many thousand fathoms deep, in love with the Painter of Svendborg Castle!

And he, the unknown stranger, the poor man of genius, did he reciprocate the passion he had thus innocently inspired? Ay, heart and soul! How could he sit day after day, for long hours at a spell, all alone with such a woman, gazing at her, analyzing every emotion, every expression of her mobile features, ere he transferred them to canvas; how was it possible for him to do that, without falling irresistibly and helplessly in love with her?

The portrait, a superb and faithful one, was at length finished, framed, paid for, and duly admired; but hardly was this done ere a frightful revelation somehow dawned on the obtuse mind of Hans Jacob Ström. In brief, he became apprized of the almost incredible, the doleful, the



astounding, the maddening fact, that his daughter—the light of his eye, the pride of his heart, the one bright jewel of his soul—had fallen in love, and secretly plighted her troth with the Painter of Svendborg Castle. What! His Olüfina, with whom he could willingly pay down (to a husband of his own choice) a dowry of two hundred thousand specie-dalers, to clandestinely betroth herself to a beggarly artist! The thought was insupportable.

Herr Ström sternly forbade his daughter, under vague yet dreadful penalties, to ever speak with or even look at Bertel Rovsing again. And he overwhelmed the young painter himself with the most bitter reproaches and threats, should he dare to even lift his eyes again to behold the young lady whom he had so presumptuously entangled in the meshes of Cupid's net. Finally, Herr Ström bewailed his own infatuation, and cursed the evil hour when he employed the wicked young stranger who had thus broken his household peace; and in the first paroxysm of rage he condemned the portrait of his daughter to the flames; but on second thoughts only ordered it to the lumber-room; and on third thoughts contented himself with simply turning its face to the wall.

O fathers of pretty maidens! (Danish or British,) here is a lesson and a warning for you! Beware of employing handsome young artists to paint portraits of your daughters in an unlimited number of private sittings!

Ah! it is the old, old story, sung and told in every age and every clime! The experience of the gray world, condensed by gentle Will, as he strolled along reedy Avon's banks, into one wondrously eloquent line:

"The course of true love never did run smooth."

The wise men and women of Svendborg well and truly said that Hans Jacob Ström loved his daughter better than any thing else in the world—except money. And equally true was it that she loved her father better than any body else—except Bertel Rovsing.

Thus it was, that, despite poor Bertel was excommunicated and banned by the irate father, Olüfina clung unto him; and many a secret, sweet, and precious stolen interview they enjoyed, with no witnesses

save the twinkling stars and the chaste discreet moon.

A stone's cast from the ruins of Svendborg Castle, in a small ravine or dale, inclosed on three sides by low craggy rocks, grew a clump or grove of firs and beech trees, and that was the trysting-place of the lovers. Well, it came to pass that about a week subsequent to the destruction of the brig-of-war Falk, off Bornholm, and the escape (unsuspected as yet) of Lars Vonved from that awful explosion, the betrothed pair met at this secluded tryst in the mellow gloaming.

A summer's eve—the moon faintly beaming through the foliage overhead—two lovers holding earnest whispering converse in the secluded and romantic grove—such is the picture! And hath not the like been painted a thousand times before? Yea; and it will a thousand times again. Harken now to a manly voice, broken and desponding though it be—hearken to the utterance of feelings and emotions which, at this moment, have their reflex in many a breast, all the wide world over!

"Will nothing weigh with him but mammon? Will nothing move his soul but the gleam of red gold? O Olüfina! never before did I so keenly feel what a bitter thing is poverty! I have toiled for fame, and thought myself sure to win it sooner or later; but now that wild dream is over! I can battle no longer—my hope is dead and my heart is sick. I have nothing in the world to look forward to—nothing to cheer me—nothing to call my own—nothing—"

"But my love!" was the thrilling interruption, from a voice low and sweet as the gentle zephyr which fanned the evening air; and a white arm glanced in the moonbeams, as it twined around the neck of the young man, contrasting with the clustering black hair, which, artist-like, he wore long and flung back on his shoulders. "But my love!" she repeated, "and is my love nothing? You once told me that, were you possessed of that love alone, you would think yourself richer than a king, and envy him not his crown and scepter!"

"My own Olüfina!" tremulously exclaimed the lover, fondly caressing her, and appearing to deem that a sufficient reply. Soon, however, he resumed by ejaculating in a tone of bitter triumph: "Ay, they can not rob me of your love,

although they may tear you from my arms! Death! that thought is distraction to me. Your father curses the artist because he is poor, and will wed you to a very clod of the earth, to sate his unhallowed lust for gold!"

"No, Bertel!" promptly responded the maiden; "No!" exclaimed she vehemently, and she drew up her head in womanly dignity, whilst her bright eyes flashed in the mellow gloaming; "No! if I am dragged to the altar as a bride, to wed the being I loathe, that hour will be my last! But this," added she, more calmly, "will never be. Heaven will interpose or my father will relent."

"Never, Olüfina! I have studied him only too well. He is your father, dearest, and fain would I speak of him with respect and honor; but too surely do I know that his threats to wed you to that being, whose only merit is that he is very rich, are not idle, but will be fulfilled sooner or later; unless, as you say, Providence interposes. He has discovered our love, and, when last I met him, darkly did he threaten me if I dared to longer aspire to you. Were he to know of our stolen interviews, I shudder to think in what excesses his rage might find vent."

"You are too desponding, Bertel! From me, even, you might learn courage. I have a woman's faith in the future. I have the fond, proud trust of a woman in the ability of the man she loves to achieve means of securing the happiness of them both. With your gifts, dear Bertel, what may you not aspire to—what may you not perform? It is true that you are not yet appreciated as you merit; but have I not read of great painters who were as much neglected at the outset of their career, and who triumphantly passed through ordeals as trying as yours, and won for themselves honors, wealth, and the loftiest renown? And why should not you? You can—you must—you shall—you will—for my sake!"

The young girl touched, with a woman's intuition, the right cord, in thus passionately appealing to the innate pride of genius which she knew pervaded her lover's soul, and she threw in her heart and hand as the crowning stimulant and reward. Bertel Røvsing felt it deeply, and a glow of proud self-reliance illumined his lineament, as, with flashing eyes, he cried:

"Ay, Olüfina, what others have done I

can do; and, with Heaven's help, so I will! What would not your love inspire? God has given me, I feel, high gifts, and I will use them bravely. But, O Olüfina! fame may yet be far off for me—and hard, indeed, do I find it to climb even the first step of the mount. That once achieved, the rest were comparatively easy; but you know not, dearest, what a fearful task it is for a poor unfriended artist to fight his way into notice. I may toil," continued he, gloomily, "for long, weary years, and just when my heart is sick with hopes deferred, my spirit broken, my brain benumbed, my hand paralyzed, and my worn-out frame sinking into a premature grave, then may the guerdon of genius be accorded me—when the mold smelleth rankly above the rose, and all relish for life is lost, and all aspirations for the honors and gifts men can bestow dead and passed away forever. And, even were fame already mine, unless wealth gilded it, your father would remain inexorable as ever. I see no light through the cloud—not a glint. Heaven help and support me, for I know not what to say nor do!"

"This is cruel, Bertel, foolish and cruel to us both, but to me especially!" exclaimed Olüfina with tears. "It is true that men call my father selfish and hard-hearted, but he is not the sordid, unfeeling being they think—indeed he is not! I see him in his better moments—they never do! Oh! had my poor mother lived, her influence with him was all-potent, and she would have sacrificed herself for the happiness of her child! But it is wicked to repine—wicked to mistrust the care of Providence. I know not how it is, but I have a strong and subtle presentiment that, ere many days are over, Heaven will bring about something which will prove a crisis to our fate."

"A fatal one, Olüfina?"

"Why, Bertel, will you persist in looking on the darkest shade of every thing connected with your—*our*—future? Until lately you walked ever on the sunny side of the way; but since my father talked—perhaps not seriously, after all—of wedding me to a wealthy suitor, you have not been the same. You have a noble heart, Bertel, and a lofty mind and brilliant talent—'tis Olüfina, who never flatters, tells you this—but one thing you lack!"

"And that is?"

"Faith! You lack that perfect reliance on the watchful care and interposition of God's gracious providence, which alone will make you happy, if you deserve it. You lack the first essential to success in your career. Have faith, and already half the battle is won! Have faith, and you must and will ultimately stand a conqueror!"

"Sweet enthusiast! And yet there is something in your words, Olüfina, that thrills me more than your idea itself. Were you once my wife, forever mine own wife, to hourly pour such counsel and encouragement into my soul, what is there that I might not attempt and perform—to what dizzy eminence might I not climb? Ah! Olüfina? wert thou —"

"Hush! hark! what is that?" hurriedly whispered the maiden. "O Him! we are watched—tracked—discovered!"

And without pausing to utter one word of farewell, or—what was worse—without staying to exchange the customary parting kiss (ah! lovers only know how precious that is!) Olüfina swiftly fled away, like a fawn frightened by the stealthy approach of ruthless hunters.

Bertel Rovsing stood a moment, undecided whether or not to pursue her, for he himself had neither heard nor seen any cause for alarm, and was therefore disposed to chide her for yielding to a groundless maidenly panic, by fancying what did not exist. But now that his senses were aroused, he speedily had reason to be thankful that his mistress possessed keener, or, at any rate, more alert faculties than himself, for he distinctly heard heavy footsteps crashing among the *debris* of the dale, and hoarse voices in earnest conversation. He comprehended the speakers were approaching him, and he instantly slipped into a thick covert, and with palpitating heart, awaited the result.

More and more near and distinct sounded the voices, and Bertel, noiselessly thrusting aside the foliage, looked forth on a rugged pathway which skirted the clump of trees, and beheld two men slowly advancing—and bulky figures they appeared in the glimmering moonshine. By and by he could distinguish their conversation.

"By the Keel of Balder!" growled one speaker, in a deep base voice, "the more

I think of the matter, the more I am convinced that this story thou tellest is no more real than the existence of Ole Luköie!\* It is a lying invention—a trap for the unwary for aught I know!"

"Don't be such an obstinate pig-headed unbeliever, Mads Neilsen!" exclaimed his companion; "I tell thee, man, that I, myself, heard Burgomaster Puglfahrt read it aloud from the Kjobenhavn (Copenhagen) Fædrelandet, and I begged to see the paper and read it with my own eyes."

"That I can easily believe, but it does not follow that I should also believe the yarn itself," doggedly retorted the incredulous Mads, (Matthew.)

"Why not—why shouldst thou doubt it, Mads?"

"Oh! I know much better than to credit all they put in print nowadays. Many a thumping lie have I read in the papers. That Fædrelandet tells as many lies in a twelvemonth as would sink a jolly-boat!"

"Ay," sadly replied his companion, sighing deeply, and shaking his head with an air of melancholy conviction, "but this is no lie, depend upon it. Do you think that Fædrelandet would dare to circumstantially report that a king's ship has been blown up, if it was not true? No, it is only too certain that Captain Vonved was betrayed by some traitor of his crew—the curse of Thor light upon the villain, say I! and that he was aboard the Falk when she exploded off Bornholm this day week, and every soul on board perished but one man."

"It can not be! I will not believe it possible!" energetically protested Mads Neilsen. "Lars Vonved's crew were all true as steel—they loved him and they feared him—they would not and they dare not betray him!"

"Ay, Mads; but there is a black sheep in every flock—a Judas in every company and crew."

"Hark ye, Hans Petersen!" hoarsely cried Mads, "my own brother, as you know, is one of the crew of the Skildpadde, and if he has betrayed Lars Vonved, I swear," and here he uttered a fearful oath, "that I will drive this dagger up to the hilt through his traitor's heart! Ay, by the God who made me, I will slay my

\* Ole Luköie is a sort of mischievous imp or fairy of immense renown in Denmark.

mother's own son whenever and wherever I meet him, if he is the man!"

"Mada, min ven," said Hans Petersen in a conciliatory tone, "I would stake my own life that be the traitor who he may, he is not thy brother."

"Be he who he may, brother or no brother," sullenly muttered the excited Mads, replacing a long glittering dagger he had withdrawn from his bosom, "I swear to wet my blade in the traitor's best heart's blood if ever I come athwart him!"

By this time the two speakers had arrived exactly opposite the hiding-place of Bertel Røvsing, and there they stopped within a few yards' distance, whilst Hans Petersen relighted his pipe. Bertel now perceived that they were two sturdy fellows, whom, by their attire, he knew to be either fishermen, or sailors, or smugglers, and, by their discourse, liegemen to the outlaw Lars Vonved, whose renown was familiar to Bertel as to all other true Danes. Hans Petersen bore on his shoulder a pair of oars, and Mads Neilsen carried in his left hand a coil of rope to which a grapnel was attached, and a boat-hook slanted over his shoulder. Bertel readily conjectured that they were on their way to a boat which he had noticed moored just under the castle walls at the extreme point of the little promontory.

When Hans Petersen's short pipe was all a-glow, he and his comrade silently resumed their walk, and Bertel watched their figures until they ascended the ridge of rocks, and after standing broadly revealed against the eastern sky as they reached the summit, they disappeared on the seaward side.

Then Bertel came cautiously forth from his retreat, and thoughtfully took his way towards his home in the old castle, carefully keeping in the long dark shadow which the ruins of the rock on which they were built projected down the dale, lest, haply, some other "night-birds" might be abroad and see him, and set afloat undesirable reports as to the cause of his wandering at untimely hours.

He reached his vaulted studio unmolested and unobserved, and, sooth to say, he forgot for a while his own absorbing troubles and aspirations, in indulging in romantic speculations concerning the fate of the celebrated Baltic Rover, for he had

long felt a deep interest in the popular stories of the character and deeds of Lars Vonved.

## CHAPTER VI.

WILHELM VINTERDALEN.

ON the day following his broken interview with Olüfina, related in the foregoing chapter, the painter sat moodily in his studio, and bitter were the thoughts that eddied through his brain. A gentle tap at the old iron-studded door aroused him, and he slowly arose to open it. Two rosy little children were there, and they immediately ran past him into the studio. They knew him well—loved him well—for Bertel was one who dearly loved "little children."

And so, Bertel Røvsing sat down with his little friends, and permitted them to amuse themselves with his curiosities, and listened to their innocent prattle, and gazed at their happy faces, till his proud unhappy heart melted within him, and burying his face in his hands, he burst into tears.

He wept; and yet there was a fierceness in his weakness—a burning fire in his heart—a dark brooding in his overwrought brain. The affrighted children left him, but he stirred not from his position. Visions of the past, and thoughts of the present, flitted confusedly to and fro; and as to the future it was all one black blank. He saw no ray of light beaconing him onward—he heard no whisperings of hope.

"O God!" ejaculated he, in a paroxysm of fierce despair, "why hast thou given me genius? Wedded to poverty, it is the curse of curses! Oh! would that I had been created a being with no more intellect than suffices to earn daily bread by daily sweat of brow! I should have been happy then! and what matters it if such happiness is but a step higher than the state of the brutes that perish? Better be senseless as a clod than exist in a state like mine. The madman who fancies his straw couch the throne of an emperor, enjoys a species of bliss which I can envy; the idiot, even, who basks him in the glare of the noon day sun, knows no pangs when hunger is satisfied. Is it not better to be devoid of intellect, than to possess it as a



source of perpetual torture? Support me! relieve me! O my God! or let me die and be at rest!"

He started up and paced his studio. The beautiful creations of his genius lying around seemed to him so many mockeries of his misery. One exquisite little domestic scene, which he had recently painted, especially enhanced his anguish. It represented a young couple listening to the prattle of their children. He gazed savagely at this offspring of his own vivid imagination, and raising his clenched fist, drove it through the eloquent canvas.

"Children!" cried he, gnashing his teeth, "wife—children! No wife for me—no children to clasp my knees and look up in my face, and call me 'father!'" and he burst into an unnatural sobbing laugh.

That night the painter opened the window of his studio, and looked forth with a haggard smile on his feverish lips. A glorious balmy night it was. Overhead was an unfathomable azure firmament, overcanopying sea and land, profusely sprinkled with stars of all magnitudes, and high in their midst, in her own peculiar circle—a broad belt of clear light in which no star trespassed—shone the beauteous full queenly moon, which happening to be then in the center of the system, was literally its crowning diadem. All things below—the works of the Creator and of the created—were alike bathed in her liquid silvery beams.

The painter gazed at the sleeping horizon, and then his eye slowly lowered until it rested on the sea close below the castle's base. The water was so bright, so placid, so pure. And the moon, and the stars, and the white fleecy cloudlets, and even the figure of the young man himself, as he stretched forward to gaze, were all reflected on the smooth surface so distinctly, and flickering with the tiny ripples so charmingly.

"Ah!" groaned the painter, "the waters are calm as death, and were I beneath them I should not feel this burning heart and throbbing brain, but should sleep as I once did on my mother's bosom—sleep, perchance, never more to waken!"

And the longer he looked, the deeper grew his desire for oblivion. Where was his good angel then?

By slow and almost imperceptible degrees, a bluish haze arose from the sea, and, rising upwards, spread over the azure firmament until the stars shone as through

a veil. Thicker grew the haze, obscuring the moon so that even her powerful beams could not pierce what was almost a fog. In a brief space of time, however, a current of air set in from the sea, the surf began to beat with a dull boom against the base of the rock, and the fog lightened to a mere haze again, and this haze, in turn, was rapidly dissipated by the increasing force of an easterly wind, which came rushing across the Baltic, and gathered strength and fierceness every league of its course. And now huge dark clouds, in shape jagged and fantastic as the rocks which bound the coast of Norway, arose from every point of the compass, like war-steeds gathering to the battle-field, and then they were tossed, and whirled, and eddied, and hurled to-and-fro by the reckless blast.

Anon the clouds were no longer separately distinguishable, but were fused into one black canopy, and distant thunder muttered and rumbled, and broad flickering flashes of lightning uplit the eastern horizon. The sea, driven in long foaming surges towards the lee-shore, leaped ever and anon with a prolonged hollow roar on the shingly beach, and broke with fury against the rocky promontory. The sea-birds flew wildly landward, some uttering hoarse screams, other shrill cries, almost like human beings in distress; and a great horned owl which had long tenanted the the ivy-shrouded ruins, roused by the furious elemental warfare and uproar, whooped and shrieked frightfully from its hole just above the oriel window, and was answered by the harsh and dismal croaking of a pair of ancient ravens, its near neighbors.

All this time the painter had stood at the window, his arms folded beneath his breast and resting on the lintel, whilst he stretched forth and watched the rapid gathering of the portentous storm with a species of fierce joy, for it harmonized with the black tempest raging in his own breast; and the fierce storm-wind howled, the angry sea roared, the thunder reverberated, the lightning flashed, the sea-gulls screamed, the owl hooted, the ravens croaked, and the salt-spray, mingled with rain, dashed against the hoary walls of the castle, and flung sharp icy drops in drenching showers on his bare head. Amid all this horrible discord and din, he laughed loudly and desperately, and shook his clenched fist out in the black midnight

air, as though defiant of all the powers of the elements.

"Ha! ha! ha!" shouted he in his mad excitement, "is this the eve of the Witches' Sabbath? Are they flocking hitherward to hold their unhallowed revels? The spirit of storm has awakened from slumber, and unchained the fell ministers of his wrath. I laugh—I rejoice—I fear naught and care naught. Let the sea swell and rage, and dash great ships to fragments against rock and land—let the forked lightning rive and shatter proud towers and spires—let the pitiless hurricanes and seething floods blast the hopes of the husbandman—let the incarnate destroyer ride on the wings of the wind, and career red-handed over sea and land—for what care I? What is it all to me?"

"Ay, ye elemental ministers—ye blind instruments of vengeance! strike here! wreak your wrath here, even here! Smite and spare not! Smite this hoary den of dead and forgotten tyrants—shatter its crumbling blood-cemented masonry—rend it from its ivied turrets to its foundations deep in the living rock—hurl it sheer into the foaming sea—grip it, uproot it, crush it, scatter it, until there is not one stone left upon another! Ha! ha! ha!" and he emitted a hideous, almost a maniac laugh. "Howl, ye invisible winds! flash, O subtle lightning! growl, roar, crash, O hungry sea! Ye may frighten the prosperous, the rich, the good, the happy—those who have homes, households, families—but ye have no terrors for such as me!"

The unhappy young man dashed aside his long dark hair, which wind, and rain, and sea-spray, had matted over his pallid face, and he glared forth as though striving to pierce the very heart of the tempest. He was wrought up to that pitch of despair and excitement, that for the moment reason herself might be said to totter on her shaken throne.

"What am I?" shrieked he. "What has my life been that I should cling to it, or value it, or strive to preserve it, or fear to yield it at the first summons of the Angel of Death? From my very childhood my lot has been cruel—full of anguish and misery. Ah! well do I remember how the sun of my young life was clouded—how I suffered even when a pure and sinless child! What inexpiable crime had my father, or my father's father, committed, that his sin should be

visited *thus* on his child, or child's child? From youth upwards I have had no family—no home—no father, mother, sister, brother! My life is an enigma—my history is an impenetrable mystery even unto myself—dark is all the past, yet darker the dread future. I only know how I have struggled—how I have striven and suffered. I will strive no longer. There is a fearful and inexplicable, ay, and it seems an inexpiable, unappeasable curse upon me. Let my dread Destiny be fulfilled—I bow and yield to it, now and for evermore!"

He tossed both arms wildly upwards, as though beckoning the invisible ministers of vengeance to complete their task by his annihilation.

His terrible emotion had reached its acme, and neither brain nor body could sustain more. A sudden and complete reaction ensued, and uttering a faint, bubbling cry, he slowly fell backward from the rattling open casement, and sank in a heap on the floor. For some minutes he remained half-insensible, and then with a great effort, he slowly and painfully arose to his feet, secured the window, and groping to his humble pallet, he cast himself on it with a lamentable ejaculation.

For hours he remained in a state of semi-stupor, sullenly listening to the wild howlings of the tempest, which smote the crazy old castle until ever and anon it rocked to-and-fro, like a ship at sea, and threatened to bodily topple over, even as Bertel had so madly invoked. Occasionally, however, he uttered heart-rending moans and cries, and in the depth of his agony and self-abasement, passionately appealed unto his Maker for mercy and aid. At length physical prostration and exhaustion triumphed, and he sank into a profound dreamless sleep.

Long had he been thus happily insensible to his woes and sorrows, when by degrees he became partially awake, and turned over, and tossed his limbs with a feverish action which abundantly evidenced the disordered state of his mind and body.

Hark! was that a real sound—a real voice? or did he only hear them in a half-waking dream? He struggled—struck his head sharply against the old carved wainscoting at the head of his bed—and with a start and a long painful shiver, at length he was fairly awake.

Bertel Rovsing now sat up in a bewil-

dered surprise at finding himself fully dressed; and glancing at his breast and shoulders, he perceived they were yet stiff and damp from exposure to the tempest. He quickly recollected all that had happened—all his mad agony—and he groaned to think that he had only awaked to undergo another day of anguish and misery, for of late he was wont to go to his bed and pray that morning would quickly dawn, and when morning came, he prayed for night. One hasty glance at the oriel-window informed him that the tempest was past and gone, like a tale that is told, and that the morning was cloudless and serene. A vivid stream of sunshine entered obliquely, and illuminated the huge face of a quaint old German clock fixed against the opposite wall. Bertel saw that it was on the stroke of ten.

"Er den saa mange!" (Is it so late?) muttered he.

And then, with a bitter, ironical smile, he added:

"How thankful I ought to be for having passed so many hours in blessed oblivion! Ha! I would that a tempest raged every night, and then I should be spared many—ah! how many—hours of wakeful agony! Why, oh! why, is not the fabled water of Lethe a blissful reality? Ah! if it only flowed on this island of Funen, I know one poor weary heart-broken pilgrim who would crawl on hands and knees, if needful, to quaff deep insatiate draughts of its blessed waters! Oblivion! ah! yes, oblivion would be bliss unto a wretch like me, whose life is a torment."

As he uttered this, he once more broke out in a wild mocking laugh, and then sank listlessly back on his couch.

At this moment the old iron-bound door of the outer room echoed divers impatient kicks and thumps, applied to its exterior.

"Ha!" cried Bertel Rovsing, raising his head in languid surprise, "I did not altogether dream, then? Some body is at the door? Who can it be? What do they want with the poor recluse?"

He was not long left in suspense, for the kicking and thumping suddenly ceased, and a clear shrill young voice (evidently proceeding from lips closely applied to the huge key-hole) distinctly projected these imperative words into the heart of the vaulted room:

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"Luk Dören op! Herr Rovsing, luk Dören op!" (Open the door Mr. Rovsing, open the door.)

"Why, 'tis little Wilhelm Vinterdalen," muttered the painter to himself, at once recognizing the familiar voice.

Then he cried aloud:

"Vent lidt, min lille Ven! Jeg staaer strax op!" (Wait a while, my little friend, I am going to get up directly.)

"Det er mulight!" (That may be,) screamed the unseen visitor, "med de har sovet far længe! Klokken er ti!" (but you have slept too long. 'Tis ten o'clock.)

Bertel Rovsing, at these words, overcame his inertia, and at one vigorous bound sprang off the bed on to his feet.

"Verily," muttered he, with a cynical laugh, "the child speaks well, and I richly deserve his innocent reproach. Babes and sucklings are wise."

He went to the door, and with some exertion of strength, withdrew its heavy rusted bolts.

Lo! at the threshold stood a sturdy, beautiful, rosy-cheeked, bright-looking, bold-eyed, well-dressed boy, of some four, or at most five, years, panting with his exertions to rouse the sleepy Painter of Svendborg Castle. At his feet was a good-sized basket, covered with a snow-white napkin, and without saying a word, he gave an arch look at Bertel, and snatching up his basket, ran with it into the studio.

The painter slowly and thoughtfully followed him.

Setting down the basket, the child smiled at Bertel, and without the slightest embarrassment, doffed his velvet hat, decorated with two long feathers from the wings of a sea-eagle, and made a graceful little bow, like a well-bred gentleman's son, saying:

"God Morgen, Herr Rovsing!"

"God Morgen," (Good morning,)

"Wilhelm Vinterdalen!" responded the painter, laying his hand with a kind, even fond, expression, on the child's head.

A brief pause; and then:

"That is a large basket. You did not carry it here yourself?"

"Oh! yes, Herr Rovsing, I did."

"What! all the way from your mother's house?" and he stooped and passing his forefinger underneath the handle, uplifted it, as though to judge of its weight.

"Yes, all the way!" repeated Wilhelm, proudly.

"Ah! what a strong little fellow you must be?" said the painter, gazing admiringly, and with the critical eye of an artist, at the child, who indeed looked an infant Hercules, being not only finely proportioned, but gifted with a body and limbs wonderfully developed for his age.

"What a noble boy!" murmured the poor painter to himself, as he caressed Wilhelm's flaxen head, (around which the golden beams of the morning sun shed an halo,) and gazed fixedly at his clear sparkling blue eyes and intelligent countenance, all a-flush with health and innocent joy.

"You don't know what is in the basket?" interrogated the child, archly nodding his head as he slowly uttered each word with a clear ringing intonation.

"No, indeed, I do not."

"Can't guess?"

"No, dear Wilhelm."

"Ah! 'tis for you, though."

"Indeed! For me?"

"Yes! all for you. My mother sends it."

"Good mother! dear kind friend!" ejaculated the painter, in a smothered voice.

"See, Herr Rovsing! look here!" and Wilhelm drew away the napkin, and displayed the contents of the basket, a glowing pile of ripe, luscious fruits—peaches, grapes, nectarines, early summer apples and pears, and a china basinful of the small yet peculiarly delicious indigenous Danish strawberries.

"Mother and I gathered them all for you this morning!—I climbed the vine and plucked these!" and he pointed to some magnificent clusters of hot-house grapes.

"And you were pleased to bring them to me?"

The painter drew his breath very hard, and grew deadly pale as he asked the question.

"Oh! yes, dear Herr Rovsing!" answered the ingenuous boy, "for I love you very much!"

A gasp—a gurgle—a short quick cry—an unintelligible ejaculation—burst from the quivering white lips of Bertel Rovsing; and he snatched the child to his breast, and passionately kissed him.

"God in Heaven bless you, my darling!" was all he could exclaim, in a broken voice.

The child seemed surprised, yet not afraid, at this uncontrollable burst of emotion, but he was much too young to comprehend it.

"And you are to come back with me, and to stay all day!" said Wilhelm, when the painter released him from the close embrace, and set him on the floor.

"To your mother's?"

"Yes, Herr Rovsing—read that!"

The child drew a note from his bosom and gave it to the painter, who with a trembling hand opened it, and read as follows:

"Dear Herr Rovsing!

"My little boy will bring you this, and also a basket of our fruits, which he and I have gathered, with much pleasure, this morning for you. And I shall be very glad if you will accompany him home, for I have received intelligence that his father will shortly arrive from a foreign voyage, but, alas! only to stay a very short time with us; and I wish very much to have a miniature of our little Wilhelm, for my dear husband to take away with him, as I know it will gratify him exceedingly.

"Your friend,

"AMALIA VINTERDALEN."

Tears gushed into the painter's eyes, as he read this, and his haggard countenance betrayed the strong emotions of his soul.

"Go, and play in the studio, my dear Wilhelm!" said he, struggling hard to speak articulately. "I will get ready to go home with you."

The child bounded with a merry laugh to gaze at the familiar pictures, whilst the painter hurriedly took up the basket and passed into a small private closet.

The instant he was alone, he cast himself on his knees and burst into tears.

"O my God!" sobbed he, "pardon me my vile ingratitude—my awful wickedness! Last night I felt so miserable, so utterly friendless, forsaken, and hopeless—so filled with despair that I was almost tempted to rush unbidden into thy presence! Forgive me, dear and gracious God!"

He covered his face with his tremulous hands and rocked to and fro, uttering a monotonous wail. By degrees the flood-tide of his emotion subsided, and although he still wept, and sobbed, and wailed, he was enabled to subdue his mental anguish and to recover his composure.

"Ah!" said he, as he arose from his knees, "how deeply is ingratitude to God



and to my fellow-beings engrafted in this wretched heart of mine! See how God provides relief for me in my uttermost need. "Sorrow and weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." The noble mother of this child is a friend indeed. She sympathizes with me—she understands me—she is ever benefiting me in a way that even my proud sensitive heart can not resist. God bless her! Ay, God bless her and hers now and for evermore!"

In a short time the painter came forth from the closet, prepared to accompany his little friend home. The throbbings of his proud unhappy heart were now temporarily stilled—his mind was more at ease and resigned—a grateful calm had come over his soul.

Hearing a strange noise in his studio, the door of which was closed, he hastily pushed it open, being apprehensive that the child might be doing injury to his paintings. He stopped on the threshold, however, arrested by a singular spectacle. Wilhelm had made a selection from the old armor and weapons scattered about the studio, and had clapt a helmet on his head, suspended a pair of huge old holster pistols to his waist, and held a long Italian rapier in his hand. Thus armed, he was marching at full stride up and down the room, talking and shouting, and making furious lunges at imaginary foes.

"What!" exclaimed the amused spectator, smiling at the boy's warlike humor; "is my little Wilhelm playing the soldier—fancying himself *den tappre Landsoldat*?" (the brave soldier-lad.)

"No!" promptly answered Wilhelm, flourishing the rapier with surprising ease and dexterity.

"Not a soldier? Who are you like then, now that you wear a helmet and sword and pistols?"

"Like a sea-rover—a corsair!" responded the child, standing still a moment to push back the heavy bronze helmet, which had fallen down over his eyes.

"A corsair! what a fancy! Would you not rather be a soldier?"

"No, no, no!" pettishly cried the boy, "I will not be a soldier! I will be a rover, like Captain Vonved!"

Bertel Rovsing was much surprised at this speech, albeit it was uttered by a mere child.

"Who told you about Captain Vonved?" questioned he.

"Mads Neilsen!" was the unhesitating reply.

"Mads Neilsen!" repeated the painter to himself, "surely I have heard the name lately, in actual connection with that same Lars Vonved." And a moment's reflection enabled him to remember that one of the two men whose conversation he had overheard in the ravine, when he and Olüfina held their last interrupted tryst, was addressed by his companion as Mads Neilsen, and said quite enough to prove himself an enthusiastic and devoted friend, if not follower, of the celebrated rover, Vonved.

"Wilhelm, do you know Mads Neilsen?"

"Oh! yes; I know him."

"And he has talked to you about Captain Vonved?"

"Yes; and he sometimes gives me a ride in his boat, and he brings us fish—oh! such beautiful fish!"

"Ah! then he is a fisherman?"

"Yes; and he lives on the island."

"The island? What island, Wilhelm?"

"One there," and the child pointed towards the entrance to Svendborg Bay.

"But there are two islands there—Thorö and Taasinge—do you know which he lives upon?"

"No; but he lives in a little wooden house close to the sea. I have been in it ever so many times."

"Indeed! and did Madame Vinterdalen—did your dear mother know that Mads Neilsen took you across the water to his house?"

"Oh! yes, Herr Rovsing!"

"And does Mads Neilsen sometimes call at your house?"

"Yes; he came yesterday."

The boy—not yet quite five years of age—evinced by his replies, and the language in which they were couched, an intelligence very far beyond his years. His body and mind were alike marvelously precocious.

Bertel Rovsing's curiosity was somewhat excited, for he now felt certain that Mads Neilsen, who, as he knew positively, was in some way intimately connected with Lars Vonved, must be the same man who, it appeared, had, in the plenitude of his own admiration of the redoubted rover, actually inspired a kindred feeling in the breast of little Wilhelm Vinterdalen.

"Come, Wilhelm," said he, after a

thoughtful pause, "you must now put off your helmet and lay down your sword, for it is time to go."

The boy complied with evident reluctance, and divested himself of helmet and pistols with exceeding deliberation. He still held the rapier clutched in both hands, when, suddenly looking the painter full in the face, he gave a fierce stamp with his right foot, and exclaimed, in a loud, shrill tone, expressive of firm determination:

"Herr Rovsing, when I grow to be a man I *will* be a rover like Captain Vonved?"

The painter gazed in astonishment at the animated features, proud attitude, and energetic gestures of the child.

"My dear Wilhelm," said he, very gravely, "do not talk in that manner. You are a little boy, and can not understand what you are saying; but it nevertheless pains me to hear you. If I thought you would ever be likely to become a corsair, I would pray unto God to take you to himself now you are an innocent child. Captain Vonved is a corsair, and corsairs are wicked desperate men. You would not wish to be wicked when you are a man, Wilhelm?"

"No. But Captain Vonved is *not* wicked. He is a great gallant nobleman!" eagerly cried Wilhelm.

"Who says so?"

"Mads Neilsen!"

"Ha!" muttered the painter almost angrily, "I shall make some inquiry about this Mads Neilsen. A precious scoundrel, to impart such ideas to a child!"

He gently took away the rapier from the boy, smoothed his beautiful flaxen hair, and kissed his rosy cheek.

The elegant velvet hat, with its plume of sea-eagle's feathers, was then substituted for the rusty old helmet, and Wilhelm snatching up the empty basket, once more burst into his merry child's laugh and ran out into the open air.

The painter followed with a portfolio under his arm, and the twain wended their way towards the house of Madame Vinterdalen. Little Wilhelm seemed to have already forgotten all about corsairs and Captain Vonved and Mads Neilsen, for he chattered and laughed and gambled in the fresh crisp breeze and golden sunshine.

Bertel Rovsing listened to his innocent prattle, and gazed at him with a mingled look of admiration and affection.

"What a noble, what a glorious little fellow!" ejaculated he. "Ah! to be the father of such a boy—what joy, what pride, what happiness!"

He sighed deeply, and unbidden tears blinded his vision.

Had Olufina heard his words and witnessed his emotion, would not her heart have leapt in subtle sympathy?

**THE COTTON TRADE.**—A short time ago, Lord Brougham, in rising in the House of Lords to move for returns relating to the importation of cotton, stated that since the repeal of the duty upon cotton there had been an enormous increase in the importation of cotton, from 63,000,000 lbs. to 1024,000,000 lbs. an increase of 16 fold. This is far from being the case. In 1844, the consumption was 1,284,000 bales of 424 lbs. or 544,000,000 of lbs.; and in the year just passed 1,859,838 bales, or 1192,000,000 of lbs. rather more than double.

**HYPNOTISM, OR NERVOUS SLEEP,** now exciting so much attention in the French medical world, and which was subjected to examination in this country in 1843, in consequence of the publication of Mr. Braid's work on the subject, now appears to have been known to Father Kircher and others two centuries ago. In his *Ars Magna* published in 1646, he describes various experiments on a fowl. He terms the phenomena *actinobolism*, or irradiation. Daniel Swenter, also, in 1636, recounts similar experiments. These facts were reported to the French Academy recently by Mr. Guerry.—*L'Institut*.

**THE EMPRESS AND HER EMBLAZONMENTS.**—M. Champaign, a well-known artist, having recently submitted to the Empress some designs for ornamenting the *salon des fleurs*, one of her Majesty's apartments in the Palace of the Tuilleries, her Majesty was so much pleased that she gave him an order to prepare a design for ornamenting the ceiling of the same room. In two days the artist prepared a design in chalks sixteen feet long by thirteen feet broad, which her Majesty fully approved of. The design is allegorical. In the center are a medallion in marble of the Empress with the Graces crowning her with garlands, the Arts presenting their attributes, and Fame flying around. In the ceiling also is a zephyr, surrounded with clouds, and carrying a basket of flowers, from which Cupid rises with his bow and arrow; likewise Aurora, before whom the genii of the night are represented retiring. The figure of Cupid is a portrait of the Prince Imperial.

It appears from official returns in the Almanac for 1860, which has just appeared at Rome, that the number of Roman Catholic bishops in the world amounts to 850, exclusive of 90 apostolic vicarships and several prefectures.

From the London Review.

## LONDON IN THE OLDEN TIME.\*

ALTHOUGH the volume before us claims notice especially as a valuable addition to our antiquarian stores, it also claims, in right of its pictorial illustrations, a place among works of art; and no subordinate place would we assign to it. Mr. Roach Smith has been well known, for many years, as one of the most intelligent and industrious of our London antiquaries; and many a valuable relic, not only of Roman, but of Saxon and medieval London, would have been irretrievably lost to us but for his research and care. The present work is devoted to Roman London only, and gives us illustrations of the inscriptions, statues, pavements, pottery, and coins which have been discovered during the excavations in different parts of the city, accompanied by antiquarian remarks, and preceded by a valuable dissertation respecting the condition and actual standing of Londinium Augusta.

The apocryphal notions of our early antiquaries as to the very remote antiquity of London must be wholly given up, for it does not appear that, on the first landing of the Romans, any such city was in existence. Verulamium and Camulodunum are mentioned; but not until about a hundred years after does the name of Londinium appear. Then, however, it is spoken of by Tacitus as a thriving town, and, with the two other British towns, as being the three chief Roman cities. Its superior facilities for commerce doubtless gradually led to its superiority over the other two, although these were undoubtedly British cities—a superiority which was evidenced by Londinium, some time during the second century, possessing a mint, the only one in the province; and from henceforth she was dignified with the title of "Augusta." Judging from the extent of the ancient walls, the dimensions of Londinium far

exceeded those of any other Roman town in the kingdom; and although, during the earlier period of her history, much of the ground towards the north was uncovered, Mr. Roach Smith shows that the boundaries were not confined, as has mostly been supposed, to the north bank of the Thames; but extended into Southwark, where many remains of Roman houses have been found, some indicating, by their superior wall-painting, their occupation by wealthy owners. He remarks that Ptolemy, in the reigns of Trajan and Hadrian, places Londinium "in the region of the Cantii;" and these discoveries prove that the Roman city must have trenched on their borders. From a period, early in the second century at least, London was unquestionably the capital of the rich and fertile province of Britain. The date at which she was inclosed with walls can not, however, be ascertained. These were obviously of Roman workmanship, and, from their inclosing portions of land, not built upon during an earlier period, Mr. Roach Smith inclines to assign a rather later date to them. Perhaps the very ancient tradition which assigned their erection to the British Empress Helena, may, like many other venerable traditions, be not far from the truth. The wall was flanked with strong square towers, at short intervals, on the northern side, and Mr. Roach Smith has given us an engraving of one of these near Houndsditch, as it stood nearly a hundred years ago. On minutely examining the mortar used in this wall, he found a red dust—probably pounded potsherds—largely intermixed; and he remarks it is most likely that the red appearance of the mortar caused Fitz-Stephen to assert that it was "mixed with the blood of beasts." The wall extending along the river—the only traces of which are far below the ground—seems to be a later erection, and is curious for the great number of sculptured stones, some of them portions of friezes, which have been built up into it, as though the

\* *Illustrations of Roman London.* By CHARLES ROACH SMITH.

inhabitants, unable to procure fresh materials, had availed themselves of the remains of buildings near at hand.

But while some fragments of London Wall, built into warehouses, and stables, and cellars, yet remain, every trace of Roman magnificence—palace, forum, temple, every architectural relic of “*Londinum Augusta*”—has wholly vanished, and small portions of wall-painting, and tessellated pavement, a few bronze images, and coins, and fragments of glass and pottery alone witness to its former existence. One only relic of a public monument has been found, the remains of a bronze statue some ten feet in height, of Hadrian, “probably one of the public statues that graced old London.” These remains, which consist only of the head and a hand, are magnificent specimens of art. The tessellated pavements have been far surpassed by those discovered in the old Roman cities of France and Germany; but it is very improbable that the best have been preserved, amidst the many levelings and highnings of our old London ways; for only a year or two since, a fine mosaic pavement, just discovered, extending *forty feet*, in the neighborhood of Crosby Square, was destroyed during Mr. Smith’s temporary absence from London. Among the specimens given here, the pavement found in 1803, in front of the India House, is the best. In the central design—Bacchus with his attributes reclining on the panther—it is worth notice that the purple and green of the grapes and vine-leaves are formed of *glass tesserae*, while the rest is composed of the ordinary materials. In this design more than *twenty* distinct tints are found. Of fresco-painting but very small portions have been preserved, although these have been found in such large quantities, that Mr. Roach Smith says he has often seen them carried away by cart-loads! From the few specimens preserved, we have most striking evidence to what a high degree of perfection art-culture had arrived, not in the imperial city alone, but even in her remote provinces. Here are two slightly finished—indeed, half-finished, perhaps, would be the better word—heads, a female surrounded by leaves and a Mercury; but they are touched off with all the ease and spirit of a master’s hand, although mere wall-decorations, intended to serve no more artistic purpose than the flock-and-satin-papers of the nineteenth

century. The style of decoration is similar to that of the Pompeian houses, panels surrounded by borders and inclosing figures or arabesques; some of which, Mr. Roach Smith remarks, greatly resemble those found in the Baths of Titus.

And beautiful, doubtless, must have been the statuary that adorned the public buildings and private dwellings of *Londinum Augusta*, although, unlike most Roman cities on the Continent, we have not a single specimen to prove it; but the exquisite beauty of the little bronze figures—most probably intended for domestic worship—show what beautiful models the workmen must have wrought from. There is an Apollo of almost feminine grace; a Mercury, lightly poised, as though just alighted upon the earth; and a most spirited archer, with outstretched arms, among many others. Indeed, “while in architectural remains the Continental cities may surpass us, in works of bronze there are but few that can exhibit a higher class.” Among the bronze implements there are some very curious—a forceps with busts of the superior deities ranged on the outer sides; there are fragments of steelyards, highly ornamented, the weight to one of these being formed by a very spirited wolf’s head. Indeed, the taste for graceful ornamentation, even of the most ordinary implements and utensils, seems to have been as characteristic of the inhabitants of Roman London as of those of the Imperial city. The common pottery of which Mr. Roach Smith gives us between sixty and seventy specimens, is remarkable alike for the beauty of its shape and its ornaments. Bowls and jars of common red earth display most graceful patterns, sometimes arabesque, but sometimes Bacchanalian or hunting subjects, executed with a spirit that reminds us of the Etruscan vases. Some of these are of home manufacture, for there were kilns in London, to the north-west of St. Paul’s; but much of the better kind, the red-glazed, was imported. Very curious is it to reflect that in the kitchen of the inhabitant of Roman London, pottery, which for beauty might adorn a drawing-room in the present day, was employed for the homeliest uses! The personal ornaments are very poor, and, with the exception of one or two gold rings, and enameled boxes, doubtless intended for scents, and closely resembling the modern *vinaigrette*, are of



the commonest materials. It is not, however, surprising that these, rather than more expensive jewelry, should have been found. Not only was the Roman lady's jewelry of a value that rendered it available as a means of procuring large sums, if pressed by sudden necessity, but it was the spoil, beyond all other, coveted by the northern invaders. Many a clasp, and armlet, and bracelet of the lady of Roman London doubtless found a place on the white neck or arm of the Scandinavian or Saxon maiden; and not improbably many a costly classical ornament eventually became the property of Holy Church, and decked the shrine, or added beauty to the image of "our Ladye." Those which have been preserved are chiefly long ivory or bronze pins, of even rude workmanship, probably nothing more than the hair-pins with which the handmaidens confined their hair. One is noticeable, as representing a hand holding out a clasped book—the writing-tablets. Such an ornament seems to prove that reading and writing could not have been very uncommon.

In most of the excavations glass has been found, and sometimes in considerable quantities. That a portion of this was *window-glass*, Mr. Roach Smith has no doubt. Indeed, as he truly remarks, there is abundant evidence to prove that the ancients were well acquainted both with sheet-glass and with molded glass. Many fragments of glass cups and vases have been found. These, however, are

of inferior character; but we can scarcely wonder, for the more delicate, and consequently more brittle specimens have been, doubtless, long since shattered into dust. Most of these cups, though apparently for common use, have moulded patterns, and some appear to have remains of color. Glass-making had evidently attained to considerable perfection here. Mr. Roach Smith found a kind of compound glass, in which beads, or small particles of colored glass, were mixed while it was in a state of fusion. In another case, "filaments of colored glass were worked into a dark ground, so as to form a regular pattern. The whole was then fused, and afterwards cut into plates at right angles, so that all the sections would present the same design on both sides." The coins found are very numerous, and the London mint-masters do not appear to any disadvantage beside of imperial Rome; indeed, judging from these, and the beautiful pottery, above all, from the exquisite statuettes, we have no doubt that "Londinum Augusta" held a higher standing in art-culture than can be claimed for the modern city. In closing this very interesting volume, which deserves a place on the drawing-room table, no less than on the library-shelf, we offer, in common with every one interested in the preservation of our few remaining London antiquities, our thanks to Mr. Roach Smith for the good service he has done in the cause.

**INDIAN COTTON SUPPLY.**—Here are some figures for the Cotton Supply Association which ought to satisfy them that they need not fear lest the supply of cotton from India should fall short. The exports of cotton from Bombay to Europe last year were 623,604 bales, being an increase over the preceding year's exports of 268,352 bales. The exports to China up to the end of 1859, were 161,916, which also shows an increase over the exports of 1858 of 59,873 bales. Thus, our total exports of cotton were 785,524 bales, against 457,297 for 1858. Taking each bale at 380 lb., and supposing—a low estimate—the price of Surat cotton at Liverpool to be 4d. a pound, this represents a cotton export trade of five millions sterling.—*Bombay Gazette.*

**ULTRAMONTANISM IN ROME.**—A letter from Rome in the *Nord* says: "Violent measures are said to be in contemplation here among the highest personages in the Government. The first would be the excommunication of the King of Sardinia and of the sovereigns who may assist him; next, the placing of their kingdoms under interdict; then, the convocation by the Pope of a general council to examine the question whether or not the fall of the temporal power of the Popes may not be ascribed to the imprudent concessions made by the holy see in concordats, and whether these concessions ought not to be retracted as contrary to the principles of the Church. Such are the wild projects put forward by Ultramontaniam!"

From the North British Review.

## ERASMUS AS A SATIRIST.\*

DURING the Diet of Augsburg in 1530, a little comedy was acted in the dining-hall of Charles V., to amuse him and his guests. A man in doctor's dress first entered the hall, bearing a bundle of billets of wood, crooked and straight, threw it down on the broad hearth, and in retiring, revealed the word *Reuchlin* written on his back. The next actor was also clad in doctor's garb, and he set about making fagots of the wood; but having labored long to no purpose, in fitting the crooked billets to the straight, he also went away out of humor, shaking his head; and a smile went round among the princes as they read upon his back *Erasmus*. Luther came next with a chafing-dish of fire, set the crooked billets thereon, and blew it till it burned. A fourth actor, dressed like the Emperor himself, poked the fire with his sword, meaning thereby to put it out, but making it instead burn brighter than ever. And lastly, a fifth actor came, in pontifical robes, and, by mistake, poured oil instead of water on the flames.

The part assigned to Erasmus in this little comedy, three centuries ago, is very much the part assigned to him by historians of the struggle which it was intended to represent. It is the part which he undoubtedly seemed to play as an actor on the Protestant stage. At a certain point he seemed to turn from the Reformation in fear and disgust. It was very natural that Protestants should, therefore, conclude that, so far as regards religious reform, he was a *time-server*; and this has ever been the Protestant verdict.

Such a verdict is not, however, a logical deduction from the evidence, unless it be proved that, in turning away from the Protestant cause, he was departing also from his *own* convictions, and kicking against the pricks of his *own* conscience. It may be that he was adhering throughout to his own previously formed opinions; and that the reason why he seemed to forsake the Protestant path was, that he and the Protestant Reformers, though walking for a while in company, were really traveling different roads. How far this was the case must be learned by the comparison of his early views with his subsequent writings; and none of these are better fitted for this comparison than his satires. We have *The Praise of Folly*, written before Luther was heard of; and we have *The Familiar Colloquies*, written after the Pope's Bull had issued against Luther, and after the epithet of "Antichrist" had been hurled back upon his Holiness by the excommunicated heretic. And, finally, we have a defense of these Colloquies, written in the midst of the Anabaptist riots, and after Erasmus had himself entered the lists against Luther. If the tone of the one differs from the tone of the other, or the last vein of satire, by its mildness, belies the keenness of the first—or if the same views are not found in both—then the old theory may be true. Was it so?

1st. What were the early views of Erasmus upon religious questions, and from whence derived?

He is at Oxford in 1498. Though only just turned thirty, his wasted hollow cheeks and sunken eyes show that youth has long ago taken leave of him—that long deep studies, bad lodging, and the harass of the life of a poor student, driven about and ill-served, as he has been, have long ago sapped out of a weakly body the most part of its physical energy and strength. The sword has proved itself, ere half-worn, too sharp for the scabbard. His fame, as a Latin scholar, is in every one's mouth. He has written one or two

\* ΜΩΡΙΑΣ ΕΠΙΓΡΑΜΜΙΟΝ. *Stultitiae Laus*. Desiderii Erasmi Roterodami declamatio, 1518. Erasmi opera omnia IV., 380-503. (Lugduni Batavorum.) Written in 1510.\*

*Colloquia Familiaria* Auctore Desiderio Erasmo Roterodamo. 1524. Erasmi Opera Omnia I. 626-894. (Lug. Bat.) Written in 1522.

Erasmus Roterodamus *De Utilitate Colloquiorum ad Lectorem* 1527. Erasmi Opera Omnia I., 901-908. (Lug. Bat.)

\* Letter from Erasmus to More prefixed to the *Praise of Folly*.

Latin works, chiefly of a critical nature; and the learned world has read and admired them. Why, then, is he at Oxford? Greek is to be learned there; and Greek, Erasmus is bent upon adding to his Latin. To belong to that little knot of men north of the Alps, who know Greek, whose numbers he may count upon his fingers, is his object of ambition—his motives, love of fame and distinction—nothing worse certainly, and perhaps nothing better. His college companions, it chanced, are young More and Dr. Colet, men who ever after count as his closest bosom friends. When three such men are thus thrown together, the strongest character of the three must leave its impress on the other two. Elsewhere we have traced that influence on More. How does it work upon Erasmus?

Erasmus is skilled enough as a logician. He knows well how to make the worse appear the better reason. He can argue on any side of any subject. No theologian—in the round of his learning, he yet knows something of the theology of the schoolmen; and, consequently, is wont to draw arrows from their capacious quiver whenever Colet, as he often does, engages him on theological subjects.

Colet has just come home fresh from that Italy to which Erasmus is longing to go. He was in Italy while Lorenzo de Medici was in the full blaze of his glory, as the patron of art and learning, and artists and learned men. He talked with many of these, he mingled in the crowd of their admirers, and now he has come home master, not only of the elegant Latin of Politian, but master of that art of the use of language in general which makes some men's words, few and simple, tell more than torrents of eloquence—an art which is not to be learned, so much as it is the *gift of men of character*. Idle words fall not from such lips as his. "You speak what you mean, and mean all you speak," says Erasmus. "Words rise from your heart—your lips utter your thoughts without changing them; and when you write, your letters are so open and plain that I read the image of your soul in them, reflected as in clear water."

The truth is, little as Erasmus may as yet understand it, that Colet's whole heart and soul are wrapt up in one great idea, and from thence is derived that strength of purpose in every thing he does, that earnestness and force in every thing he

says. Whether, as we have elsewhere hinted, the fire in his own heart was kindled by personal contact with the great Savonarola, when in Florence, is not our present question. It is rather to trace the influence of Colet on Erasmus. He is wont to bring forward some passage from the Gospels or Epistles, upon which his own thoughts have long been brooding. He pares off, one by one, what he calls the cobwebs of the schoolmen, and then gives his own clear simple view of its real meaning. Erasmus is wont to take the schoolmen's side, and clever and keen are his arguments. But the question is with him a mere trial of skill. Colet's first work is to wean him from this schoolmen's habit. "Let us defend (he one day writes to Erasmus) that opinion only which is *true*, or most like the truth, . . . and when, like two flints, we are striking one another, if any spark of light flies out, let us eagerly catch at it!"\*

Sometimes, when away from Oxford, Colet, in his letters, starts questions concerning passages from the writings of St. Paul, of so free a nature, that Erasmus dares not reply in writing, "since," he says, "it is dangerous to speak of them openly." But as the two friends become more closely knit together, their flints strike more and more often the one against the other, till spark after spark enters deep into the heart of Erasmus, and he is fast becoming the disciple of Colet.

One day they are talking, as they often do, of the schoolmen. Erasmus has singled out Aquinas, the best of them, as at least worthy of praise, seeing that he had, at all events, studied the Scriptures. Colet holds his tongue, as if wishing to pass from the subject. Erasmus is not then mine even yet; perhaps he is thinking to himself. But Erasmus turns the conversation upon Aquinas again. Colet turns his searching eye upon his friend, to see whether he is speaking, as he does still, sometimes, in jest, to bring on an argument such as he delights in. Erasmus is this time in earnest. He really does think still that Aquinas was a great theologian. The fire kindles in Colet's eye. "Why do you praise such a man as Aquinas?" he says earnestly, "a man who, unless he had savored much of the spirit of the world, would never have polluted, as he

\* Colet to Erasmus, Eras. Op. v. 1291-2.

did, Christ's doctrine, by mixing up with it his profane philosophy."

Few words these, as is Colet's wont; but Erasmus opens his heart to receive them. He likes Colet's boldness, and begins to think that he must be right. Yes, he thinks over to himself, this strange complicated web of philosophy—this splitting of hairs, and discoursing upon utterly immaterial points—whatever else it may be, it can not be that Christianity which is to save the souls, not only of the learned, but of women and children, peasants and weavers. But if I begin to doubt what the Church divines teach, where am I to stop? And again, he goes to Colet, the when and the where we know not exactly, but this we do know is the lesson he learns—a lesson that will stick by him for the rest of his life, and be, as it were, a lodestar to him in the darkness of the troublous times that are coming. "Believe what you read in the Bible, and in what is called the Apostles' Creed," says Colet, "and don't trouble your mind any further. Let divines, if they like, dispute about the rest. And as to the observances in general use among Christians, it is better to observe them whenever they are clearly not contrary to the Scriptures, lest you should harm others by their non-observance."

Erasmus begins now to enter into the great object of Colet's life. It is to bring out again the Scriptures as the foundation of theological studies—to fight down the schoolmen with the Bible—to preach the Bible and not the schoolmen from the pulpit—to teach the Bible and not the schoolmen at the Universities, utterly regardless of the tempest and the dust that may be raised, or whether he, D. Colet, shall survive it or not. "Erasmus, will you join me in this work?" he writes to his disciple at last; "I want a partner in my labors." Erasmus replies, bidding Colet God speed! That Colet should have put his own shoulder to the wheel, he marvels not, but he does marvel that Colet should wish such a novice as he to join hands in so glorious a work. He feels that he is not ready—he must study theology deeper first—he must nerve up his mind to greater courage. "But when I shall be conscious that I have courage and strength enough, I will lend my aid to your work. Meanwhile nothing can be more grateful to me, than that we should go on, as we have begun, discussing, even by letter,

the meaning of the Scriptures. Farewell, my Colet."

Now, what was the consequence of this Oxford intercourse with Colet, extended, as it was, by letter, till Colet's death?

1st. We find Erasmus ever after devoting the best of his life to Biblical labors, his Greek New Testament, translations, and paraphrases—works upon which the Reformation may be said to have been founded. 2d. We find Erasmus ever after taking Colet's position in theology—believing the grand doctrines of the Bible and the Apostles' Creed, and regarding philosophical questions as questions for divines, secondary only in importance, about which men may well differ. 3d. We find Erasmus ever after firmly adhering to the Church and her usages in general, but hard in his blows, and biting in his satire, upon every abuse or usage which seemed to him contrary to the Scriptures. And among the abuses upon which he lavished his severest satire, were the morals of the clergy and monks, the reliance of the latter upon their rites and observances, auricular confession, pardons and indulgences, saint and image worship, and war, upon all which points Colet's views and his were closely alike. Colet had either taught them to Erasmus, or they had learned them together from the Bible.

We turn now to the *Praise of Folly*; in order, first, to point out the circumstances under which it was written, and then to bring home to the reader the views it expressed.

After some years of close study of Greek, and through its aid, of the New Testament and early fathers, during which his intercourse with Colet is maintained by letter, Erasmus determines to visit Italy. He can not be satisfied without going there; and so, after another short visit to his English friends on his rough hack, with his traveling boots and baggage, behold him trudging, day after day, through the dirt of German roads, such as they were three centuries ago. Thoroughly hard, unintellectual day-work *this* for our student, in his jaded bodily condition, now close upon forty. Strange places, too, for a book-worm, those roadside inns, into which he turns his weary head at night. One room serves for all comers; and into this one room, heated like a stove, some eighty or ninety guests



stow themselves, boots, baggage, dirt and all. As their wet clothes hang on the stove-iron to dry, they wait for their supper. There are among them, footmen and horsemen, merchants, sailors, wagoners, husbandmen, children and women, sound and sick—combing their heads, wiping their brows, cleaning their boots, stinking of garlic, and making as great a confusion of tongues as there was at the building of Babel! No literary work can be done here, it is plain; and, when past midnight, Erasmus is at length shown to his bed-chamber, he finds it to be rightly named—there is nothing in it but a bed—and the great task before him is now to find, between its rough unwashed sheets, some chance hours of repose.\*

So fare Erasmus and his horse on their day by day journey into Italy, sometimes a little better and sometimes a little worse; but by virtue of perseverance in the jog-trot of the steed, and patient endurance on the part of the jolted rider, Erasmus at length finds himself in Italy, and after diverse wanderings, in Rome herself. Now, we are not going to tire the reader with a description of what Rome was in those days, or with a long description of what Erasmus did there—how he was flattered, and how many honors he was promised, and how many of these promises he found to be, as it is said injuries ought to be, written in sand. We had rather see him on his old horse again, jogging on as before, back again from Italy after some years' stay there, traveling the same dirty bad roads, lodging at the same kind of inns, and meeting with the same kind of people, on his way home to England. There are hearts in England that Erasmus can trust, whether he can or can not those in Rome; and when he reaches England, and is safely housed with his dearest of all friends, Sir Thomas More, and can write and talk to Colet as he pleases, he will forget the toils of his journey, and once more breathe freely.

But what concerns us most is this: that it was to beguile these dreary journeys, that he thought out in his head, and that it was when he was safe in More's house that he put into writing his famous satire upon the Follies of his age—a satire which

had grown up within him at these roadside inns, as he met in them men of all classes and modes of life, and the keen edge of which was whetted by his recent visit to Italy and Rome—a satire which he wittily named *The Praise of Folly*.

In this little book he fulfilled his promise to Colet: "When I have studied a little deeper, and have got courage enough, I will come to your aid." What Colet and he had whispered in the closet at Oxford, in it he proclaimed upon the house-top. And let it be remembered, it was no mere obscure pamphlet, cautiously printed, anonymously, till it should be seen how the world would take it; the wounds it made were not inflicted in the dark by an unknown hand, but the barbed arrows of his satire flew openly in the daylight, straight to the mark, and their wounds were none the less keenly felt because they were known to have come from the bow of the world-famed *Erasmus*!

Folly from her rostrum deals with a variety of topics, and finds votaries every where. She portrays the "grammarians" or schoolmasters as despicable tyrants, and their filthy, unswept schools as "houses of correction." She points to the follies of the lawyer, sophist, and astrologer, in turn, and has her hard hit at each. And then passing from smaller to greater and graver fools, she casts her eye upon the schoolmen:

"Perhaps it would be safest for me to pass these by. It might be hazardous to speak of men so hot and passionate. They would, doubtless, brand me as a heretic. But, nevertheless, she undertakes the task, and points out the sort of questions in disputing about which they spend their lives—such as whether Christ, instead of taking upon himself the form of a man, could have taken upon him the form of a woman, a devil, a beast, an herb, or a stone, and how, in the last case, he would have preached his gospel, or been nailed to the cross—questions of so subtle a nature that the apostles themselves would stand in need of a new revelation were they to engage in controversy with these new divines. These men (she continues) complain that St Paul, when he said that 'faith is the substance of things hoped for,' laid down a very careless definition; and say that he described charity very inaccurately in the thirteenth chapter of the first Epistle to the Corinthians." Again: "The apostles were personally known to the mother of Jesus, but none of them philosophically proved, as some of these men do, that she was preserved immaculate from original sin. The apostles worshiped in spirit

\* See Erasmus's description of these inns in his colloquy entitled *The Inns*.

and in truth; but it does not appear that it ever was revealed to them how the same adoration that is paid to Christ should be paid to his picture here below upon a wall. They often mention 'grace,' but never distinguish between 'gratia gratis data' and 'gratia gratificans.' They earnestly exhorted to good works, but never explained the difference between 'opus operans' and 'opus operatum.' They invite us to press after charity, but they never divide it into 'infused' and 'acquired,' or determine whether it is a 'substance' or an 'accident.' And so in other particulars.

Writing these words at More's house, Erasmus could not help mentioning the existence of a little band, who felt as though they could shake off the very dust of their feet against this scholastic theology. Thus a little farther on, Folly adds:

"But there are some men, and among them theologians too, [Colet for instance,] who think it sacrilegious, and the height of impiety, for men thus, with unclean lips, to dispute so sharply and define so presumptuously of things so sacred, that they are rather to be adored than explained; and thus to defile the majesty of divine theology with their own cold words and sordid thoughts.

"But, spite of these better men, the divines choose to follow their own fancies; they will occupy themselves night and day in their own foolish studies, while they will scarcely spare a moment to read either the Gospels or the Epistles of Paul."

Truly Erasmus has in good earnest joined Colet in his battle against the schoolmen. He has taken Colet's simple view of theology, and has grown bold enough to publish it. And though the *Praise of Folly*, being a satire upon existing abuses, does not tell us fully what he wishes to see in their place; yet there is other abundant evidence that he not only sought to wean men's minds from the works of the schoolmen, that he also sought to lead them to the Bible. He was already preparing for his Greek New Testament, by a patient study of its contents; and already was the truth dawning on his mind, which afterwards found vent in his defense of his Testament, namely, that the Scriptures should be translated into all languages, so that not only all Christians but that Turks and Saracens might read them. "I would," said he, "that the peasant should sing the truths of the Bible as he follows the plow; that the weaver should tune them to the whirr of his shuttle; that the traveler should

beguile with its stories the tediousness of his journey.\*"

From the *doctrines* of the schoolmen and divines, Folly turns to the *morals* of popes and clergy, their secular pursuits, and the wars which they engage in themselves, and foment among the princes:

"The popes of Rome (she says) govern in Christ's stead; if they would but imitate his example, there would be no party strife, no buying of votes in the conclave, to secure an election; and those who, by bribery, get themselves elected pope, would never resort to pistol, poison, force, and violence to maintain their position. . . . It is singular that St. Peter should have told our Saviour that he had left all to follow him, and yet could leave us an inheritance to these popes, (St. Peter's patrimony they call it,) fields, towns, treasures, and large dominions! While, too, their only weapons should be those of the Spirit, to defend this patrimony, they fight with fire and sword.

. . . As if Christ were perished, they defend his religion by arms. Yes, though war be so brutish, that it becomes beasts rather than men—so frantic, than even the poets feigned it to be the work of the furies—so licentious, that it puts a stop to all justice and honesty—so unjust, that it is best waged by ruffians and banditti—and so impious, that it can not exist along with Christ; yet, in spite of all this, these popes will go to war."

Then again: "The popes only thrust their sickle into the harvest of *profit*, while they leave the *toil* of spiritual husbandry to the bishops. The bishops, in their turn, bestow it on the pastors; the pastors on their curates; they, again, commit it to the mendicant monks; who give it again to such as know how to take advantage of the flock, and to benefit out of their place."

Passing from the clergy to those "who vulgarly call themselves 'the Religious,' and 'Monks,' though most of them are as far from religion as they swarm in numbers," the satire rises to a severer tone—a tone, the very seriousness and solemnness of which must have made it doubly stinging to its unfortunate victims.

"Their religion consists, for the most part, in their title . . . and yet they think that they have worked so many works of supererogation, that one heaven can never be reward enough for their meritorious life; little thinking that Christ, at the last day, shall put all their works aside, and ask only whether they have fulfilled his own single precept of charity. Then will one brag that he has fed only upon fish—another that he has done nothing but sing psalms

\* Erasmus, Op. v. 140.

—a third will tell how many thousand fasts he has kept—another will plead, that for three-score years he has never so much as touched a piece of money, without protecting his fingers from pollution by a double cloth—another shall glory in having, for seventy-five years, lived like a sponge, fixed to one spot—another shall aver, that his voice is hoarse with incessant singing—another, that his tongue has grown stiff with long silence. But Christ, putting a stop to their never-ending self-glorification, shall answer: 'I told you plainly in my Gospel, that my Father's kingdom was promised, not to cowls or habits, vigils or fastings, but to the practice of charity. I can not own such as think so much of their own deeds as if they were holier than I. Let those who prefer their own traditions to my precepts, go and occupy the empyrean heavens, or order new ones to be built for them.'

"When the monks shall hear these things, and see sailors and wagoners preferred to themselves, what grimaces, think you, will they not make?"

Thus boldly did Erasmus bid defiance to the most powerful rabble upon earth—a rabble that he well knows will take summary vengeance in one way or another.

As to *indulgences and pardons*, without saying that all pardons are wrong, he points out the evil of their abuse.

"By the purchase of pardons, a merchant, soldier, or judge, by giving up a portion of his ill-gotten gains, deems the sink of his heart purged from iniquity—a bargain struck, as it were, with his sins; and then, all arrears being paid, he enters upon a new cycle of crime."

As to *saint-worship*, without condemning it altogether, Folly asks: "What do men pray for, and thank the saints for, but such things as minister most to their folly? One has escaped from shipwreck; another has lived through a battle; another, while the rest were fighting as bravely and as happily, fled; another has broken jail; another, against the will of his physician, has recovered from a fever; but nobody thanks the saints for preserving him from Folly!"

Such was the *Praise of Folly*; silent upon the use of these things, (if such there be,) but bitter as gall upon their prevalent abuse.

We turn now to the *Colloquies* to ask, first, under what circumstances they were written, and then what views they expressed. Ten years have passed since the former satire was written. Colet, having labored manfully during his short noble life, rests from his labors. Erasmus has

not yet followed him. A wanderer from city to city, to study this manuscript and that—struggling with poverty, the wolf scarcely ever driven for long together from the door—irritated by constant conflict, owing to the enemies that his bold satire has made—worn by incessant literary toil—the loss of friends and the excitement of success—in the midst of wasting bodily maladies, he has, nevertheless, given to the world his Greek New Testament; and the wonder is, that he is still among the living. He had worked hard in the hope that he might eke out his bodily strength to the end of his great work; but to survive the thrill of approbation with which the best men of Europe have hailed its publication, was beyond what he looked for.

A little while ago, he was indeed brought to death's door. But the destroyer spared him. "Who would have thought that this frail wasted body, (he writes,) weaker now by increasing age, after the toils of so many journeys, and the labor of so many studies, should have struggled through such an illness as I have had. You know how hard I had been working at Basle just before it. I had a kind of suspicion that this year would be fatal to me, because worse and worse maladies came so thick upon me in succession. When the disease was at its worst, I felt that I could neither grieve at the loss of life, nor tremble at the fear of death. There was hope in Christ alone; and to him I could only pray that he would give me just what was best for me. *Formerly, when a young man, I remember that I used to tremble at the mere name of death.*"\*

It was then from a sick, and as it was thought, a dying, bed, that Erasmus rose to grapple with times more troublous than any he had yet seen.

While Erasmus had labored, another man had entered into his labors, and was pushing them much further than he had dared to do. While, with the rest of the world, he was wondering what manner of man this newly-risen Luther could be, the world expected him to tell them boldly what he was; and to take his side either with Luther or the Pope. For long he had kept silent, on the pretext that, not having read his works, he was not able to judge. Then the crisis had come. The

\* Erasmus to Beatus Rhenanus, Eras. op.

Papal Bull and Luther's book, *De Captivitate Babylonica*, had made all things ripe for a schism. He grieved to separate himself from such men as Hütten and the gentle Melancthon. He hated the very thought of siding with the monks, "for if the monks get the upper hand again, they will try," he said, "to entomb Jesus Christ so that he may rise no more." But yet he dared not lend his aid to a schism. "I would join," he writes, "with Luther with all my heart, if I saw he was with the Catholic Church. If things come to extremities, and the Church totters on both sides, I will fix myself on the solid rock till a calm succeeds, and I can see which is the Church." Was it wonderful that, in his bodily weakness, he should refuse to join as a leader in the Protestant battle; that he should complain of being dragged into the controversy, and confess that not having the courage requisite for a martyr, he feared, that if put to the test, he should imitate St. Peter? Was it strange that he should choose rather to pursue in peace, so long as bodily strength might allow, those Biblical labors that Colet and he had planned and undertaken together? Whether strange or not, he has made his choice, and to that choice adheres.

He publishes revised editions of his New Testament; and, more than this, he proceeds steadily with a work supplemental to it — a work, the first portion of which had been issued as early as 1517, while Luther was sticking up his thesis on the Wittenberg church-doors — and which had been commenced many years before that, namely, a simple paraphrase or exposition of the plain sense of the text of the New Testament, undefiled by the subtleties of the schoolmen, and unbiased even by the controversies raging around him. How honestly and faithfully this work was accomplished, is pointedly shown by the fact, that when an English Bible was ordered to be placed in every English Church, at the suggestion of the Protestant Coverdale, and English translation of these paraphrases of Catholic Erasmus was ordered to be placed side by side with that Bible, as best fitted to teach its real meaning to the people. At this work, then, it is that Erasmus is laboring, while torn in pieces between the two opposing parties, and while he is refusing to side with either, to the vexation of both, it is this work that he is writing to Froben,

the printer, to press forward, though to the neglect of others, being the one *best fitted for times such as these*.

Had the paraphrases been written in calmer times, we might have passed them by; but that, in the most controversial of all times, this most uncontroversial of all expositions of the Bible should have come from the pen of Erasmus, is too sure a proof to be slighted, how closely he followed the advice of Colet: "Keep to the Bible and the Apostles' Creed. Let divines, if they like, dispute about the rest."

Nor is this mention of the paraphrases irrelevant to our review of the satire of Erasmus. It was during the intervals of his Biblical labors that the old vein of satire, traced before, found vent again, this time in the garb of a mere school-book, dedicated to one of the children of Froben, the printer, and entitled *Familiar Colloquies*. And these little bursts of wit are only to be correctly judged with those greater and graver labors in the background.

What are these *Colloquies*?

"This book (said Erasmus) is not a book upon the doctrines of our faith; it treats upon the art of correct speaking."

It begins with simple instructions as to what a polite boy is to say upon this and upon that occasion, so that he may pass for a gentleman, and not for a churl. It teaches what forms of salutation are used by the vulgar, and what approved by the learned; how to greet a friend or a stranger when you meet, and how to bid them farewell at parting. It then proceeds to explain, by example, how a man may show his concern for another who is ill, or congratulate him if he be well. And as by degrees the sentences and conversations lengthen, they grow into dialogues on various subjects supposed to be instructive to youth. As these advance, they become less and less trivial, and more and more serious, until at last, by insensible degrees, you find yourself under the full force of the severest satire, one thing after another passing under the lash in turn.

As in the *Praise of Folly* so in the *Colloquies*, Erasmus takes no pains to conceal his disgust at the utter hollowness and want of principle which marks the tone of general society, or his conviction that monkery has eaten into its very core, and is to be blamed for much of its rottenness.

Take, for instance, the colloquy of the



"False Knight." It reminds one of Ellesmere's essay on "The Art of Self Advancement," in the last series of *Friends in Council*. It professes to show how a man may cut a respectable figure in the world, though, in fact, he is nothing at all, and has nothing at all—not even a conscience.

"Go to a place where you are not known, and call yourself a nobleman, for the nobility have a general license to be lawless. If any traveler should chance to come that way—it may be out of Spain—ask how your cousin the Count of Nassau does, and the like. Wear a seal-ring upon your finger, (you can get a brass ring gilt for a trifle.) Hang a coat-of-arms up over every door you lodge at. Have counterfeit letters sent you, in which you are styled 'the Illustrious Knight,' and so forth, and in which there are plentiful mention of castles, estates, and great affairs. Contrive to drop these letters by chance, or, what is better, send your coat to the tailor's to be mended, with one in the pocket; and when you hear of it, as you will, put on an air of exceeding vexation at your carelessness. Take care to have servants about you who shall call you 'My Lord,' and so on. Bribe some needy printer to mention you in his pamphlet as some great man, for example, a nobleman from Bohemia, and in *capital letters*. And mind you your servants must gain their pay by the use of their fingers. In the retinue of a nobleman they can do this with ease. Then, as to the money, people always give to a nobleman credit. And never be afraid of your creditors; they will never offend so great a personage, lest they should lose their money altogether. No one has his servants more in awe than a debtor his creditor. If you ever pay them any thing, they will take it more kindly by far than if it were a gift. When they come to you, always make a show of money. If you have to borrow the money, and pay it back the same day, you must have money to show. When you are over head and heels in debt in one place, remove to another; that is the way all great princes do, and therefore you need not fear—you are in good company. . . . If things grow desperate, pick up a quarrel with some monks or priests, (they always have plenty of money.) Breathe nothing but destruction and ruin upon them; and when they are thoroughly terrified, offer to compound matters by the demand of three thousand pieces of gold. If you demand such a sum, they will be ashamed to offer you less than two hundred at all events. When you find that you must leave the place altogether, give it out that you are called away suddenly by the Emperor, and let it be known that you will shortly return at the head of an army. And, finally, you need not forget that you have a pair of heels to trust to, if you can not depart like a lion!"

After such maxims as these, (we have only given the pith of them,) the colloquy

winds up with reminding the reader that to play such a part with success, *one thing is absolutely needful, namely, that a man should believe that after death there will remain nothing of him but his carcass!*

Take again the colloquy called "Charon," in which Erasmus represents the old ferryman mourning his wrecked boat, while his over-crowded passengers are paddling among the frogs. Fame brings him word that he may expect a brisk trade; for the furies have shaved their crowns as smooth as an egg. *Strange animals in black, white, and gray habits*, are hovering about the ears of princes, and stirring them up to war. In France they preach that God is on the French side; in England and Spain, that the war is not the king's, but God's! Add to this, that a new fire of strife has sprung up of late in the *variety of opinions* that men have. At these news, Charon determines to invest the half-pence, which for the last three thousand years he has been scraping together, all in a new boat. But alas! he says, if any should start a peace, my gains will be taken away at once! Never mind that. They who preach peace, preach to the deaf. Alas! too, all the Elysian woods having been felled for burning heretics' ghosts, where is his wood to come from? Then who is to row over these multitudes? The ghosts shall row themselves, says Charon, if they have a mind to get over. What if they have never learned to row? Charon has no respect for persons. He will make kings row, and cardinals row, as well as the poorest peasant. Every one with him takes his turn. Meanwhile the banks of the river are already crowded with ghosts. Charon goes after a boat, and the messenger hastens on to hell with the good news.

Passing from the general to the particular, in another colloquy, Erasmus represents a soldier coming home with empty pockets, but heavy laden with sin. He tells of the crime committed under the sanction of the law of arms. His friends tell him that his only excuse is, that he is mad with the most of mankind. The soldier retorts that he has heard a parson say from his pulpit that war is lawful. "Yes," says the other, "pulpits are no doubt oracles of truth; but though war be lawful for a *prince*, it does not follow that it is lawful for *you*." The soldier then urges that every man must live by

his trade. "Ha!" replies the other, "an honorable trade this! to burn houses, rob churches, ravish nuns, plunder the poor, and murder the innocent." "What of that?" replies the soldier; "if I had robbed Christ himself, and cut off his head afterwards, the priests have pardons to cover it, and commissions large enough to compound for it." "But what," says the other, "*if your composition is not ratified in heaven?*" "What a troublesome fellow you are, to put such scruples in my head. My conscience was quiet enough before; pray, let it alone." "Nay, you should be glad to meet a friend who gives good advice." "I can't tell how good it is," says the soldier, "but I am sure that it is not very pleasant;" and so they part.

"I wrote this colloquy," says Erasmus, (in 1526,) "that young men may learn to hate the villainies of the soldier's life. And in what I say about pardons in these colloquies, (and they are often mentioned,) I do not condemn all pardons, but those vain triflers who put their trust in them without the least thought of amending their lives. Surely it is well to admonish young men in this matter. But you will say, that by this means the commissioners may lose their gains! If you are an honest man, hear me: If they be good men, they will rejoice that the simple are thus warned; but if they be such as prefer gain to godliness, then—Fare them well!"

Next we adduce a colloquy satirizing *Confession and Saint-Worship*.

In the "Shiywreck," the effect of the terrors of a raging sea, and the prospects of a watery grave, on the various passengers, is depicted with all Erasmus' power and skill in word-painting. You feel yourself in the midst of it all as you read it; shrouds and masts shattered and gone; bales of merchandise turned overboard; sailors singing lustily their "Salve Regina," in hopes that the Virgin Mary (though she never took a voyage in her life) may hear them, and save them from the all-devouring sea. An Englishman promises mountains of gold to "Our Lady at Walsingham;" another a pilgrimage to St. James de Compostella, barefoot and bareheaded, and begging his way; another, at the top of his voice, vows a wax taper as big as himself to St. Christopher, (but whispers that, if once on shore, he shall not have even a tallow candle.) How affliction makes men religious! One man only there is on board

who makes no vows, and bargains with no saint. "Heaven is a large place," he says; "and if I should recommend myself even to St. Peter, who, as he stands at the door, would perhaps hear soonest, before he can come to God Almighty and tell him my condition, I may be lost. I will go to God the Father himself; no saint hears sooner than he does." There is a mother there, with her little child clasped to her bosom, calmer than any one else. She neither bawls nor weeps, nor makes vows; but hugging her little boy, she prays softly and in silence. The ship dashes now and again against the ground. She must soon fall to pieces. Here is an old priest, and there a Dominican monk: and see how fast every one in turn is making hasty confession! There is one only who, seeing the bustle, confesses himself privately to God—the man who had prayed to God. Then comes a cry of land. But the ship is falling to pieces. A rush begins for oars, planks, and poles. The boats are over-crowded, and sink. Only seven out of seventy-eight passengers get safely to shore; and among them are found, not those who promised mountains of gold to the Virgin, or wax candles to the saints—not those who bawled their loudest "Salve Regina"—not those who confessed most devoutly to the priest and the monk; but the calm, pious woman and her child, and the man who prayed and confessed himself only to God—these are the first to be landed in safety.

Holding these colloquies to be conclusive evidence that Erasmus, while still adhering to the Church and her usages in general, as he has ever done, is bold as ever in his satire upon such abuses or usages as are in the view contrary to the Bible, we now turn to the question, how far he maintained in this work the general position in theology, which, as we have said, he had inherited from Colet, and adopted as his own.

Has the great Protestant Revolution materially changed his views? Does he, still hating the schoolmen, still look upon the Bible as the fountain-head of the Christian faith? Does he still point to the Apostles' Creed as the line within which the interpretation of that Bible should be unanimous throughout the Christian Church? Is he still willing to admit that, beyond that line, men may well differ in their interpretations, and

need not be too anxious to agree? Now that difference of opinion has become more prominent than ever, does he depart from his liberal views; or does he seek to disarm the difference of opinion of its bitterness by calling men to rally round their points of agreement, rather than fight about unessential points of difference?

There is a colloquy called the "Child's Piety," in which one schoolboy tells another about his religion. In answer to numerous questions, he is made to say: "I kneel down by my bedside at night, say over the things learned during the day at school, and asks Christ's forgiveness for my faults." . . . "During divine service, when I feel myself polluted with the stain of any sin, I do not withdraw myself from the altar, but in my mind, standing as it were afar off, as though not daring to lift up my eyes to God the Father, whom I have offended, I strike upon my breast, and cry out with the publican: 'Lord, be merciful to me a sinner.'"

. . . "I give thanks to Jesus Christ for his unspeakable love in condescending to redeem mankind by his death, and I pray that he will not suffer that his most holy blood should have been shed in vain for me." . . . "I confess daily; but I confess to him who alone truly remits sin." "To whom?" "To Christ." "And do you think that enough?" "It would be enough for me if it were enough for the rulers of the Church and received custom. Whether Christ appointed confession as now used in the Church, I leave to be disputed by divines. To confess to Christ is certainly the *principal confession*, and nobody confesses to him but he that is angry with his sin. If I have committed any sin, I lay it open and bewail it to him, and implore his mercy; nor do I give over till I feel the love of sin purged from the bottom of my heart; and the peace of mind that follows, I take as a proof of the sin being pardoned. I confess to a priest before I go to communion, but even then only in a few words." As to his future life, he rather inclines to divinity, "though the bitter contentions among divines displease me." Finally, to the objection that many are afraid of divinity, because they see no principle but what is called in question, he answers: "I believe firmly what I read in the Scriptures and the Apostles' Creed, and I don't trouble my head any further. I leave the

rest to be disputed and defined by the clergy, if they please. Whatever is commonly observed among Christians, if it is not repugnant to the Scriptures, I also observe, lest I should harm other people. . . . When I was a boy, and very young, I happened to live in the house of that honestest of men, *John Colet*; . . . and he instructed me, when I was young, in these precepts."

Finally, there is another colloquy, in which a Catholic is made to examine a Protestant closely concerning his belief in the Apostles' Creed. And having elicited from the Lutheran a full and orthodox answer to every question upon every point in turn, the Catholic at length confesses: "When I was in Rome I did not find all so sound in the faith! Well, then, since you agree with us in so many and weighty points, how comes it that there is this war between you and the orthodox?" And, in his defense of the *Colloquies*, before quoted, Erasmus says, (in 1526:) "I set forth in this colloquy the sum of the Catholic faith, and that, too, somewhat more clearly than it is taught by some divines of great fame. I bring in the person of a Lutheran, so that by showing that we do agree in the chief articles of orthodox religion, a reconciliation may be made more easy between them and us. . . . Let us try (he continues) candidly to interpret other men's words, and not esteem our own as oracles; for where there is hatred in judging, judgment is blind. May that Spirit which is the pacifier of all, who uses his instruments in various ways, make us agree and consent in sound doctrine and holy manners, that we may all come to the fellowship of the true Jerusalem, that knows no discords!"

Clearly and explicitly must these *Colloquies* be admitted to uphold those general views which we have endeavored to bring out in these pages, as the views that Colet and Erasmus had accepted before the name of Luther was known outside convent walls.

But it may be said, as it has been said a hundred times: "Why, then, did Erasmus attack Luther?" It is no part of our purpose to deny that Erasmus had faults, or to free his character from every charge of inconsistency. Theory is one thing, and practice another. A man may be secta-

\* Erasmus, Op. i. 653.

rian in his very denunciation of all sectarianism, if he denounce it in a sectarian spirit. And that that spirit is to be found embittering the words of Erasmus when in controversy with Luther, far be it from us to deny. Few men of that day were free from it. But it is worth our while to remember that the charge Erasmus made against Luther, in his controversy on the Freedom of the Will, was not only a charge of error in his view of the question itself, but also the very charge which he and Luther had both made against the schoolmen: "*Why encumber Christianity with your philosophies?*" That the position taken by Erasmus upon that question was, that it *was* one of *philosophy*—a question which had vexed Pagans before Christ was born, and which was in its nature inexplicable. He thought, therefore, that it was best not too anxiously even to *try* to fathom its unfathomable abyss.\*

Leaving, then, the faults and weakness of Erasmus, in matters of action and practice, untold and undefended, we have, in conclusion, to ask only whether any alteration in his general views can be traced in his last works and words.

Would that we could throw any thing of tragic interest or brightness round his last years! There is something so grand in a great man's life, ending just in its meridian glory—whether the end comes, as in More's case upon the scaffold, or the pestilence steps in rudely, as in Colet's case, and spares him the trial of faith, and perhaps the pains of martyrdom—that it is painful to dwell instead upon the long dragging out of life through years of sickness—the pale messenger so long in view, but so long in coming, as if the process of dying were as tedious as man's life is short.

Thus it has been usual to hush up the last days of Erasmus. But we want to know, when we hear of his being crippled by disease, and brought nigh to death's gate, whether he still holds at seventy, and dying, the views learned from Colet at thirty, published in the *Praise of Folly* at forty, and confirmed by his Biblical works and Colloquies between fifty and sixty.

Let us then look at Erasmus, on the verge of seventy, wrapped up in his blankets, writhing with pain, daily dragging

his wasted body, as it were, piecemeal to the grave—and mark that he is writing, in his sixty-seventh year, a simple exposition of the *Apostles' Creed* and a treatise *Concerning the Unity of the Church in Love*.

It is well to mark, too, how he bears up under the news of the execution of his darling friend, Sir Thomas More—that execution, of which a severe critic has acknowledged that it was the world's wonder, as well for the circumstances under which it was perpetrated, as for the supernatural calmness with which it was borne—a calamity which was to Erasmus like the severing of his joints and marrow, but which was borne by him patiently, under the full and avowed assurance, that very soon he should meet again that friend "whose bosom was," he said, "altogether whiter than snow."

Nor did his sorrow stop that work which his maladies could not. His grief found vent in the preface of a treatise, which he named *Ecclesiastes, or the Method of Preaching*. The great want of the Church he thinks to be pure and Christian pastors, who should scatter the seed of the Gospel. He asks: Whence the coldness of men's hearts? Whence so much paganism, under the Christian name? And he answers these questions by saying: "When I was in Italy, I found a people willing to be taught; but I did not find the pastors to teach them."

Thus dropping the negative tone of satire, his mind grapples with positive and practical questions, during the months of suffering and sorrow which usher in his seventieth year, and the pale messenger with it.

He has urged with his dying voice the purity of *pastors* to feed the flock. Thirty years ago he declared his opinion in the *Praise of Folly*, that the priests and clergy alone did not make up that Church which is the spouse of Christ. Why should he not add the testimony of his dying voice to the purity which the Gospel demands equally of each individual Christian and member of that Church? He takes up, therefore, his pen once again. "Some think," he says, "that Christ is only to be found in the cloister. I think he is to be found, universal as the sun, lighting the world. He is to be found in the palaces of princes and in the soldier's camp. He is to be found in the triremc of the sailor, and in every pious heart.

\* Erasmi, Op. Epistolæ 764 D.



... Know then, O Christian! thy true dignity, not acquired by thy merit, but given thee from heaven. I am speaking to thee, whether thou art a man or a woman, young or old, rich or poor, noble or ignoble, a king, a peasant, or a weaver; and I tell thee, whoever thou art, if thou art born again in Christ, thou art a king! thou art a priest! thou art a saint! thou art the temple of the living God! Dost thou gaze in wonder at a temple of marble shining with gems and gold? Thou art a temple more precious than this! Dost thou regard as sacred the temple that bishops have consecrated? Thou art more sacred still! Thou art not anointed only with sacerdotal oil; thou art anointed with the blood of the immaculate Lamb." . . . "Each in his own temple," Erasmus goes

on to say, "we must sacrifice our evil passions and our own wills—offer up our lives and hearts—if we would at last be translated into the heavenly temple, there to reign with Christ, to whom be glory and thanksgiving forever!"

This is the last sentence of the last work of Erasmus. It bears date January, 1536. On the fifteenth of July, after uttering many sentences, which, says his friend, Beatus Rhenanus, plainly showed that he put all his trust in Christ, with the words "*Lieber Gott*" upon his lips, he died at midnight.

Thus the last days of Erasmus set a seal to the consistency with which he held the main tenor of his religious views unchanged to the end.

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From the Dublin University Magazine.

## BRUNEL AND STEPHENSON.

### IN MEMORIAM.

A PHAROS of the mind,  
Lighted by stars, in heaven,  
To each solution proud to find,  
By a high fate 'twas given,  
The headlong river's width t' o'erspring,  
Or sweep earth's circling breast with iron  
eagle's wing.

Yes! mounts of science, high  
Your bridges soar; and far  
Through the earth's stony bowels fly  
Your tunneled chasms; the war  
Of tide and stream may o'er ye rave—  
On work ye, victors still both of the earth and  
wave.

Thy sea-king ship, Brunel,  
Thy mind's last victory-palm,  
O'er the world, through time, thy fame shall tell,  
Thou slumbering in death's calm.  
The Austral woods shall wondering gaze  
On thy Titanic work, through yet long un-  
born days!

And Stephenson, of thee  
St. Lawrence loud shall roar!  
O'er deafening strife of ice and sea,  
From Triton conchs shall pour  
Thy praise, in torrents to the main,  
Sweeping, a gulf-stream warm, to thy home-  
land again!

Half-mast high droop each flag!  
Haught battlements sigh in the wind!  
The iron courser now may lag,  
The sea-wheels drop behind!  
As none could equal, both are gone—  
Neither on earth would live, twins of the soul,  
alone!

Of old, grave Plutarch says  
The voice spoke from the shore:  
"Tell sailors, to the Pelodes,  
The great Pan is no more!"  
Let muffled bells, with bated breath,  
Tell to a wider world a more disastrous  
death.

Now, Envy, be thou still!  
Now, Malice, hush thy lies!  
And, Vanity, now swell thy fill,  
And fullest stretch, for flies  
The master-wing no more—unjust  
To living Genius, now be honest to the  
dust—

O'er the strong iron track,  
The treacherous ocean way,  
The spanned and conquered cataract,  
Let Britain's sorrow say,  
In sad dirge: "Our great lights are fled,  
'Ομυρας Παν τεθνηκε!' wail, wail, they are  
dead."

## RICHARD III. AND THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

As one of the prints in our present number illustrates a chapter in English history of sad and tragic interest, a brief explanation may not be unacceptable to the reader. The character of Richard III. is well known to the reader of English history. Ambitious, unprincipled, talented and treacherous, he aspired to the throne of England. He planned and plotted, and paused at no sanguinary means or measures to accomplish his object. He bathed his hands in blood, and achieved the purpose of his dark and cruel ambition. On the death of Edward V., the Council of State invested him with the office of Protector of the realm.

"Hitherto," says the historian, "Richard had been able to cover, by the most profound dissimulation, his fierce and savage nature. The numerous issue of Edward and the two children of Clarence seemed to be an eternal obstacle to his ambition. But a man who had abandoned all principles of honor and humanity was soon carried, by his predominant passion, beyond the reach of fear or precaution. Richard, having so far succeeded in his views, no longer hesitated in removing the other obstructions which lay between him and the throne." He first determined on the death of the Earl of Rivers, and a number of other eminent persons, who had been arrested and held as prisoners; and he easily obtained the consent of the Duke of Buckingham "to this violent and sanguinary measure. Orders were accordingly issued to Sir Richard Ratcliffe—a proper instrument in the hands of this tyrant—to cut off the heads of the prisoners."

## SCENE IN THE PRINT.

The historian continues, and here follows the language which the print illustrates: "Richard then assailed the fidelity of Buckingham by all the arguments capable of swaying a vicious mind, which knew no motive of action but interest and ambition. He represented, that the execution of persons so nearly related to the king, whom that prince so openly professed to love, and whose fate he so much re-

sented, would never pass unpunished; and all the actors in that scene were bound in prudence to prevent the effects of his future vengeance; that it would be impossible to keep the queen forever at a distance from her son, and equally impossible to prevent her from instilling into his tender mind the thoughts of retaliating, by like executions, the sanguinary insults committed on her family; that the only method of obviating these mischiefs was to put the scepter in the hands of a man of whose friendship the Duke might be assured, and whose years and experience taught him to pay respect to merit, and to the rights of ancient nobility; and that the same necessity which had carried them so far in resisting the usurpation of these intruders, must justify them in attempting farther innovations, and in making, by national consent, a new settlement of the succession. To these reasons he added the offers of great private advantages to the Duke of Buckingham; and he easily obtained from him a promise of supporting him in all his enterprises."

The thread of the narrative spins on. We have not room to recount it. In concert with Buckingham the plot thickens alternately with farce and with tragedy, and then the historian thus describes the closing scene of the bloody drama: "This ridiculous farce was soon after followed by a scene truly tragical; the murder of the two young princes. Richard gave orders to Sir Robert Brakenbury, constable of the Tower, to put his nephews to death; but this gentleman, who had sentiments of honor, refused to have any hand in the infamous office. The tyrant then sent for Sir James Tyrrel, who promised obedience; and he ordered Brakenbury to resign to this gentleman the keys and government of the Tower for one night. Tyrrel choosing three associates, Slater, Dighton, and Forest, came in the night time to the door of the chamber where the princes were lodged; and sending in the assassins, he bade them execute their commission, while he himself staid without. They found the young princes in bed, and fallen into a profound

sleep. After suffocating them with a bolster and pillows, they showed their naked bodies to Tyrrel, who ordered them to be buried at the foot of the stairs, deep in the ground, under a heap of stones. These circumstances were all confessed by the actors in the following reign; and they were never punished for the crime: probably, because Henry, whose maxims of government were extremely arbitrary, desired to establish it as a principle, that the commands of the reigning sovereign ought to justify every enormity in those who paid obedience to them. But there is one circumstance not so easy to be accounted for: it is pretended that Richard, displeased with the indecent manner of burying his nephews, whom he had murdered, gave his chaplain orders to dig up the bodies, and to inter them in consecrated ground; and as the

man died soon after, the place of their burial remained unknown, and the bodies could never be found by any search which Henry could make for them. Yet in the reign of Charles II., when there was occasion to remove some stones, and to dig in the very spot which was mentioned as the place of their first interment, the bones of two persons were there found, which by their size exactly corresponded to the age of Edward and his brother: they were concluded with certainty to be the remains of those princes, and were interred under a marble monument, by orders of King Charles. Perhaps Richard's chaplain had died before he found an opportunity of executing his master's commands; and the bodies being supposed to be already removed, a diligent search was not made for them by Henry in the place where they had been buried."

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## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF LOUIS XVI.

AMONG the many of this world's magnates, monarchs, and potentates, kings, and emperors, it has fallen to the lot of comparatively few to suffer a violent death. Of this number was the amiable but unfortunate King of France, Louis XVI. He lived in troublous times. The terrible storms of the French Revolution had been long gathering by the misrule of previous kings. The dark clouds had become thick and murky and highly charged with political lightnings and thunderings. At length the storm burst, and a dreadful carnage ensued. France was deluged in blood. Among the numerous victims was Louis XVI., whose portrait stands at the head of our present number. We subjoin a biographical sketch of this unfortunate monarch for the interest and information it contains for the reader.

Louis XVI., King of France, was the second son of the Prince Dauphin, son of Louis XV., and of Maria Josepha of Saxony daughter of Frederick Augustus, King of Poland. He was born at Versailles, and named Duc de Berri, 1754, became dauphin by the death of his father, 1765,

and was married to Marie Antoinette of Austria, 1770. Amiable, irresolute, and timid, he succeeded to the stained and tottering throne of his grandfather when twenty years of age, 1774, and was crowned at Rheims, amidst the enthusiastic applause of his people, June eleventh, 1775. Apparently, no sovereign ever ascended the throne under happier auspices, but really no European throne ever stood on the verge of a more terrible abyss; the incapacity and corruption of the governing body being already confronted with the philosophic pride and wild vigor of the governed—just awakening to a sense of the "rights of man." He commenced his reign happily by promoting many useful reforms, and calling the most upright men to his ministry—among others, Turgot and Malesherbes, but it was soon evident that the resources of the state were utterly disproportionate to its expenditure, and discoveries were continually made which brought the court and government into contempt. As usual in such cases, one palliative succeeded another, while the root of the evil remained untouched; and when the distresses of

the people were expressed in open disaffection, the ancient machinery of government was found insufficient, either as a means of effectuating the will of the people, or of controlling their blind impulses by the imposition of a more enlightened authority. The issue of this was the convocation of the "Notables," who met twice, under the ministries of Calonne and Lomenie Brienne, 1787 and 1788, and of the "Estates-General," which assembled at the beginning of May, 1789. This body declared for a "constitution" as the first necessity of France, and took a solemn and united oath not to separate until they had made it. The real conflict between the people and the court was commenced by this act; the disposition to insurrection acquired a form of legality, and the passions of those who might be capable of leading the populace were fairly unloosed. Mirabeau, Lafayette, Danton, Camille, Desmoulins, Robespierre, and Marat, are among the names of such. As a first step, the "third estate," or plebeians in the "Estates-General," refused to acknowledge the clergy and the noblesse as separate bodies, and many of these joining them, they assumed the name of a "National Assembly." Against this body the guards refused to act, and the people soon enrolled in clubs and in a national militia, surprised the government by storming the Bastille, July fourteenth, and committed some deplorable excesses. The National Assembly, presuming on its actual power under these circumstances to make the constitution, called itself "the Constituent Assembly," and promulgated the "rights of man" as a basis. To the excitement of these occurrences was added the maddening effects of a famine in the succeeding autumn, when the worst forms of clubbism commenced, and the Marats, Carriers, Henriots, and Tinvilles, rose into notice. In June, 1790, the King attempted to fly, and was arrested at Varennes, the people meeting to petition for his deposition being dispersed by musketry on his return. On the thirtieth of September following he accepted the constitution, and on the first of October the first biennial parliament, or legislative assembly, met for the transaction of business. The power of "veto" having been granted to the King, by this new compact, he was unhappy enough to use it against every

important measure proposed by the parliament. In the course of another year his deposition was again agitated, tumultuous processions took place, the palace itself was invaded, and the King compelled to wear the red bonnet, or cap of liberty. As time wore on, the republicans became thoroughly organized, and in August, 1792, the Marseilles were quartered in Paris, the Tuileries besieged, the Swiss guard massacred, and the royal family imprisoned in the Temple. The party of Danton now occupied the foreground of events, and prepared to assemble a "National Convention," and resist the threatened invasion of the emigrants and the Germans under the Duke of Brunswick. The first act of this body, which met towards the end of September, was to pronounce on the fate of Louis XVI., who was declared guilty of a conspiracy against the general safety of the state, by six hundred and ninety-three votes out of seven hundred and twenty-nine, and to be worthy of death by a majority of four hundred and thirty-three against two hundred and eighty-eight. Danton uttered what the National Convention felt under these circumstances: "The coalesced kings threaten us; we hurl at their feet, as gage of battle, the head of a king."

The French historian Emile de Bonnechose thus describes the closing scene of this drama in the life of Louis XVI:

"For the last four months, the unfortunate monarch had languished in the tower of the Temple, with the Queen, Madame Elizabeth his sister, an angel of gentleness and goodness, and his two children, dividing his hours betwixt the care of their education and reading. The city exercised a cruel surveillance over its captives; and labored, by overwhelming them with mortifications, to prepare them for the frightful catastrophe which awaited them. The discussion on the trial of the King was opened in the Convention on the thirteenth of November; and the principal charges against him arose out of papers found at the Tuileries, in an iron chest, the secret of which had been revealed to the minister Roland. Therein were discovered all the plottings and intrigues of the court against the revolution, as well as the arrangements with Mirabeau and the General Bouillé. Other papers, too, found in the offices of the civil list, seemed



to establish the fact that Louis XVI. had not been altogether a stranger to the movements negotiated in Europe in his favor. As king, however, the constitution had declared him inviolable; besides, he was deposed, and could not, but in defiance of every law, be condemned for acts anterior to his deposition. The Montagnards themselves felt all the illegality of the proceedings directed against him. Robespierre, in demanding his death, repudiated all forms, as fictions, and relied, as did Saint-Just, solely on reasons of state. 'What,' said the latter, 'have not good citizens and true friends of liberty to fear, when they see the ax tremble in your hands, and a people, in the very dawn of its freedom, respecting the memory of its chains?' The Mountain party, in earnestly laboring for the condemnation of the King, had a further object than the single one of punishing him. They were anxious to crush the Gironde, which had openly manifested a desire to save him, and to arrive at power, by prolonging the revolutionary movements through the means of this frightful *coup d'état*. The large majority of the assembly persisted in the determination to submit this great process to judicial forms; and Louis XVI., who had already been separated from his family, appeared as a culprit before the Convention, whose jurisdiction he did not challenge. His countenance was firm and noble; his answers were precise, touching, and almost always triumphant. Conducted back to the Temple, he demanded a defender, and named Target and Tronchet. The first of these refused the office; and the venerable Malesherbes offered himself in his place, and wrote to the Convention, in these memorable words: 'Twice have I been called to the councils of him who was my master, in the days when that function was an object of ambition to all men: I owe him the same service, now that it is one which many find dangerous.' His request, which was granted, deeply affected Louis XVI. When he appeared before him, the monarch pressed him in his arms, and said, with tears in his eyes: 'You expose your own life, and will not save mine.' Tronchet and Malesherbes immediately set about the preparation of the King's defense, and associated with themselves M. de Sèze, by whom it was pronounced, and who concluded his pathetic pleading by these true and solemn

words: 'Placed on the throne at twenty years of age, Louis carried thither the example of morality, justice, and economy. He brought with him no weakness, and no corrupt passions. He was the unvarying friend of his people. That people desired the destruction of a burthensome impost—and Louis destroyed it; the people desired the abolition of servitude—and Louis abolished it; the people solicited reforms—and Louis gave them; the people sought to alter its laws—the King consented; the people desired that their alienated rights should be restored to millions of Frenchmen—and Louis restored them; the people sighed for liberty—and the King bestowed it. The glory can not be denied to Louis of having even anticipated the wishes of his people in his sacrifices—and yet he it is whom you are asked to — Citizens, I dare not speak it! I pause before the majesty of history. Remember that history shall hereafter judge your judgment of to-day, and that the judgment of history will be that of ages!' But the passions of the judges were blind and implacable; an unanimous vote declared Louis guilty, and the appeal to the people which the Girondins demanded was refused.

"It only now remained to decide what punishment should be inflicted. The ferment in Paris was at its height; a furious multitude surrounded the door of the Assembly, denouncing frightful menaces against all who should incline to mercy. At length, after forty hours of nominal deliberation, the President Vergniaud announced the result of the votes. Out of one hundred and twenty-one, there was a majority of twenty-six for death. Malesherbes endeavored to address the Assembly, but his voice was choked by sobs. A respite was demanded, but in vain; and the fatal sentence was pronounced. Louis had one last and heart-rending interview with his family, after his condemnation, and then prepared himself for death. He slept calmly, received the offices of the Church, and confided his last wishes to his faithful and only remaining servant, Cléry. Shortly afterwards, Santerre arrived, and Louis went forth to execution. He ascended the scaffold with a firm step; and, on his knees, received the benediction of the priest, who thus addressed him: 'Son of Saint Louis, ascend to heaven!' He then suffered his hands to be tied, and turned to the mul-

titude. "I die innocent," he said; "I forgive my foes; and for you, O wretched people!"—here his voice was drowned in the roll of the drums, the executioners seized him, and, in another instant, he had ceased to live. Thus perished, on the twenty-first of January, 1793, after a reign of seventeen years, one of those

kings who have most illustrated the throne by their virtues. He had the honesty of intention necessary for originating reforms, but wanted the strength of character necessary for their enforcement—the firmness which might have enabled him to direct the revolution, and bring it to a favorable issue.

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From Chambers's Journal.

## PROGRESS OF SCIENCE AND ART.

BECAUSE scientific discovery has not astonished the world of late with any thing very extraordinary, in the way of electric messages under the Atlantic, or balloon-voyages over it, murmurs are heard from impatient people that our natural philosophers are growing idle, or have used up all their material. That no very astonishing discoveries have been made of late, is only partially true, as our own pages may testify; and we may be sure that while men are earnest to seek out the secrets of nature, there will never be lack of material for them to work upon. There are indeed proofs enough that idleness is not prevailing: the Royal Society have apportioned generous sums out of the grant placed at their disposal by government, among chemists, physiologists, and other savans, who will make good use thereof; and they have contributed liberally out of their own resources to the Humboldt Foundation which is to be established at Berlin. Mr. C. V. Walker is pursuing a series of experiments, by authority, with a view to determine the direction of the earth-currents in those magnetic storms or disturbances which, as in last autumn, derange, and in some instances impede, the passage of telegraphic signals. By observations at numerous stations, and marking the direction by arrows on a map, as Mr. Glaisher does on his wind-maps, data will in time be deducible as to the earth-currents; and a knowledge of these facts will be of essential service to the science of electro-telegraphy. Lloyd of Dublin, and Robinson of Armagh, both

of first-rate names in science, have further investigated the abstruse phenomena of electricity and magnetism, as may be seen in the *Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy*. Wiedemann, a German, finds a remarkable analogy between the phenomena of magnetism and of torsion. Mr. Gassiot, following up his researches on electrical discharges in vacuo, of which we have from time to time made mention, has achieved further results that may be described as surprising. Having been brought before the Royal Society, they were afterwards demonstrated in a lecture by Dr. Tyndall at the Royal Institution, where the appliances are on a grand scale. With a large nitric-acid battery, and a glass vacuum tube nine inches diameter, slightly charged with vapor of heated potash, the blaze of colored light on the passage of the electric current excited the beholders to a burst of admiration. There is something truly wonderful in the effect of breaking the current: the light does not, as usual, instantly disappear, but moves at a measured pace, or, in Dr. Tyndall's words, marches stratum by stratum into the negative electrode. Different effects of color are producible by different vapors: green, for example, by sulphate of copper; and some of the effects are so dazzling, that they can not be looked at without a darkened glass. As yet, the whole significance of these phenomena has not been ascertained, but that they are related to those of light and heat, scarcely admits of question, or that by their means we shall arrive at satisfactory conclusions con-

cerning the aurora. As illustrations before a college class, or popular audience, they would be eminently attractive.

There is talk of an under-sea-telegraph from the Land's End to St. Mary's in the Scilly Isles, which lying, as sailors say, well to the west, would be a good "port of call" for outward-bound vessels. A line has been laid from Jersey to the French coast near St. Malo; one across the Straits from Spain to Ceuta, accelerated perhaps by some years by the quarrel with Morocco; and the six hundred miles of cable are laid from Singapore to Batavia. As in Java the white ants eat the telegraph-posts, the Dutch colonists now substitute living posts—slim trees of graceful foliage—which produce a pleasing effect.

The Humboldt Foundation above mentioned is a project set on foot in Berlin to perpetuate, if possible, the memory of the late Alexander von Humboldt, and the ever-ready and energetic aid which he accorded to scientific claimants of all countries. "It is therefore our desire," say the promoters, "to establish a fund, called the Humboldt Foundation, a memorial of gratitude, designed to promote scientific talent wherever it appears, in all those branches in which Humboldt developed his scientific energy—namely, in works of Natural History and distant Travels." The Royal Prussian Academy, of which Humboldt was a member for nearly sixty years, is to be intrusted with the administration of the fund. The contributions towards it from scientific men in this country already amount to six hundred pounds; and as all countries that cultivate science will contribute, the Foundation bids fair to start with the materials for a high degree of usefulness.

A few geographical, geological, and commercial facts are worth notice. There is talk in the United States of sending out another Arctic expedition to follow the late Dr. Kane's discoveries along the northern coast of Greenland, and, if possible, do that which Parry, accompanied by (now Sir James) Ross, failed to accomplish—get to the pole. A paper read before the Geographical Society shows the possibility of a railway from Chile across the Andes, and down to the head of the navigation of the Rio de la Plata at Rosario. From Valparaiso to Copiapo and Tres Puntos, a railway is already con-

structed, chiefly for mining purposes, to an elevation of six thousand feet; and as the Pass proposed for the line is not choked with snow in winter, and the whole distance is not more than eleven hundred miles, the possibility of the scheme is believed in. A river, heretofore unknown, has been discovered in Vancouver's Island, by the officers of the survey, who report it to be navigable for stern-wheel steamers, and as flowing through land unusually good for that country. This will be good news for emigrants and settlers, especially as there is now a prospect of a fair and friendly settlement of the boundary dispute. Tuscany has at last set about reclaiming one of the large marshes which render her soil unfertile and unhealthy: it comprises thirteen hundred acres in the province of Pisa, and if the work is a beginning in earnest, with the many similarly needful reclamations that have been neglected for ages in the transalpine states, politicians will have good reason to hope for the regeneration of Italy. Now that our consul is established at Japan, a little mild excitement prevails among botanists in prospect of the harvest of new plants which they hope to gather in that hitherto mysterious country. In this case, it seems probable that scientific explorers will have the start of the missionaries. The silk-worm epidemic in the south of Europe, besides occasioning researches into the anatomy and physiology of the worms by foreign savans, of which the latest is on the composition of their skin, by M. Peligot, has been felt in China, eighty thousand ounces of silk-worms' eggs having been sent from Hong-Kong to San Francisco, thence by the Isthmian route to the English mail-steamer, so as to arrive in Italy in the shortest possible time. Reckoned at sixteen shillings an ounce, the consignment was of no ordinary value. The cotton question may now be said to be in its chronic stage, and in mathematical phrase, there is no solution of continuity in the suggestions made as to new regions for growing the article. That the question is of importance, may be judged from the fact, that we now require a thousand million pounds a year. The Dutch government are very commendably making plantations of *Isonandra gutta*, the gutta-percha tree, at Surinam; and English botanists have ascertained that

varieties of the same tree, yielding a similar juice, grow in India and the islands of the Indian Archipelago.

Within the past three months, the geologists of "Old Cornwall" have had proofs of activity in their favorite study by two smart earthquake shocks. The second was sufficiently severe to split a mass of masonry from top to bottom at Newquay, three miles north-west of Truro, and to shake bits of plaster from ceilings at St. Michael's Mount and elsewhere. Mr. Lieber, the government geologist of South-Carolina, in a report on that State, shows proofs of ancient depressions along the coast, of total changes in the course of rivers, of subsequent elevation and extension seaward, succeeded by a depression which is now going on, accompanied by what he describes as "a southward translocation of our littoral islands." This insular movement is accounted for by the set of a current, which wastes the northern end of the islands, and deposits the material at the southern end, and at such a rate that a part of the Hunting Isles, where a sportsman still living shot his first buck, is now a hundred yards within the Atlantic. From Australia we hear of the opposite kind of phenomena, as published in the third volume of the *Transactions of the Philosophical Institute of Victoria*, which, in passing, we may mention as highly interesting evidence of the pursuit of science in the colonies. It appears from a series of observations, that in twelve months the bottom of Hobson's Bay rose four inches; that the beach at Williamstown, which, five years ago, was covered by the tide, is now covered with a green vegetation, and is the site of tents and houses. A foot below the present coast-road, a thick bed of sea-shells is found, at an elevation of eight feet above the present level of the bay. Whichever way the coast is followed, similar signs are met with. Flinders' soundings are no longer trustworthy, for where he found ten fathoms water, there are now but seven. The railway between Adelaide city and port rose four inches in the year after it was opened; and considering these changes, the government of South Australia have ordered a new survey of the whole coast of that colony. The conclusion drawn from the several data is, that for some time a rise of four inches per annum has been going on; if, therefore, the banks of the river

at Melbourne have risen six feet within the past twenty years, it explains why the wharfs are no longer, as formerly, liable to floods from the Yarra-Yarra. Geologists have long been aware that Australia is in an unfinished condition, geologically speaking, as compared with other countries; and it may be that these changes are a part of the treatment which that great country has yet to undergo.

To show that colonists can think of other than auriferous matters, we extract the table of contents of the volume of *Transactions* above referred to: Reclamation and Cultivation of a Swamp in the rear of Melbourne — Australian Birds, Plants, and Reptiles — On a Water-yielding Tree — and Geology, Astronomy, and Meteorology. Truly we have reason to be proud of our brethren at the antipodes.

The Royal Scottish Society of Arts publish in the last part of their *Transactions* a description of transport by water-power, which, because of its simplicity and economy, deserves to be widely known. At the Tyndrum lead-mines, a square wooden trough twelve hundred feet long was laid down, with a slope of from thirteen to twenty degrees, in expectation that the stream of water made to rush through it would carry the ore down to the stamping-mills. The result was a disappointment, for the lumps would not move over the flat bottom of the trough. A change was made, by fixing the trough with one of its corners downwards, thus establishing an angular channel, and with satisfactory consequences. "The lead ore, broken to the size of ordinary road-metal, was fed by a hopper into the top of the tube; a moderate stream of water was admitted along with it, and the whole ore passed through the tube with an astonishing rapidity, and was delivered at the bottom, no choking taking place at all." By experiments made for the purpose, a right angle was found to answer better than any other, and to require the smallest quantity of water. The channel is lined with sheet-iron, and is never clogged, even by the heavy lead-powder. At Tyndrum, from eleven hundred to twelve hundred tons of ore are delivered annually by means of the tube, and more cheaply than by any other way, the cost in wages of delivering forty tons being one shilling.

Apart from its usefulness in a mining country, this subject of an angular channel applies to ordinary drains and sewers; and



it is argued that this form is less liable to obstruction than the curved or square, for, owing to the slope of the sides, the resistance of solid matters is diminished, and the buoying-up power of the water increased.

The intra-Mercurial planet predicted by M. Le Verrier has not only been discovered sooner than was anticipated, by Dr. Lescarbault, but Wolf, of Zurich, that indefatigable observer of the solar spots, shows that it has been seen perhaps a dozen times within the past hundred years, by observers in different parts of Europe, who all describe a distinct circular spot, apparently as large as Mercury, passing

rapidly across the sun's disk. The year of this, as yet anonymous planet, is shorter than our February by about ten days.

Of the artistic literature published this last season for the gratification of the eye, the *Moral Emblems* of Jacob Cats and Robert Farlie, illustrated by John Leighton, bear away the bell, although, from the nature of its subject, the volume can not make so much noise as others of less merit. The illustrations—of a certain staid but by no means stiff description—are very beautiful; and indeed, from cover to cover, this truly elegant volume may be said to give the world assurance of a book.

## MISCELLANIES.

### RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

**HESTER, THE BRIDE OF THE ISLANDS: A Poem.** By SYLVESTER B. BECKETT. 12mo. Pages 336. Portland: Bailey & Noyes. 1860.

A NEW candidate for poetic fame! A bold one too; for we have here a poem of 336 pages for the author's maiden effort. We opened the book with misgivings; but really we have poetry here. The plot of the poem is well conceived, and it is evoked with skill and considerable dramatic effect. There are passages in it of beauty and power—pictures fresh and lifelike—while the narrative flows on steadily and gracefully to the close. The rhythm is rather old-fashioned, but generally easy, flowing, and beautiful. We commend "Hester" to our fair readers, and to all who love good poetry, as a poem of decided merit.

**THE BIBLICAL REASON WHY: a Family Guide to Scripture Readings.** With numerous Illustrations. 12mo. Pages 334. New-York: Dick & Fitzgerald. 1860.

The design of this book is to furnish brief answers to the questions which naturally suggest themselves to the mind when reading the Bible. The task appears to be well done; and the volume furnishes an excellent hand-book for Biblical students. Sabbath-school teachers would find it a valuable aid.

**THE FLORENCE STORIES.** By JACOB ABBOTT. Grimsie, Sheldon & Co. 1860.

This series of tales is quite equal in interest to the former ones by the same popular author. All Mr. Abbott's writings have a special charm for the young.

**HARRY LINTON; OR, THE UNDER-CURRENT OF LIFE.** A Tale for Rich and Poor. Edinburgh: Oliphant & Co.

Not a bad story; oscillating between a drawing-

room in Moray Place and an attic in the Old Town of Edinburgh. It betrays itself as the work of a feminine hand pretty often; but it has the feminine heart in it too, which would redeem more weakness of execution than can justly be charged upon this tale. We notice it as another contribution to that literature which includes *English Hearts and English Hands*, and which makes us hope that this, our age, with all its evils, is not without its "Noah, Daniel, and Job," in every class of society.

**THE SATIRES OF JUVENAL, PERSIUS, SULFICIA, AND LUCILIUS.** Literally translated into English Prose. With Chronological Tables, Arguments, etc. By the Rev. LEWIS EVANS, M.A., late Fellow of Wadham College, Oxford. To which is added the Metrical Version of Juvenal and Persius. By the late William Gifford, Esq. New-York: Harper & Brothers. 1860.

This is a beautiful edition of these works, which the student of the classics will admire and read with pleasure.

**QUINTI HORATII FLACCI OPERA OMNIA EX RECESSIONE.** By A. J. MACLEAN. New-York: Harper & Brothers. 1860.

This is a diamond edition of this celebrated Latin poem. Its neatness and beauty will attract the classic reader and the student to a re-perusal of its pages.

### LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

**AN ENGLISH EPIC OF THE NINTH CENTURY.**—The *London Chronicle* receives the following extraordinary statement from its Copenhagen correspondent:

"Certain miscellaneous parchment leaves and fragments, carefully gathered together from old book-backs, etc., have lately been gone through

and classified at the Great National Library here. Among these were two leaves which attracted the especial notice of Prof. Werlauf, the chief librarian. He perceived that they were in old English, and of great antiquity. Without delay he communicated this discovery to his colleague, Mr. Stephens, Professor in Old English at the University. That gentleman lost no time in examining the precious find, and has announced that they date from the Ninth Century, if not earlier; that they both belong to one and the same MS. and work; that they are in splendid stave-rhyme verse, like *Beowulf* and the rest of our oldest poetry; and that they are fragments of a Saga-Cyclops altogether unknown to literature—namely, the *Adventures of King Theodorik and King Attila and their men*, commonly known as the Wilkins Saga. As you know, this remarkable and delightful Northern Thousand-and-one-Nights contains within itself the compressed outlines and materials of a score of independent Epics, some of which have been treated at great length by Scandinavian and German Bards and Romancers, and the roots of many strike deep into antiquity. Many of these traditions have an origin far anterior to the historical names with which they have been mixed up, and to which many of the adventures have been transferred. England has, of course, possessed multitudes of chants and ballads connected with these heroes, as well as her brethren in Scandinavia and Germany, but they have all disappeared. Our only half-heathen Epic, and that imperfect, and only existing in one manuscript—the noble *Beowulf*, the finest hero-epic in any modern tongue—relates to another group of traditions.

"The discovery then is of the utmost importance. Each leaf (in 8vo) contains about sixty lines, but the two leaves are not consecutive. We have thus one hundred and twenty lines of an Old English Epic, on the adventures of *Ætla* (Attila) the Waldere, (Walther.) A Latin Epic, evidently translated from a German or Saxon Poem, was written on the same subject in the ninth century, but it relates to a different episode from the Old English lay. This Latin text has been several times printed, and there are several translations into modern German. It was hitherto not only entirely unknown in Old English, but also in Early and Middle English.

"I am able to add that Prof. Stephens is preparing an edition of these fragments, with a translation, etc., and with photograph *fac-similes* of all the four pages."

A VALUABLE discovery has just been made in the vaults of an eminent London banker. The discovery consists of a large box of letters containing the correspondence of Mr. Bradshaw, Secretary to the Treasury in the reign of George III.—a man very well known to the readers of Walpole's *Letters* and the *Secret History of the Court Intrigues* when Queen Victoria's paternal grandfather was King. The letters are of the most confidential nature—written by men like the Duke of Grafton, Lord North, Lord Rockingham, Lord Hillsborough, Lord Barrington, Richard Rigby, Sir Philip Francis, and Mr. Boswell's Dr. Samuel Johnson. Johnson's letters relate to his pension; and there are traces of *Junius* in this valuable box of papers.

M. THIERS has sent to his publishers the last sheet of the seventeenth volume of his *History of*

*the Consulate and the Empire*. This volume concludes with the abdication of Fontainebleau. It is said that the "History of the Hundred Days" will form the subject of the eighteenth and last volume.

THE new volume of M. Thiers' *History of the Empire*, which is about to appear, will consist of more than nine hundred pages. It begins by describing the disorganization of the French army when it arrived on the Rhine, and the dissatisfaction occasioned in France by Napoleon not having concluded peace after the victories of Lutzen and Bautzen; concluding with the final abandonment of Napoleon's cause, and the entrance of Count d'Artois into Paris.

CAPT. MAYNE REID is attaining a French popularity. We observe announcements of two French translations of works by him, both stereotyped.

SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON has returned once more to poetry. The poem of *St. Stephens*, (completed in three parts,) opening the January number of *Blackwood*, is ascribed to the author of the *New Timon* and *What will he do with it?*

REV. GEORGE GILLILLAN's forthcoming work is to be entitled *Alpha and Omega*, and consists of a series of Scripture studies.

A SEPARATE edition is preparing at Edinburgh of Macaulay's biographical contributions to the new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, prefaced by Mr. Adam Black, to whose friendship with the author they owe their origin.

THE first volume of Dr. William Smith's elaborate *Dictionary of the Bible*, including its *Antiquities, Biography, Geography, and Natural History*, was promised by Mr. Murray, in February. The list of contributors comprises such men as Dean Alford, Professor Browne of King's College, the Bishop of Calcutta, Professor Ellicott of King's College, the Rev. Whitwell Elwin, the Rev. Mr. Farrar, Mr. James Fergusson, Mr. George Grove, Dr. Hessey, Principal Howson, Mr. Layard, Professor Marks, the Rev. J. L. Porter, the Rev. G. Rawlinson, Professor Selwyn, Professor Arthur Stanley, Mr. William Wright, of Trinity College, Cambridge, etc. The size is medium 8vo, and the work (to be accompanied by wood-cuts) will be completed in two volumes. Little & Brown are the American publishers of this important work.

THE Messrs. Longman, of London, are preparing for the press a complete edition of Lord Macaulay's miscellaneous works. They will include essays contributed to *Knight's Quarterly Magazine*, essays in the *Edinburgh Review* which have not been reprinted in the collected edition of his *Essays*—the biographies of Atterbury, Bunyan, Goldsmith, Johnson, and Pitt, from the *Encyclopædia Britannica*—various pieces of poetry from *Knight's Quarterly Magazine*—and others existing only in manuscript in the hands of private persons. These miscellanies, with the critical and historical essays, will form the complete edition. With regard to the *History of England*, it has been ascertained that some portion of an intended fifth volume has been left in manuscript; but circumstances (say the Messrs. Longman) will prevent any early publication.

A CHAPTER OF HISTORY.—Mr. Murray announces for the fifteenth instant the publication of the

*Arrest of the Five Members* by Charles L.; a *Chapter of English History Rewritten*, the new "historical study" by Mr. John Forster, the biographer of the *Statesmen of the Commonwealth*, and of Oliver Goldsmith.

MRS. BROWNING's new volume of verse is entitled *Poems Before Congress*.

A VOLUME of *Remains of the late Douglas Jerrold*, consisting of tales written in early life, is announced in London.

THE third volume of Mr. Carlyle's *Frederick the Great* is now in the hands of the printer, but it will be summer before it will be published.

PROFESSOR WHEWELL's volume on the *Philosophy of Discovery* has just appeared in London. This completes the third edition of the *Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences*.

THE REV. Whitwell Elwin, the editor of the *Quarterly Review*, is preparing for publication, by Mr. Murray, a new edition, with a new life and notes, of the works of Addison, and *Lives of Eminent British Poets from Chaucer to Wordsworth*.

THE MESSRS. Longman, of London, are following up their people's edition (in cheap monthly parts) of *Moore's Poems*, with one of Lord John Russell's memoirs of the minstrel *Lalla Rookh* and the *Irish Melodies*.

MR. ISAAC BUTT, M.P., has for some months been preparing for the press a work on the *Political History of Italy* since 1814.

DR. SMILES, the author of *Self-Help*, is collecting materials for another work of similar description, which will include an original sketch of the late Mr. Walter, of the *London Times*. *Self-Help* has been in great demand in Great Britain.

MR. FAIRHOLT, of London, is preparing to publish, with notes, the curious collection of ballads left by Pepys, the diarist, and still preserved at Cambridge.

THE *Athenaeum* has heard, on good authority, that the Trustees of the British Museum have resolved the question of removal to South-Kensington.

THE work devoted to the female celebrities of the present and of the last two centuries, is promised in a few days. It will be the joint production of Grace and Philip Warton. The following lady notabilities will figure in it: Sarah Duchess of Marlborough; Mme. Roland, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire; Letitia Elizabeth Landon, (L. E. L.), Mme. de Sevigné, Sydney Lady Morgan; Jane Duchess of Gordon; Mme. Récamier, Lady Hervey, Mme. de Staël, Mrs. Thrale Piozzi, Lady Caroline Lamb, Ann Seymour Damer, La Marquise du Deffand, Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu; Mary Countess of Pembroke; La Marquise de Maintenon.

OWEN MEREDITH's New Poem, *Lucille*, will be speedily republished by Ticknor and Fields. The same house will also shortly publish *Mademoiselle Mori*, a Tale of Modern Rome; *The Semi-Detached House*, by Lady Theresa Lewis; *Conduct of Life*, by Ralph Waldo Emerson; *Lake House*, translated from the German, and new editions of Gerald Massey's poems; *The Rejected Addresses*, by the Brothers Smith, and Mrs. Gaskell's *Ruth*.

HON. HENRY S. RANDALL, well known to the literary world as the author of the most valuable life of Jefferson yet written, has in preparation a political history of New-York. To aid him in his purpose, many private papers have been laid open to him in various parts of the State.

BISHOP DOANE was a man of more literary ability than pretensions. He has written some of the most exquisite sacred lyrics in American hymnology, and his few miscellaneous poems have been extensively copied. We learn that his son, Rev. William Crosswell Doane, has concluded a memoir of the late prelate, and the work is now in the press of the Appletons. It will bear the title: *The Life and Writings of George Washington Doane, D.D., LL.D., for twenty-seven years Bishop of New-Jersey; containing his Poetical Works, Sermons, and Miscellaneous Writings; with a Memoir*.

THERE is a curiosity in the form of a book which may be seen at the store of Messrs. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. It is a complete edition of the works of Voltaire, in one duodecimo volume, embracing the entire collection contained in the octavo edition of seventy volumes. This singular volume was printed at Paris in 1827. It is in small diamond type, and numbers 5552 pages. It is about eight inches thick, from cover to cover.

BROWN, TAGGART & CHASE, of Boston, have in press a new and complete edition of Carlyle's *Essays*, revised, enlarged, and annotated by the author. The work will be in four volumes, printed at the Riverside press, on fine tinted paper, in the style of the Boston edition of the *Curiosities of Literature*. It will have a copious index and a new portrait, and will be altogether the finest edition of Carlyle ever issued on either side of the Atlantic.

REV. DR. PRIME reviews twenty years of editorial labor on the New-York *Observer*. He observes: "When we look back over the twenty years, the wonder is that so few have fallen, and so many remain. The same occasion occurs for grateful surprise, when we look at the pulpits of the city, and see so many in them now who were well on in life when we came to town. We are writing in the building that stands where the Brick Church stood, itself remembered in history, but the pastor, then venerable, is only more so now."

LORD BACON'S WORKS.—We have before alluded to the great literary enterprise projected by Brown & Taggart, namely, the publication of the Complete Works of Lord Bacon. We now have before us specimen pages of the work, which can not fail to be honorable in the highest degree to the American press and the American publishing firm. The Boston edition is to be an exact reprint of the elegant English edition, produced under the supervision of Spedding, Ellis and Heath, whose merits as editors of Bacon are now so thoroughly established. The American edition is to be in crown octavo, in fifteen volumes, of 500 pages each; the first to appear on the first of July, and the others to follow, one volume every month.

MACAULAY AS A WRITER.—The Hon Mr. Everett speaks of Lord Macaulay as "the most brilliant writer of our age, whose works, for thirty years, have been the wonder and the delight of all who read the English language," and adds: "The splendor of his page was excelled, if possible, by the

brilliance of his conversation, and the charm of his personal intercourse. All the world admired his gorgeous imagination, the magnificence of his diction, his miraculous range of memory, which grasped the literature of every language and every age, and held all its stores of illustration prompt at command; but those who knew him loved him for the unaffected meekness with which he bore his transcendent honors, the sunny cheerfulness of his disposition, the generous warmth of his heart."

"A POOR man of letters," in a letter to a cotemporary, strongly condemns the tone assumed towards the late Lord Macaulay and his writings, in the *Daily News*; and, to show the effect that the "critical impeachments of his history" had upon his lordship, quotes the following passage from a letter addressed to himself: "To answer all the cavils of small envious critics would be endless labor; and, happily, it is a superfluous labor; for such cavils never did the smallest harm to my book, which had the principle of life within itself, and they are generally forgotten before the refutation appears. I can, with perfect truth, declare that they give me no pain at all; that I would not suppress them if I could do so by merely lifting up my hand; and that I should be sorry if persons who, like yourself, think favorably of my works, were to spend time, labor and talents, which might be better employed in defending me against attacks which can do me no harm."

SIR WILLIAM NAPIER'S *History of the War in the Peninsula* has passed through several editions, and is now a standard work. Of all the wars in which Great Britain has been engaged, that war of six years was the most important, difficult, and expensive, and Sir William Napier's History is worthy of the transactions it records, and the skill and heroism it celebrates. Perhaps no military history of equal excellence has ever been written. It cost the author sixteen years of continuous labor. He was himself a witness of several of the series of operations, and was engaged in many of the battles. His wide acquaintance with military men enabled him to consult many distinguished officers, English and French, and he was especially supplied with materials and documents by the Duke of Wellington and Marshal Soult. The ordinary sources of information were embarrassing from their abundance. One mass of materials deserves especial mention. When Joseph Bonaparte fled from Victoria, he left behind him a very large collection of letters, which, however, were without order, in three languages, many almost illegible, and the most important in cipher, of which there was no key. It was the correspondence of Joseph Bonaparte while nominally King of Spain. Sir William Napier was in a state of perplexity, and almost in despair of being able to make any use of these valuable materials, when his wife undertook to arrange the letters according to dates and subjects, to make a table of reference, and to translate and epitomise the contents of each. Many of the most important documents were entirely in cipher; of some letters about one half was in cipher, and others had a few words so written interspersed. All these documents and letters Lady Napier arranged, and with rare sagacity and patience she deciphered the secret writing. The entire correspondence was then made available for the historian's purpose. She also made out all Sir William Napier's rough interlined manuscripts, which were almost illegible to himself, and wrote out the whole work

fair for the printers—it may be said three times, so frequent were the changes made. Sir William Napier mentions these facts in the preface to the edition of 1851, and in paying this tribute to Lady Napier, observes that this amount of labor was accomplished without her having for a moment neglected the care and education of a large family.

THE success of the *Cornhill Magazine* has been so great that there was a demand for 100,000 copies of the second number.

THE Florence correspondent of the Boston *Transcript* writes: "Florence, next to Paris, and perhaps Rome, is becoming very rapidly a European center for the reunion of Americans, as well as the people of other nations. This season, the wealthiest foreign visitors have been from our country, and they have taken the lead also as to numbers. The landlords have found their account in giving them the best accommodation in their hotels, and mine host has been allowed to foot up some pretty plethoric bills. If the colony of our country people permanently established here (which is already considerable) continues to increase, it will be necessary, before long, to send out persons skilled in the various professions, as to a new settlement—such as chaplains, physicians, dentists, bankers, etc.—to look after various interests, and watch and nurse the new social germ springing up in a foreign soil."

It is reported that the Emperor Napoleon is about to appoint a commission to inquire into the subject of literary property. French writers of authority have decided in favor of perpetuity of copy-right. If the question should be decided in this sense, all translations of French books afterwards published under the convention will be copy-right forever, or until the law is changed.

A REMARKABLE trial has just been concluded in Leipzig—namely, that of a Dr. Lindner, professor in the University of that town, who has been convicted of the crime of stealing and mutilating some of the books and MSS. in the public library. The sentence passed upon him is six years' imprisonment, with hard labor.

SHAKESPEARIAN FORGERIES.—The London correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian* writes: "The controversy on the Shakespearian forgeries, with which the name of Mr. J. P. Collier has become painfully and prominently connected, and to which I some time ago drew attention, in connection with alleged discoveries of Mr. Collier's among the Alleyne MSS. at Dulwich, rages fiercely among the literary antiquaries. The stilling of its angry waters will not be helped by the peppery article in this week's *Athenaeum*. At present, it is clear that the authorities of the British Museum have only done their duty in exposing the most impudent and elaborate deception since the days of Ireland; and though it may be matter of regret that this exposure should lay under grave suspicion a scholar so old and respected as Mr. Collier, it can not be fairly alleged that Mr. Hamilton has strained the facts, or gone out of his way to apply them, for the purpose of giving a direction to these suspicions. While on the subject of literary antiquaries and their doings, I may remind you that some months since I called your readers' attention to the case of the so-called 'Milton MSS.' in the late Dawson Turner's collection, (receipts for payments on account of *Paradise Lost*;) which were sold at that antiquary's sale to an American collector for a high price. I then stated



what has now, on investigation, been proved correct, that the Dawson Turner's 'receipts' were not the originals, but copies from originals in the possession of the Cullum family, by whom they were lent to Mr. Turner many years ago, for use in connection with a work on Milton he was then contemplating. These originals were kept by Mr. Turner for a long while, and at last returned to their owners. It is probable that he had *fac-similes* executed perhaps for the purposes of his contemplated work, but these *fac-similes* were certainly never expressly so described by their possessor, and his family seem to have been under the impression that they were the original documents. The money received for them has now, I believe, been repaid to the purchaser of the copies."

## ART AND SCIENCE.

**ASTRONOMY.**—A new proof of the marvelous precision attained by scientific men in our day has just been given in the discovery of a new planet in France. From certain slight disturbances in the motions of Mercury, Leverrier was led to the conclusion that a small planet must exist between Mercury and the sun. He suggested to all astronomers to make immediate and careful search for it, and scarcely had his paper, read before the French institute, been published, than a country physician, an enthusiast in the science, sent him word that he had discovered it, and computed its size and orbit. Leverrier at once visited him, and found his observations recorded on deal-boards in charcoal, but evidently made with great care and accuracy. Since then an English astronomer has claimed a prior discovery, but the observations he gives indicate quite another body than that discovered by the French physician, and if reliable, prove the existence of still another planet.

**THE ALPS TUNNEL IN SAVOY.**—The following are some details as to the state of the works at the tunnel under the Alps, on the Victor Emmanuel Railway: "The necessary buildings for the Bardonnèche end of the tunnel are nearly completed. They are of very large proportions. The same works have been erected at the Modane, or Savoy end, but of a totally different design. Within the last two months, at Bardonnèche, 2,000,000 of bricks have been made. The heading is being driven, as we have before stated, from each end, by the ordinary means; 820 meters have thus been carried on, with arch sheeting to about two thirds of that length."—*Buider.*

**THE Hope Collections at Oxford, England,** contain, among other valuable departments, one of the largest collections of engraved portraits in the world. The portraits can not be fewer than 100,000, the topographical engravings from 60,000 to 70,000, and the natural history engravings from 20,000 to 30,000.

The house of Michael Angelo, at Florence, which is filled with works of art, has become the property of that city by the bequest of Signor Buonarrotti, one of the great sculptor's descendants. As some opposition was made by Signor Buonarrotti's heirs, the Tuscan Government settled the matter by paying them 4000 scudi. It is stated that among the treasures thus become public property are several unpublished works by M. Angelo in prose and verse, and a number of letters from his illustrious cotemporaries.

In the town library of Ghent, there have been discovered some ancient MSS. proving that the art of oil-painting was known in Belgium as early as 1328, and that consequently the brothers Van Eyk, (1410,) generally supposed to be the inventors, can not claim that honor.

THE great work on Egypt, published under the direction of the celebrated Dr. Lepsius, at the expense of the Prussian Government, has been completed.

THE contributions for the Schiller monument at Berlin have amounted to the sum of 30,000 thalers, of which the Prince Regent gave 10,000, and the town of Berlin 10,000.

JAMES HOLMES, formerly 'miniature painter to George IV.," an artist of repute in that generation, died at Chelsea a few days ago.

LORD DUFFERIN has been excavating on the banks of the Nile, and we understand that a small temple, with the columns in *situ*, and a considerable number of inscriptions, have rewarded the search.

**ANCIENT JEWELS.**—The jewel-box of an Egyptian queen has been found in the tomb of one of the kings, containing jewelry, the exquisite design and elaborate workmanship of which can not be surpassed at the present day. Among them is a little gold crown, a thick gold chain six feet long, and a beautiful gold plate with the portrait of a man. Near a mummy recently discovered at Thebes were found ten gold bracelets for the legs, two others formed of pearls on gold thread, another of gold, well executed with mythological symbols; a gold diadem ornamented with mosaics, and surmounted by two sphynxes, and several other finely-executed ornaments of gold and silver.

A COMMITTEE has been formed to raise the sum of £4000 to preserve and appropriately restore the existing fragment of the ancient Abbey Church at Waltham, founded by King Harold, the last Saxon king, in 1060, and where his body is supposed to have been interred in 1066. The interesting edifice is still used as the parish church, but it has fallen into a state of great dilapidation.

SIR CHARLES EASTLAKE has effected the purchase for the National Gallery of a large private collection of pictures at Paris, known as the Beau Cousin collection. It consists for the most part of Italian pictures, to the number of forty-six, among which there are said to be a Francis, an Albertinella, a Bronzino, and a Paris Borjone. For the whole he gave the sum of £9500. The Bronzino is spoken of as a very fine picture, although the subject of it may be condemned as bordering upon the lascivious.

A LETTER from Rome gives the particulars of the discovery by Mr. Newton, the British Consul for Rome, of the city and ruins of the great mausoleum of Halicarnassus, erected about b. c. 350, to the memory of Mausolus, by his wife and successor Artimisia. His researches were eminently successful and satisfactory, and were explained by Mr. Newton in a lecture, when he also gave his theory of the form and size of the tomb—a quadrangular building of about 112 circuit, 102 feet in height, terminating in a platform upon which stood a beautiful *Quadriga*, or four-horse chariot, in which, sitting or standing, was the statue of Mausolus.

MR. F. LEIGHTON is engaged upon an extraordinary picture for the forthcoming Royal Academy Exhibition, the theme of which is a "Vision in Heaven seen in a Dream." The spirit of a person in the crisis of a dangerous illness is supposed to ascend to the Judgment Throne, and to be rebuked there with the words: "Not yet, not yet." The history of the dream goes on to say that thereupon the spirit of the visionary sank to earth, the sick person began to mend, and body and soul to enter upon a new trial.

THE EXHIBITION OF 1862.—At the council meeting of the Society of Arts, on Thursday, the guarantee deed for raising a sum of not less than £250,000, on behalf of the exhibition of 1862, was approved. The Earl Granville, Lord President of the council; the Marquis of Chandos, Chairman of the London and Northwestern Railway; Thomas Baring, Esq., M. P.; and C. Wentworth Dilke, Esq., Commissioners of the Exhibition of 1851; and Thomas Fairbairn, Esq., Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Art Treasures Exhibition, were named as Trustees of the fund—*Athenæum*.

WITHIN the last few years, two hundred and ten decorative statues, or groups, in bronze, marble, or stone, have been placed in the Louvre.

GALILEO.—In 1682, Galileo, then a youth of eighteen, was seated in church, when the lamps suspended from the roof were replenished by the sacristan, who, in doing so, caused them to oscillate from side to side, as they had done hundreds of times before when similarly disturbed. He watched the lamp, and thought that he perceived that, while the oscillations were diminishing, they still occupied the same time. The idea thus suggested never departed from his mind; and, fifty years afterwards, he constructed the first pendulum, and thus gave to the world one of the most important instruments for the measurement of time. Afterward, when living at Venice, it was reported to him one day, that the children of a poor spectacle-maker, while playing with two glasses, had observed, as they expressed it, that things were brought nearer by looking through them in a certain position. Every body said, "How curious!" but Galileo seized the idea, and invented the first telescope.

PREPARATIONS are being made abroad for a grand reunion of scientific men from all parts of the world, to take place in the month of August; and it is understood that, in addition to many of the Continental savans, very many of the scientific men of Great Britain and this country have enrolled their names. It is intended that the meeting shall be held annually in one of the capitals of the world. By the co-operation of the potentates of the various countries of Europe, Asia, and America, the arrangements regarding traveling will be such as hardly to deter, as is often the case, the poorer followers of science from mingling in the brilliant throng of the aristocracy of intellect, it being one of the principal aims of the congress that the rising young men of the day should be by that means introduced to public notice and to the great masters of science—

drawing out from their obscurity in the nooks and corners of the world the Linnæuses, Cuviers, Newtons, Koenigs, Owens, Murchisons, or Browns. The chairman *pro tempore* is the celebrated Professor Simpson, of Edinburgh.

It is announced that the large work of Lepsius on the Monuments, begun twelve years ago, is completed. This work embraces an account of the author's travels and researches in Egypt and Nubia, and forms twelve folio volumes of plates and maps, all executed in the finest style, at the expense of the King of Prussia, by whom the expedition was organized. After Champollion and Rosellini had completed their labors, the King was induced to undertake the work through the instrumentality of Humboldt. The knowledge possessed by Lepsius of Egyptian hieroglyphics, and the interest they have excited throughout the world, will add greatly to the attractions of the work.

DEATH OF SIR W. C. ROSS, R.A.—Sir William Charles Ross, R.A., died at his residence, Fitzroy-square, on Friday, Jan. 20. The deceased artist was in his 66th year. He was the son of a miniature painter of repute and distinguished himself at the age of fourteen by gaining medals of the Society of Arts for original drawings and miniatures. He at first dedicated himself to historical paintings, but after a while relinquished this walk of art for portrait miniatures. Of the Queen, Prince Consort, the royal children, and various members of the Cobourg and Orleans families, he has executed admirable portraits. The sum total of his works exceeds, it is said, 2000. In 1837 he was appointed miniature painter to the Queen; in 1838 he was elected an Associate of the Academy; in 1842, an Academician; and in the same year he was knighted.

On the 28th of last month, died at Munich, in her 84th year, the widow of Jean Paul Richter. She married Jean Paul in 1801, and was left a widow by him in 1825. The only son of this marriage (a daughter, the wife of Dr. Ernest Foster, lives at Munich) died miserably at Heidelberg, where he studied.

The distinguished Polish poet and historian, M. Charles Pienkiewicz, died at Paris on the 7th ult., at the age of 68. He was the author of numerous works; among others of a fine translation, in verse of Sir Walter Scott's *Lady of the Lake*.

CABINET OF MINERALS AND FOSSILS.—We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement contained in this number of the *ECLECTIC*, offering for sale what we know, from personal knowledge, to be one of the most choice, extensive, and truly magnificent private cabinet, of Minerals and Fossils to be found in this country, or in any other.

ONE of the results of explorations in Central Africa, is the discovery that the mountains of the moon, from which the Nile was thought to flow, and which were noted for many years on the school maps, are found not to exist; four large lakes occupy their place.





ON STEEL BY JOHN JARVIS

FOR THE ENLIGHTENED

AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH

COUNT CAVOUR.

PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL OF MINISTERS OF THE KING OF SARDINIA.



